

Gc
929.2
G862703g
1638537

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Gc

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01268 8492



R. E. M. Runcle

from R. I. R.

March 1947.

Sincerely yours.

Vere Gregory.

THE
HOUSE OF GREGORY

BY
VERE R. T. GREGORY, M.A., LL.D.

WITH A FOREWORD

BY
THOMAS ULICK SADLEIR, M.A., M.R.I.A.
Deputy Ulster King of Arms



BROWNE AND NOLAN LIMITED
THE RICHVIEW PRESS DUBLIN

1943

E 1638537

7

G-8586

THIS BOOK

is dedicated to the memory of a great little Irishwoman, the late Augusta Lady Gregory, whose literary talents—inspired by love of her native land and pride in its ancient glories—first induced the author to attempt the task of compiling this short account of the Gregory Family.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD	v
PREFACE	xi
I. LEICESTERSHIRE	1
II. THE SIEGE OF DERRY	11
III. THE KINGDOM OF KERRY	27
IV. ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY IN THE FAR EAST	39
V. ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY AT HOME	50
VI. SIR WILLIAM GREGORY	71
VII. LADY GREGORY	88
VIII. POLITICAL INTERLUDE	106
IX. LADY GREGORY AND THE LANE PICTURES	120
X. MAJOR ROBERT GREGORY	134
XI. THE WESTCOURT BRANCH	142
XII. "LET'S TALK OF GRAVES . . . AND EPITAPHS"	156
XIII. SPORT WITH A KICK TO IT	171
APPENDIX	191
INDEX	207

ERRATA.

Page 113. *For* THE IRISH REBELLION,
not THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of Lady Gregory, by Mancini	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Gregory Memorial at Stivichall	<i>facing page 16</i>
Old Coat-of-Arms Bridge, Coventry	" 17
The Gregory Certificate	" 32
The Relief of Derry, 1689	" 33
Robert Marmion and Tamworth Castle	" 80
Keyplate to Col. Mordaunt's Cock Match	" 81
Statue to Sir Wm. Gregory at Colombo	" 96
Epstein's Bust of Lady Gregory	" 97
Coole House, Co. Galway	" 144
Plaques to the R. I. Constabulary in St. Paul's and Westminster Cathedrals	" 145
Composite Group of Gregory Family	" 160
Views of Callan Church	" 161
Map of N. E. Kentucky in 1787	<i>at end</i>

FOREWORD

Mr. Gregory's account of his ancient house opens somewhat unexpectedly with a visit to the Linenhall Library, Belfast, where he happened on a copy of Boutell's *Heraldry* and thus became fired with a desire to work out the meaning of a relative's book-plate, which displayed an apparently unintelligible impalement. His success revealed that the said relative, his cousin, the well-known Sir William Gregory, had produced a wrong impression by appropriating the copper die of a grand-uncle and altering the christian name to suit. How often must a similar proceeding have caused confusion to the enquirer.

The author's quest for information eventually led him to consult the late Dean Swanzy, that most diligent genealogist, with the result that he eventually had the Irish side of the pedigree fully investigated at the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle, under my supervision. Mr. Gregory is good enough to refer to my "prescience" in having a document photographed which afterwards perished in the Four Courts, but he gives me undeserved credit, since my desire to get the paper in question copied was simply owing to its historical importance. Nor can anyone now read it without being convinced that these two brothers, Robert and George Gregory, as testified by the celebrated Governor Walker, played a notable part in the siege of Derry. By a curious coincidence Mr. Vere Gregory was acting as a County Inspector of the R.I.C. charged with

the maintenance of law and order in Derry when that city experienced afresh the conditions of a siege in 1920.

Captain George Gregory, the younger of the two brothers already mentioned, was the ancestor of the existing family. Though he had married the grand-daughter of a Northern Bishop, he betook himself after the siege, together with his seven sons, to Killarida, Co. Kerry, in the extreme south of Ireland. No less than five of these sons held commissions in the Army or Navy, and this record has again been broken in the family of our author, as he and his six brothers all served the Crown, holding commissions in the Army, Navy, and Royal Irish Constabulary.

The eldest son of Captain George founded a family which persisted in Kerry till 1774, and the youngest, Henry Gregory, of Galway, was the father of the well-known eighteenth-century character, Robert Gregory, sometime chairman of the East India Company, and an English M.P., from whom our author is descended. Born about 1727, the story goes that he left Galway as a stowaway, but it seems more likely that he had introductions to prominent personages in India, and was thus enabled to obtain a writership in the "John" Company. Like his notorious contemporary Richard Barwell, he managed to "shake the Pagoda Tree" and amass a fortune. When little over 40 he returned to England to join that band of Nabobs who for over half-a-century were to exercise a powerful influence on English life, beneficial as regards the cult of art and architecture, but often baneful in loose political and domestic morals, such as Junius lashed at with

bitter and telling invective. To them a rotten borough was essential, with usually a portrait by Reynolds or Gainsborough, and a love of oriental luxury exemplified in a passion for building immense conservatories, where luscious fruits could be raised in a simulated eastern atmosphere. In his humanitarian outlook towards the natives of India, Mr. Gregory won the approbation of Edmund Burke. He was a farsighted man, maintaining that the security of India lay in the handing-over of the Company's monopoly, so that the country could be controlled by the forces of the Crown, a policy which would probably have averted the tragedy of the Indian Mutiny. Historically speaking, from the time of Gregory, and his brilliant country-man Earl Macartney, there began that wonderful drift to India of distinguished Irishmen from Wellesley to Lawrence, from Sir Henry Conyngham Montgomery to Lord Mayo, men who for the most part started life as Writers or Cadets in the H.E.I.C.S. It was Mr. Gregory who gave a Writership to William Hickey, whose enthralling if questionable adventures have preserved so much of eighteenth-century life in India. The Nabob's disapproval of certain forms of sport was not shared by his children, one of whom was eventually disinherited by his father, who had detected his likeness in one of Zoffany's pictures, the celebrated Colonel Mordaunt's "Cock Match," which he happened to see in a shop window in the Strand in London.

The Nabob's second son, Captain Richard, of the Coldstream Guards, is remembered in another way. He was a connoisseur of antiques, and after a distinguished career both at Harrow and Trinity

College, Cambridge, left part of his fortune to found the Gregory Medal for Greek verse, as well as a scholarship, at Harrow School.

In addition to Robert the Nabob, the Gregory family in more recent times has produced no less than three outstanding figures. These were the Rt. Hon. William Gregory, Under Secretary for Ireland, 1813-31 ; his grandson the Rt. Hon. Sir William Gregory, M.P., Governor of Ceylon, and the latter's widow Lady Gregory, so identified with the Irish literary movement, who under the title *Mr. Gregory's Letter Box*, published the correspondence of the first named. Through the letters of Under Secretary Gregory we get more than a glimpse of the Viceroys he had served : the Duke of Richmond, famous for the Waterloo Ball, but destined to die literally like a dog in Canada ; Lord Whitworth, whose stepson, the last Duke of Dorset, met with an untimely death while out hunting near Dublin ; the splendid Duke of Northumberland, with his gold plate and troops of gorgeous flunkies ; the sporting Earl Talbot, who initiated the custom of sending the King an annual gift of a woodcock pie, a tribute which survived till the days of Timothy Healy : and that great pro-consul Marquess Wellesley. Owing to the existence of the above work, and the Autobiography of Sir William Gregory much that is here reproduced has already appeared in print.

Of the more modern portion of this interesting work, it is unnecessary to go into detail. Coole, near Gort, Co. Galway, an estate which the Nabob bought in 1768, remained for six generations the family seat, though it was only in the days of its

last owner, the well-known Lady Gregory, that it became famous as a Mecca of Irish authors and artists. One could wish that our author had been able to say more about the literary gatherings at Coole, where W. B. Yeats, Bernard Shaw, and George Moore, were often of the party.

Mr. Gregory's own career is also briefly and modestly sketched, and he records some harrowing episodes of the troubles of 1916-22, in which as a police officer he had actually participated.

As compared with many other Irish landowning families, one must admit a fine record of achievement. The brave men at Derry ; the philanthropic Nabob, whose improvements in local agriculture won praise from Arthur Young ; the painstaking and patriotic Under Secretary ; the art-loving Colonial administrator ; with the talented authoress and dramatist of our own time to close the procession.

T. U. SADLEIR.

PREFACE

During my career as an Officer in the old Royal Irish Constabulary, I was stationed for several years (1910-19) at Lisburn in the County Antrim. As my jurisdiction extended to several miles north of Belfast, I frequently had occasion to visit that City. Usually, unless pressed for time, I was accustomed on my way home, to avail myself of that very excellent and efficiently run Institution, the Linenhall Library.

One afternoon while scanning the shelves for some books to take home to carry my family over the week-end, I happened to come across Boutell's book on Heraldry. At the time my knowledge of that subject did not extend beyond one or two expressions, such as "a field or," which in my ignorance, I imagined to be, in some undefined way, related to the Field of the Cloth of Gold! I had often wished, however, to understand something of the subject, so I brought the book home.

I glanced through it at first, then gradually becoming interested, I commenced to really study it, and the further I progressed the more fascinated I became. Finally I took copious notes and extracts, and eventually familiarised myself with most, if not all, of the rules of Blazonry, including the laws of the Tinctures, Ordinaries, Charges, and many other mysteries of that age-old science.

I have never regretted the time I spent in studying this fascinating subject, for the information which I thereby gleaned has often enabled me to avoid

such errors and pitfalls, as my cousin the late Sir William Gregory fell into, in connection with his autobiography which was published by his widow two years after his death.

The cover of that book purports to depict the arms of Sir William, i.e., "Gregory impaling Nimmo."

Sir William's grand-uncle, Richard Gregory, had married a Miss Nimmo, and had, quite justifiably, impaled the paternal arms of his wife with his own on his book-plate.

Sir William adopted this coat of arms in its entirety for his book-plate, and when publishing his autobiography, he or his widow had it impressed on the outer cover, thus proclaiming to all and sundry, the somewhat remarkable fact, that he had married his grand-aunt, although this lady had predeceased her husband, dying while Sir William was a schoolboy at Harrow ! I have often wondered why Lady Gregory did not have the arms of her own family—Persse of Roxboro—impaled with those of her husband on the autobiography. The probable explanation is that both she and Sir William were under the impression that the Nimmo arms were derived through the latter's grandfather, but here again a little knowledge of Heraldry would have told them that in that case the Nimmo arms should have been "quartered," and not "impaled." Perhaps I have attached too much importance to a trifling matter, but my object in calling attention to it, is to prevent other members of the family falling into a similar error, as Sir William, and my own grandfather did, and so making use of a coat-of-arms which the rules of Heraldry give them no

right or title to display. A study of Heraldry leads almost inevitably to that of Genealogy. The one seems a natural corollary of the other. My cousin's autobiography had taught me that we were a younger branch of an old English family established in Leicestershire and Warwickshire since the twelfth century, and that a complete record of that branch had been kept from generation to generation in the Heralds' College in London.

Our branch was supposed to have settled in Ireland in or about the time of Cromwell, and so I soon became seized with the desire to continue the pedigree of the Irish branch from that period down to the present generation, and to have it recorded in the Ulster King of Arms Office in Dublin, as fully as the English branch was recorded in the Heralds' College in London.

This I eventually succeeded in doing, and at the same time I took out a confirmation of the arms, which had been used by the Leicestershire branch since the twelfth century, reverting to the old crest of "a demi-boar rampant," which the Irish branch for some unknown reason had discarded in favour of "a griffin's head."

At first the task seemed hopeless, but after many fruitless searches and disappointments, I made the acquaintance of the late Rector of Newry, the Revd. Henry Swanzy, a very keen genealogist.

I owe to him a debt of gratitude not only for the endless trouble he took to ferret out information from sources not at my disposal, but also because it was through him I made the acquaintance of Mr. Sadleir, then Registrar in Ulster King of Arms Office, and later Deputy Ulster. Without the help

of the latter I should have had to give up the task in despair, and some conception of the assistance he gave me, will, I hope, be made apparent in the following pages.

All the early pedigree of the Irish branch was collected and compiled by him from records in Ulster's Office, and I may here state that every entry in the pedigree given in this book, can be supported by documentary evidence.

As a rule where links are missing in old pedigrees, a certain individual is assumed—sometimes correctly, and again at other times incorrectly—to be the father or grandfather of the next in descent of whom there is any record. I have not descended to this or any similar expedient. Fortunately for me, every generation of the family from Cromwell's time, contained one or more members who held some sort of public office, and so, diligent search among the old public records always ended in any missing gap being bridged, without having to resort to any surmises, or expedients of a still more unreliable character.

The chief debt I owe to Mr. Sadleir is because of his prescience in having had photographed for me a very old certificate, of considerable historical interest, signed by Colonels Walker and Michelburne at the close of the Siege of Derry in 1689, showing the prominent part two of my ancestors, Captains George and Robert Gregory, took in that memorable event. This certificate was deposited in the Record Office attached to the Four Courts in Dublin, and but for Mr. Sadleir's action, would have been destroyed in the course of the "civil war" in 1922, when the Four Courts were burnt

down, and all the Records lost. Much valuable information was also gleaned from an examination of old newspapers, books or reference, etc., in the National Library in Dublin, and my thanks are due to all the officials of that excellent Institution for their unfailing courtesy and help, and in particular to Mr. Ward, the genial custodian of the room devoted to old Journals and Newspapers. I am also very grateful to Mrs. W. B. Yeats for her kindness in allowing me to reproduce so much of the poems of her late husband referring to the death of my cousin Robert Gregory, taken from the Volume of Collected Poems, published by Macmillan in 1919 under the title *The Wild Swans at Coole*.

CHAPTER I

LEICESTERSHIRE

Shirley, in his *Noble and Gentle men of England*, traces the Gregory family of Leicestershire to

(1) *John Gregory* Lord of Freseley and Asfordby in Leicestershire.

This assertion is confirmed in the Heralds Visitations of Warwickshire taken in 1611, and of Leicester taken in 1619, and also in Vincent's Collection in the Heralds' College, London (Vols. 126 f. 173, and 127 f. 64).

This John Gregory lived circa 1160-1220, and married Matilda, d. of Sir Roger Moton of Peculton, Knt. in the same county. They had one son

(2) *Richard* of Freseley and Asfordby, who gave part of the lands of Freseley to the Abbey of Lilleshull in Shropshire, "in perpetual alms," and who died in 1292 (*Vide* the Knight's fees of Philip Marmion, where Richard Gregory held Freseley by the third part of a Knight's fee). He left one son

(3) *Sir Francis Gregory*, Knt. Lord of the Manors of Freseley, Asfordby, and Gregoreys in Beckenesfield. The Visitations of Warwick and Leicester taken by Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms, state that he was "Despensator" or Standard Bearer to Simon de Montford Earl of Leicester. Vincent, who was one of Camden's deputies, and later Rouge Croix and Windsor Herald, and who died in 1626 further adds in his "Collections" that Sir Francis was slain with Simon de Montford at the battle of

Evesham "on Palm Sunday," 1265, whereas all historians are agreed that this battle took place on Tuesday, the 4th August, 1265. At first sight this may seem to be a curious error for a man like Vincent to have fallen into, but I think it is capable of a very simple explanation.

When I was getting a copy of the family pedigree (including that in Vincent's Collections) from the Heralds' College, I was told that it would take some time to prepare, as the originals were in Latin and very difficult to decipher.

Now Simon de Montford set out for Evesham "on the eve of the feast of the Church," i.e., Lammas day, and it is easy to see how some official either in Vincent's time or at a later date, might in copying the record, readily mistake the word "Lammas" for "Palmae." Sir Francis released to William de Percy his right in the advowson of the Priory of Silbred, and also lands in Saunden and Hasseta in Sussex (by fine 24 Henry III). He married Joan, d. and heir of Peter de Asfordby and by this alliance brought in the first recorded quartering on the family coat of arms. He left a son

(4) *Richard* of Freseley and Asfordby, who levied a fine of lands in Tolsmith Gregory in Essex (46 Henry III) and left three sons, one of whom, Henry, was killed at the battle of Bannockburn, 1314. His youngest son William married Alice d. of, and heir to Robert de Cauley in Shropshire, and was grandfather to Sir John Gregory, Knt., Lord of Lilleshull Abbey (the historic ruins of which are still extant) and founder of the religious house of Saint Gregoryes in Wye, and Lord of the Manors of Freseley,

Asfordby, Walton, Gregory Stoke, Beckensfield Kimcote, Wincast, Kingswood, Em, Grimston, Gatelingbury, and Highurst. All trace of this important branch of the family seems to have vanished in the succeeding century.

The above mentioned Richard's eldest son

(5) *Thomas* of Freseley and Asfordby was educated at Cambridge University for the priesthood, but evidently changed his mind for he married Elizabeth, d. and heir of Richard Segrave of Cateby, thus bringing in the second quartering (circa 1315)

(6) *John* of Asfordby, their son, married his cousin Margaret Gregory, who had lands in her own right at Rotherwicke, in the County of Southampton (by fine 1st Richard II), and had two sons Robert and Sir William, Knt., the latter an Alderman of London. The elder son

(7) *Robert* of Asfordby, married a daughter of John Lord of Bosworth, and relict of Henry de Harecourt. Their son

(8) *John* of Asfordby was an Escheator of the King in Dorset and married Joan, a sister of Sir William Billesby, Knt., in Lincolnshire. Their eldest son

(9) *Thomas* of Asfordby married Ellinor, d. of Richard Billesby of Billesby or Bellesley in Lincolnshire, and left a son

(10) *William* of Asfordby, who married Helen, d. and heir of John Malyn of Tuxford. This marriage brought in the most ancient and important quarterings on the family arms, for Malyn brought in Dymmock, the latter brought in Ludlow, which in turn brought in Marmion and Kilpec. William

died on the 29th April, 1528 (*vide* Inq. post mortem William Dymmock, 32 Henry VIII, Notts). He left two sons Thomas of Coventry and William of Asfordby.

The elder son Thomas was kinsman and heir of the above-mentioned William Dymmock of Eyton, Notts (Inq. p.m. 18 Elizabeth, Warwick). He purchased Styvechall near Coventry from John Ferrers, Lord of Tamworth, and married Elizabeth d. of Christopher Wade, Mayor of Coventry. He died on the 15th March, 1573, leaving three sons, Arthur of Styvechall, Edmund of Warwick (to whose first wife there is a very quaint inscription on a memorial tablet in the Collegiate Church of Our Lady at Warwick, to which I shall refer in a later chapter), and Henry of Mamhead in Devon.

Arthur, the eldest son, married Anne, d. of John Ferrers, Lord of Tamworth. They had a son, John of Styvechall, to whom a confirmation of the family arms with five quarterings (Asfordby, Segrave, Malyn, Dymmock, and Marmion) was granted by Camden's Deputies in 1581.

I am unable to say why this confirmation only showed five quarterings instead of seven, since, as I have already stated, Dymmock brought in Ludlow, through whom Marmion was brought in. Moreover, Marmion brought in Kilpec, since Philip, fifth and last Lord Marmion, married Joane, d. and eventually sole heiress of Hugh de Kilpec, of Kilpec Castle in Hereford. (*Vide* Burke's *History of the Commoners*, Vol. I under Dymoke of Scrivelsby.) Only slight traces of the ruins of Kilpec Castle are to be seen, but Kilpec Church, standing in the same grounds (a small part going back to Saxon times, but most

of it dating from the twelfth century), still remains intact, and to quote from the *Official Guide*, is one of the gems of English Ecclesiastical Architecture, attracting tourists and scholars from all parts of the world, to inspect its wonderful Norman doorway and chancel-arch. The eaves round three sides of the building have a heavily projecting corbel-table, or shelf, with some 90 corbels still intact. These comprise all manner of weird unnatural representations of birds, beasts, fishes, snakes, and grotesque human heads.

The ancient castle which stood alongside was, according to the *Official Guide*, for centuries the stronghold of the powerful family of Kilpec. When that noble house became extinct, the property passed into the hands of the Earls of Ormonde, but during the Wars of the Roses, the fifth Earl came to grief after the battle of Towton and his family lost their Kilpec domain.

Eventually in 1545 the castle became the property of the Pyes, in whose hands it remained till the reign of Charles I. Sir Walter Pye, a staunch supporter of the Royalist cause, held it for the Crown till 1645, when the Roundheads captured it, and the stronghold was dismantled. Strangely enough, the Church was spared. Considering the shocking sacrilege almost invariably committed by Cromwell's soldiers in all churches they encountered, which contained "graven images" or carvings of any kind, and which in their fanatical zeal they regarded as savouring of idolatry, it is little short of miraculous that this exquisite gem of ancient art escaped injury at their hands. As stated on page 3 William of Asfordby (No. 10) had a younger son

(11) *William* of Asfordby, who married a d. of . . . Franklin, and left

(12) *Leonard* of Asfordby, who married Margaret, d. of William Alsop of Markefield, Co. Leicester. Leonard died in 1615 leaving a son

(13) *William* of Asfordby, born in 1579, who married Frances, d. of John Baker of Eaton, Leicestershire. They left a younger (4th) son

(14) *Thomas*, born 1615, who went to Ireland in the time of Cromwell, along with a cousin named Giles Gregory, and was the founder of the Irish branch of the family. The further English pedigree, down to the last of the Styvechall family, Major Francis Hood Gregory, is fully recorded in all its branches in the Heralds' College, but space would not permit of my entering it here.

Suffice it to say that Major Gregory, who died childless in 1909, left the Styvechall estate to his cousin, the Hon. Alexander Hood, third son of the 3rd Viscount Hood, who in the following year by Royal Licence assumed the name of Gregory in lieu of Hood. His son, Major Charles Hugh Gregory Hood, succeeded in 1927, and in the following year sold the estate to the City of Coventry, as it was urgently needed to meet the growing demands of the boundaries of the city, which even then had begun to encroach on the demesne. And so, after being in the possession of the family for over 400 years another old country estate passed into the hands of the builders. The Hall itself has been demolished, and rows of streets now cover what was once the demesne land.

The old parish Church (of which the Gregorys are the Patrons, as well as of the neighbouring

living of Brinklow) still stands, and I am glad to say that the City Council has taken steps to have the little hamlet of Styvechall permanently preserved. The houses and the old Smithy round the village green have been left untouched, and the Council has erected on the green a stone monument surmounted with the Arms of the City of Coventry, and bearing the following inscription :—

This Green
with the adjoining hamlet of Stivichall
was presented to the City of Coventry
in 1932,
by Major Charles Hugh Gregory-Hood,
in memory of the Gregory family
who were owners of the Manor of Stivichall
for over 400 years.

A very charming gesture on the part of the City Fathers. I am also glad to be able to record that the family have not severed their connection with Warwickshire, for on the sale of Styvechall Hall, they purchased Locksley Hall in the same county, and are now residing there.

Before crossing to Ireland with the Cromwellian cousins, I must say a few words concerning two other offshoots of the Leicester branch, who were at one time settled in the counties of Lincoln and Hereford. Of the former I can relate very little, for they did not go to Lincoln direct from Leicester. The first of the family to settle there, according to the Heralds' Visitation of Lincoln was William Gregory of Stony Middleton, Derbyshire, who settled at East Stockwith, about the year 1500. The members of this branch of the family were

evidently not imbued with the Puritan zeal of their cousins in Leicester and Warwick, for there came into my possession some years ago an old book-plate, or coat of arms printed in 1679 by Richard Blome of London, underneath which is inscribed in an ornamental scroll the words :—

“John Gregorie of St. Margarets Westminster in Middlesex, Gentleman, Son of Lieutenant Collonell William Gregorie of East Stockwith in Lincolnshire Esqr : a great Sufferer for his Ma^{ty} in y^e Late unhappy warrs.”

The coat of arms is quarterly of four. First and fourth grand quarters the same as Gregory of Asfordby, viz. : Or, two bars and in chief a lion passant azure. Second grand quarter, argent, on a chevron sable a crescent of the field, a chief indented gules. Third grand quarter—Azure, 3 mallets or.

As the pedigree given in the Visitation of Lincoln does not show any marriages of heiresses, I am unable to say to what families the arms in the second and third grand quarters belong. A rather curious thing about this old book-plate, is that although all the coats of arms in the four grand quarters are correctly blazoned in accordance with their proper colours, the crest (a demi-boar sable, collared or) and the wreath of the colours (or and azure) on which the crest stands are both shown “in trick.” That is to say the various charges are merely drawn in outline, and the metals and colours are indicated by their heraldic abbreviations, i.e., “a” for argent, “s” for sable, etc. The only explanation I can offer for this anomaly is that the print in my possession was only a “trial proof” never intended

for publication, and that the error was corrected in the finished article eventually supplied to Mr. John Gregorie. If this surmise is correct, how strange it is that a trial proof, which in the ordinary course of events would have found an early grave in the wastepaper basket or the fireplace, still survives after more than 260 years, while in all probability, not a single copy of the corrected proof has been in existence for many generations back.

The pedigree of the Hereford branch was compiled by Sir Thomas Phillips the Genealogist. This branch settled in Hereford in the sixteenth century, going there direct from Asfordby, and in the year 1624, a son William was born to the Revd. Robert Gregory, Vicar of Fownthorpe. This son was destined to become the most illustrious member of all the various branches of the family in England.

According to *The Dictionary of National Biography* this William, having adopted the legal profession, showed such marked ability that he was appointed Recorder of Gloucester in 1672. In 1678 he entered Parliament as Member for Weobly, Herefordshire, and the following year was elected Speaker of the House. In the same year a Knighthood was conferred on him, and he was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer. After six years he was dismissed from his offices as Recorder of Gloucester and Baron of the Exchequer for daring to give judgment in favour of a subject against the King's Dispensing Power. He was, however, subsequently (in 1689) appointed a Judge of the King's Bench. He purchased the Manors of How Capel, Fownhope, and Solers Hope in 1677. He also built the southern

transept of How Capel Church as a family burying place, and erected a large stone coat of arms over the inside of the entrance door. A wooden panel on the wall beside the door gives the names of the members of the family who were patrons of the living for over 100 years. This branch of the family had become extinct in the male line by 1790.

CHAPTER II

THE SIEGE OF DERRY

As already stated the two cousins Giles and Thomas went to Ireland in the time of Cromwell, having evidently adopted the same side in the Civil War as the elder branch at Styvechall. So fervent were the latter in their Puritanical zeal, that the eldest son of two succeeding generations was christened "Love-is-God."

I have seen it stated in some book, the title of which I cannot recall, that the elder Love-is-God sat in Cromwell's Parliament for Buckinghamshire, but I cannot find any confirmation of this in the Parliamentary Records of the House of Commons.

These records, however, are not altogether complete for that period of English history, so the statement may possibly be correct.

Giles obtained a grant of lands in Tipperary and a house in the "Citty" of Cashel.

By his will, which was proved in 1664, he left everything he was possessed of to his wife Anne, and at her death to his daughter Mary, save £10 which he left to the "Citty" of Cashel, and he directed that he was to be buried in the Churchyard of Lissen. I have often wondered who benefited by the gift of £10 to the "Citty" of Cashel. I would like to think that it went towards the maintenance of that truly magnificent and exquisite example of ancient Irish civilisation, the world famous Rock of Cashel. Mary, his daughter, and sole heiress, married Warham St. Leger of Haywards

Hill, Co. Cork, a nephew of the 1st Viscount Doneraile (See Burke's *History of the Commons*, Vol. IV, under St. Leger).

The other cousin, Thomas, settled in Londonderry at Shaunmullagh and Tamnadeese near Castledawson. I am unable to say in what year he went there, but his name appears in the Hearth Money and Chancery Rolls for 1666.

For a long time I was in doubt whether he was a son of William of Asfordby or of Henry of Mamhead, Co. Devon, but the point was settled for me in favour of William of Asfordby by the late Sir Arthur Vicars, not long before his tragic death.

In 1919 I was stationed at Listowel in charge of the northern half of Co. Kerry. While there I became on very friendly terms with Sir Arthur, and spent most of my spare time at his beautiful home at Kilmorna, a few miles out of Listowel.

Sir Arthur, who was a very keen genealogist, had been Ulster King of Arms until he was compelled to resign that office as a result of the Inquiry into the theft of the Crown Jewels from Dublin Castle which created such a sensation in 1907, and which remains to this day an unsolved mystery, in spite of the many plausible explanations which have been advanced to account for their disappearance.

Sir Arthur had in his library at Kilmorna many valuable manuscript pedigrees and documents which had formerly belonged to Sir William Betham, the well-known genealogist, and like Sir Arthur, a former holder of the Office of Ulster King of Arms.

Amongst these was a book in manuscript compiled by Aaron Crossley, author of a *Pecrage of Ireland*,

and written about the year 1675. It contained the arms of all English families then resident in Ireland, done "in trick," and on page 49 was depicted the coat of arms of Thomas Gregory of Londonderry, formerly of Co. Leicester, and which was identical with the arms given in the Heralds' Visitation of Leicester for Gregory of Asfordby.

Sir Arthur also had in his possession four volumes of pedigrees, all written in the fine handwriting of Sir William Betham and bound in blue cardboard covers. These volumes consisted of notes and jottings of pedigrees made from time to time without regard to any system, or order, but Sir Arthur had compiled a very accurate and complete index of all the names appearing in the four volumes.

The relationship of Giles Gregory of Cashel to the English branch of the family was given in one of the volumes, but, unfortunately, I did not copy it out at the time. Sir Arthur offered to lend me these volumes and the Aaron Crossley manuscript, but I thought the risk was too great, considering the very disturbed state of the country, and the danger of my rooms being raided at any time by emissaries of the I.R.A., or of my being "bumped off," a fate to which all members of the Royal Irish Constabulary were then exposed. I asked Sir Arthur what he intended to do eventually with these manuscripts. He told me that his great hope was to publish them, but that he feared the expense would be too great, and in that event he would leave them to the Heralds' College in London.

Alas, within a few months of that conversation, there came a day when without warning the peaceful atmosphere of Kilmorna was rudely disturbed, and

the graceful peacocks strutting on the terraces fled before the rush of armed men.

Soon incendiary bombs were burning fiercely on every storey of the house, and Sir Arthur's body, riddled with bullets, was lying a short distance away near the river which ran below the house. Truly, a tragic ending to a tragic life.

Shortly after I left Listowel for Tralee to assume charge of the whole county, Kilmorna was raided for arms by a detachment of the I.R.A. in April, 1920.

Sir Arthur very pluckily refused to produce the key of the Armoury which was built of reinforced concrete, and had a stout metal door. The raiders took him into the diningroom and stood him up against the fireplace, while they formed a half-circle around him with guns and rifles levelled at his chest. The leader asked him "Are you prepared to meet your God?" "Yes," came the plucky reply, "and a damned sight more so than any of you."

Realising that he was not to be intimidated they desisted from further questioning and proceeded to try and smash in the armoury door. As this resisted all their efforts, they made their way upstairs and tore up the floorboards in the bedroom above the armoury, hoping to break through the ceiling. This, however, was made of reinforced concrete, and the raiders had not got half way through it, when daylight compelled them to take their departure. When I reached Kilmorna that afternoon, Sir Arthur gave me a graphic account of his night's adventures, during which he admitted that he had been pretty rattled when he was facing the half

circle of wobbling rifles and guns, since most of the raiders were young men, some of them not more than boys, and evidently fairly raw recruits, for their hands were trembling so much through nervousness, that he fully expected every moment that one of them would inadvertently discharge his weapon with disastrous results. Sir Arthur added that apart from that incident, the night had been rather amusing. From time to time he would leave his bedroom to see what progress they were making and to chaff them about their inability to break through the ceiling. Towards morning he had actually brought them a can of beer, telling them they needed it after their long night's exertion. I decided to stay at Kilmorna that night, fearing the raiders might return to complete their task with more adequate tools. The only weapon we had was my service revolver, and as I could never hit a haystack with one, I devoutly hoped it would not be necessary to use it.

We decided to remain up in the dining-room until daylight, and were sitting there chatting over the fire, when just on midnight we were startled by a loud knocking on the halldoor. "My God," exclaimed Sir Arthur, "you were right after all. They have returned." I picked up my revolver from the table, and feeling decidedly uncomfortable, and anything but the hero of fiction, I went out into the hall, and standing well to one side of the door called out "Who is there?" The "Military," came the reply, in a voice I thought and devoutly prayed, I recognised. "Who is in charge?" I asked, and to my intense relief got the reply, "Captain Buckton." Having asked a few more

questions, I unlocked the door, and there on the doorstep stood little Buckton, with a lorry of soldiers behind him.

Buckton was in charge of a detachment of soldiers encamped in Ballinruddery, Captain Arthur Fitzgerald's fishing lodge on the other side of the river just below Kilmorna, and he had come over on the same errand which had brought me.

We chatted for some time inside, and then without showing any lights, Buckton walked out, and ordered his men to resume their seats in the military lorry. He then walked down the steps, and on reaching the lorry, called out in a loud voice, "Goodnight, Sir Arthur." Then stooping low, he ran quickly back up the steps, and into the unlighted hall, the door of which we promptly locked as the lorry moved off down the avenue.

The night passed without further incident, and we had no more visitors till the military lorry returned in the morning for Captain Buckton.

A year later after I had left Kerry to take charge of Londonderry City and County, an event occurred, for which Sir Arthur was blamed quite unjustifiably, but which was directly responsible for the terrible tragedy in which his life was forfeited.

An I.R.A. ambush had been prepared behind the demesne wall on the road leading into Listowel, with the object of ambushing any body of military or police which might pass that way. In due course a military cycling patrol came along, and fire was opened on it from behind the demesne wall.

I do not know whether Buckton was in charge, but the party seem to have acted with unusual promptness and resolution. The men flung them-

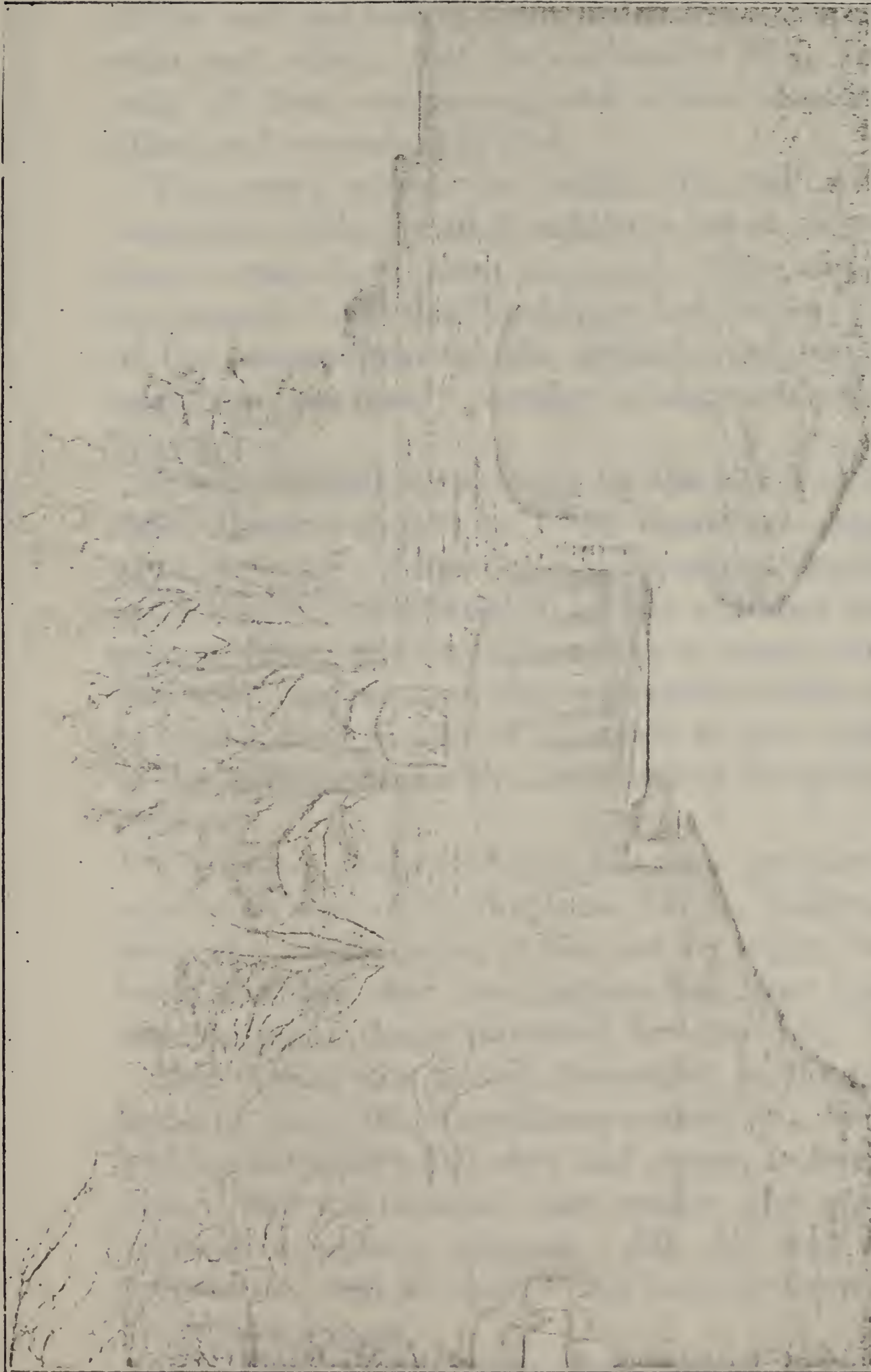


Photo by]

[John J. Ward, F.E.S., Coventry.

THE GREGORY MEMORIAL STONE AT STIVICHALL, COVENTRY

(See page 7.)



[John J. Ward, F.L.S., Coventry].
(See page 7.)

THE "COAT OF ARMS" BRIDGE NEAR COVENTRY, WITH THE GREGORY
ARMS ABOVE THE MAIN ARCH.

Photo by]

selves off their cycles, and dashed for the shelter of the wall and hedge, from which they opened fire with such effect, that the ambushers fled, leaving most of their equipment, and some casualties in killed and wounded behind.

The smart manner in which the military had turned the tables on their assailants led to the belief that it must have been a case of "fore-warned is fore-armed," and that Sir Arthur had become aware of the preparations for the ambush, and had contrived to give timely warning to the authorities in Listowel.

It was decided accordingly by the I.R.A. leaders that Kilmorna should be burnt down as a reprisal and a warning. After the raid for arms, Sir Arthur had strong shutters fitted to all the windows on the ground floor, and had placed in a turret on the roof some rockets and loud explosives which could be hastily fired in case of an attack to give warning to the military across the river and to the police in Listowel.

I have no doubt but that all these preparations were well known to the local I.R.A. leaders, for when the attack came, it was not by night, but in broad daylight after the shutters had been opened and the outer doors unlocked for the day.

Lady Vicars was already downstairs in the breakfastroom when the incendiaries rushed in. She was told by the leader that they had orders to burn the house, but was assured that neither she nor her husband would be injured. All the staff were ordered out, and Sir Arthur was hurried down from his dressing-room.

Incendiary bombs were then placed in various

rooms on every floor, and soon the lovely old house, with its wealth of beautiful furniture and appointments, was a blazing inferno.

Satisfied that their task had been thoroughly accomplished, the raiders withdrew, and then it was noticed that Sir Arthur was absent.

It was at first thought that possibly he might have tried to re-enter the house in a vain attempt to save some specially precious possession and that he had been trapped there and had been unable to make his way out. It was decided then to search the grounds. Gradually the circle was extended, until the little band of searchers reached the river below the house. There his horrified servants suddenly came upon their master's body lying close to the bank, riddled with bullets. It was at first believed that Sir Arthur, like the plucky little fellow he was, had decided to try and evade the raiders and to get to the river with the object of either wading across or trying to attract the attention of the military on the opposite bank, but that he had been observed and followed, and had paid for his gallant attempt to save his property with his life.

There can, however, be little doubt, but that his death had been decided on long in advance, and that the assurance given to Lady Vicars was only a blind, for when Sir Arthur's body was being examined, a label was found attached with a string round his neck, and on it had been printed in rude lettering the words, "Spy. Informers beware. I.R.A. never forgets."

Thomas Gregory who settled in Co. Derry married there and had two sons Robert and George,

who took their families and all their belongings into Derry, when King James's forces were advancing to lay siege to "The Maiden City."

Robert the elder became a Captain in Colonel Lance's regiment, while George held a similar rank in Colonel Crofton's regiment.

The part the two brothers and their sons played in this memorable siege is recorded in a Petition for Concordatum presented to the Lords Justices by Robert on the 22nd. August, 1716, in the following terms :—

"To their Exces the Lords Justices and Council of Ireland.

"The humble Petition of Capt. Rob^t. Gregory Sheweth. That your Petr. and his brother did mount the great guns on the steeple of Derry, and repaired sev^l. of the carriages on the walls thereof, and performed the offices of Gunners during the Seige of the Said City, as may appear by a copy of a Certificate annexed from the then Governours of Londonderry, the originall being ready to be produced.

"That your Petr. built a horse-mill that went with Double Harness at his own expense for the use of the Army, and ground all the graine for the whole garrison free during the Seige, maintaining men and horses to perform the said work.

"That if your Petr. had not built the said mill, the whole garrison must have perished for want of bread, the Enemy having got possession of all the mills ab^t. the City.

"That your Petr. and his two sons the one his Lieut. and the other his Ensign were in Colonell

Lances Regiment, and were very serviceable at the said Seige.

“That your Petr. brought with him to the said Seige eighteen large oxen, two and twenty cows, twenty barrells of Meale, and a horse Load of Cheese which he gave amongst the workmen who performed the work at the Mill. When they had eaten that he gave them two large horses which they also eat.

“The goods and the money he laid out amongst them came to £258 which with his pay as Capt. of a Company and one of the Chief Gunners amount to above £700, for which said Services Your Petr. never Received any reward till about four years agoe the Government gave him fifty pounds to prevent himself and family from perishing.

“Your Petr. and his great family, he having a wife and fifteen children, whereof ten are unprovided for, most humbly pray your Excies and Lordships to take his miserable circumstances into your serious consideration, and grant him some Releife out of the Concordatum, otherwise they must unavoidably starve for want of bread.

“And Your Petr. and his numerous family as in duty bound will ever pray.

“Robt. Gregory.”

The certificate referred to in the above Petition reads as follows :—

Citty of Londonderry { These are to Certifey
all whome it may con-
cerne, that Capt. Robt. Gregory, and Capt.
George Gregory, did mount the great gunes

on the Steeple of Londonderry and repaired severall of the Carriages on the walls, and p^rformed the office of Guners During the seige, all day in the Citty, and did there duty at the Windmill at night, and that they built a horse mill and ground all grane for the Soulders free, maintaining men and horses to p^rform the worke, and that they and Capt. Robert Gregory's two sons were very active and sarvicable for the safftie of the Citty, and There p^rsent Majesties Intrist During the Seige. The S^d. Capt. Robert Gregory and his two sons, the one his Liff^t and the other his Ensigne were in Coll. Lances Raigm^t. and the S^d. Capt. George Gregory was in Coll. Crofton's Raigm^t.

JOHN MICHELBURNE } Govs.
GEO. WALKER }

Dat. at Londonderry.

10th day of Dec^r. 1689.

I am afraid that the Petition did not meet with much success, for another one was submitted two years later in similar terms, but with the additional information that the two brothers continued to serve until the end of the campaign, and took part in the battle of the Boyne.

These Petitions were preserved in the Record Office at the rear of the Four Courts in Dublin, and it was Mr. Sadleir, late Deputy Ulster King of Arms, who unearthened them and had them photographed for me.

A very wise and fortunate precaution on his part, for within a year of his doing so, the Four Courts were burned to the ground during the civil

war in June, 1922, when all the Records were destroyed.

I only missed seeing that conflagration by a day, for I left Dublin for England by the mail boat on the previous evening.

I had spent the afternoon sitting on the walls of the Liffey watching the new Irish Free State Artillery shelling the Four Courts where a band of Republicans had entrenched themselves, and had defied all efforts to dislodge them.

It was a gala day for Dublin, and a large crowd had assembled and lined the walls along both sides of the quays "to watch the fun."

I wonder how many of those spectators gave a thought to the irony of the situation. The Irish Free State had only just been set up, but instead of the Nation uniting together to make the new Constitution a success, civil war had immediately broken out, and here was one section of Irishmen engaged in shelling another "for love of Ireland" with guns handed over to them by the departing English garrison, and with a British officer superintending the firing, since the new Irish Forces had had no training or experience in the use of heavy guns.

The following day "The Rebels" finding that the building was being battered to bits about their heads, evacuated it. It was on fire.

I presented a copy of the Petition and Certificate signed by the Governors of Derry to the Cathedral, where it now finds an honoured place along with many other interesting relics of the Siege, in the collection which the present Dean (the Very Revd. R. King) has made and placed in the Chapter House.

Fortunately I had more than one copy printed, for the plate got smashed by the photographer entrusted with the work, and my own framed copy perished in a furniture repository in Portsmouth during the great aerial raid on that city on the night of 10th January, 1941.

Together with it went my silver, family medals going back to Waterloo and the Crimea, most of the family miniatures, and also many very precious and irreplaceable books, some of them autographed by their authors since dead, and others interleaved with copious notes the outcome of over 20 years study of such subjects as English and Continental China, old clocks, etc.

The real bad luck in connection with this tragedy lay in the fact that these things and all my son's furniture and personal effects had only been removed from his flat the week before, and the flat escaped without even a pane of glass being cracked.

My son, then a Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy, had only arrived back at Portsmouth that evening in his ship for repairs after a scrap with the enemy in the Atlantic on Xmas Day, and had spent the night rescuing women and children and their belongings from burning houses.

He had watched the repository go up in flames quite unconscious of the fact that his wife had given up the flat the week before, and had put all the furniture, etc., into store.

Along with the letter to me from my son apprising me of our misfortune, there came by the same post the bill from the furniture removers for moving the stuff into store to be burned, which at the time struck me as very like "adding insult to injury."

The part played by my ancestors in the Siege of Derry is further attested in the Diaries kept by certain citizens who were actually living in the city at the time.

The Siege of Londonderry, by Joshua Gillespie, has the following entry under May 27th, 1689 :—

“About this period of the Siege, a mill was constructed by Captain Gregory in the old free school for the purpose of grinding corn.”

Mackenzie, in his Narrative of Siege of Derry, writes under the date June 16th. “There were oats, shelling, and malt in town which could not be used for want of Mills, therefore Captain Gregory and some workmen took care to have a Horse-mill built, and also to have carriages made for the guns some of which were so out of order that sometimes we could not use them when we wanted them.”

The Gregory brothers are also mentioned in “Londeriados,” a narrative in verse by an unknown author, who himself took part in the siege :

“Lieutenant Crookshanks dismounts from our
walls

The en'mies cannon which upon us falls
At Pennyburn-mill ; and Captain Gregory,
From the Church steeple, slays the enemy
At both attacks at Windmill-hill, and from
The royal and the double bastion.”

As far as I recollect the manuscript of this ballad only came to light more than a hundred years after the siege, when it was found in a private library in Armagh.

The late Mr. Young, of Galgorm Castle, Co. Antrim, published in 1933 his *Fighters of Derry*, in which he gave particulars of the families and descendants of all those engaged either as attackers or defenders. I had left Ireland long before that time, and did not know he was compiling such a work, but he enlisted the services of Mr. Sadleir, Deputy Ulster King of Arms, and the latter inserted much of the information I have given above.

Some 230 year later (in 1920) when Londonderry, in common with the rest of Ireland, was once more in the throes of civil war and rebellion, I was appointed County Inspector of both City and County.

I shall never forget my entry into Derry to take up my duties as the officer responsible for maintaining law and order that had long ceased to be anything but a farce and a mockery throughout the greater part of the country.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and I had motored from Dublin escorted by three detectives, all of us, including the driver, being armed with loaded revolvers and Mills' bombs.

As we crossed the bridge over the Foyle in the calm of a perfect sunset we could hear the bullets whistling above our heads, as Orangemen and I.R.A. sniped each other from their respective quarters.

In the city a veritable state of siege existed, the streets at points where Nationalist and Orange districts converged being heavily barricaded. Fortunately "the siege" only lasted this time for a few days until military reinforcements arrived, and law and order was again restored on the surface at least, but during my first week in the city, no less than 19 persons were killed and over 50

wounded, several of them being murdered in circumstances of revolting brutality.

These numbers are in excess of those officially reported by the police at the time, but they are taken from Miss Dorothy Macardle's book, *The Irish Republic*, published in 1938, and which is now recognised as the most reliable and informative authority, which has appeared in print, for the events dealing with the period 1916-1923 in Ireland.

I am quite sure that many deaths must have occurred in Derry during the week ended the 22nd June, which were never reported to the police. One evening I was rung up at Headquarters from one of the police stations in the suburbs, to say that a large crowd was attacking the barracks and that assistance was needed. Having no men to spare at the time, I rang up the military barracks and a detachment of troops with a machine gun was despatched to disperse the crowd. The officer in charge told me afterwards that when he came in sight of the crowd, it would not disperse, and opened fire on his men, so he replied with a few bursts of machine gun fire. The crowd scattered up the side streets and the military then rushed forward and picked up on the road outside the barracks the bodies of three dead dogs !

Of course it is just possible that this really represented the total list of casualties on that occasion, for is it not on record that in a battle in the opening stages of the Spanish-American War, the only casualties sustained on either side was one army mule ?

CHAPTER III

THE KINGDOM OF KERRY

Before proceeding to deal with the descendants of my ancestor Captain George, I must state the little I know about his elder brother Captain Robert.

He married a daughter of Laurence Clutterbuck, Clerk of Ballyronan, and Rector of Kilrea, in 1675, who leased to his son-in-law in 1681 the townlands of Annagh and Longe, and later demised to him the townlands of Colecom and Annagh.

I believe there is still in the parish church at Kilrea a silver Chalice and Paten, presented by Laurence Clutterbuck's father and which bears the inscription : "The gift of Richard Clutterbuck of London, Merchant, to y^e Parish of Kilreah in Ireland, 1664."

Of Captain Robert's numerous children I can only trace two sons, Robert of Macosquin, and Joshua of Magherafelt. The latter married Margaret, d. of James McCartan, and widow of Richard Hammond, Gent., of Ballyronan, who was killed at "The Break of Clady" during the siege. I am aware that there are several families bearing the name of Gregory still residing in both the City and County of Derry, many of them in quite humble circumstances, and it is highly probable that some of them are descendants of Captain Robert.

I have never been able to account for the great difference in the fortunes of the two brothers and their families, for the fairly numerous offspring of

Captain George were able to migrate from Derry soon after the siege, and to settle in Kerry, Tipperary and Galway, purchasing or leasing large estates for themselves and intermarrying with the leading county families, at the very time that all the members of the "great family" of the elder brother Robert were, according to his Petition for Concordatum, "in miserable circumstances and like to perish for want of bread."

Captain George (15) married Mary Fullerton, who was, I believe, a daughter of William Fullerton, Archdeacon of Armagh, and Prebend of Carncastle (where he died 29th September, 1666), by his wife Jean, d. of Robert Echlin, Bishop of Downe and Connor, and left seven sons.

His eldest son, George, was a Captain in Sir John Witterung's regiment and settled at Killarida, Co. Kerry, where he died in 1748.

In an old book entitled *Marching Orders*, which was preserved in the Record Office, Dublin, in a series of Volumes of Military Records, numbered 1 E. 3-79, the following entry occurred on page 103, under the heading "Gallway."

"Capt. George Gregory of Sir George Witteronngs Regt. of Foot. a licence to be absent from quarters for two months from the date.

Ch. Delafaye. 30th June 1716."

Captain George, Junior, left Richard of Killarida, Elizabeth who married her cousin John Gregory of Dublin in 1748, and Robert of Mount Etna, Kilfeaghney, and O'Brenan, Co. Kerry, and to whom his brother assigned Knockbarran in 1759. The latter married Cherry Chute and died 7th March,

1774, leaving three sons, Fitzmaurice, Dawson, and George, and one daughter Anne.

He directed in his will that he was to be buried by night.

The second son, Kilner of Lixnaw and Knockbarran, was a Lieutenant in the Kerry regiment and died unmarried in 1758. John, the third son, born 1703, was a Lieutenant in Lord Harrington's regiment. He died in 1763 leaving no issue. There is a tombstone over his grave in the old churchyard of Finnoe, near Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary. Of Joshua, the fourth son, I can find no particulars beyond the fact that he was a Naval Officer and served in H.M.S. *Severn*. William, another son, was a Captain in Lord Harrington's regiment and had a son John, a Lieutenant in Richbell's regiment of Foot, who married Mary McCowan in 1756. Another son was the Revd. Robert Gregory, born 1683, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. The entry concerning him in Sadleir's *Alumni Dublinenses* reads as follows :—

“Gregory, Robert, July 11, 1699, aged 16 ; son of George, Dux ; b. Co. Derry. B.A. Vern. 1704. M.A. Æst. 1712.”

He married firstly in 1705 Elizabeth d. of the Rev. Paul Higgins and secondly in 1738 Sophia d. of Charles Lambart of Painstown, Co. Meath, grandson of Charles 1st Earl of Cavan, by his wife Elizabeth only d. of Gustavus Viscount Boyne. (See Lodge's *Peerage*, revised by Archdale 1789, under Cavan.)

Those were the palmy days of the Church of Ireland, long before the Disestablishment of the Irish Church by Gladstone.

The Revd. gentleman lived at Tentore, Queen's Co. (now Leix), and according to Lodge was incumbent of the parishes of Aghmacart, Cahir, Killeeny, and Killermogh in the Diocese of Ossory, and of Tipperary, Templenoe, Clonbolge, and Kilfeacle in the Diocese of Cashel.

I don't know how that strikes the average churchman, but to me it seems to be pretty near the border line of simony !

I suppose the most charitable explanation is that most of these livings were in the gift of his second wife's noble relations. According to his will (proved 1753) it would appear that he waxed fat on the stipends drawn from his eight incumbencies, for after disposing of his horses, carriages, etc., he went on to direct the dispersal of his herd of black pedigree cattle.

This brings me to old Captain George's 7th son, my direct ancestor (16) *Henry*, who after leaving Londonderry appears to have gone to Limerick, where he took a farm of 800 acres on lease from a Mrs. Ryves, one of the sureties being Kilner Brazier of Cork, who also had been at the Siege of Derry.

The relations between landlady and tenant do not appear to have been very cordial, for after some years Mrs. Ryves instituted proceedings against him on the grounds that although he had only leased 800 acres, he had actually been given possession of 810 acres. Then, to add insult to injury, she further alleged that "he was very fractious with his rent."

I cannot say in whose favour the case was decided, but Henry evidently did not renew his lease, for

not long after this he moved into the adjoining county and went to live in Galway town. There he married Mary, d. of Robert Shawe of Newford, a member of an old Galway family. They had one son (17) *Robert*, born in 1727, who at an early age showed that he was possessed of a spirit of adventure. His maternal uncles traded to India, their vessels sailing from the port of Galway. Young Robert, while still at school, managed to conceal himself on one of their vessels as she was about to sail, and the stowaway was not discovered until the ship was some days at sea.

On her arrival at Calcutta the boy was given a Writership in the old East India Company's service.

He was evidently possessed of unusual talent and initiative, as well as spirit, for in due course he rose to be a Director and Chairman of the Company. That was the era of Clive and Hastings, when the British Empire in India was in the making, and the Chairman of the "John Bull" Company had in his hands probably more patronage than any official in England, except the Prime Minister, and many were the requests from members of the nobility and men of the highest public positions soliciting the good offices of Mr. Gregory towards securing a Writership for some younger son, or poor relation.

One such request from the Duke of Manchester was apparently granted, for among the articles mentioned in his will, appears the item a "gold snuffbox, the gift of His Grace the Duke of Manchester."

Mr. Gregory, or "The Nabob," as he has always been spoken of by his descendants, left India finally in 1768, and on his return to England became in

the same year Member of Parliament for Maidstone. He held that seat until 1774, when he became Member for Rochester, representing that city until he retired from public life in 1784.

In politics he was a Liberal, and an intimate friend and supporter of Lord Rockingham, Charles Fox, and Edmund Burke.

He had amassed a huge fortune in India, and on his return in 1768 he purchased an estate in Essex, another in Cheshire, and a large town house in Berners Street, London, No. 56. He also bought the Coole Estate in Galway, which at that time brought in a rental of over £7,000 a year. He sold the two English estates before his death, but retained his town house and the Coole estate. He married in India, Maria, d. of Arthur Auchmuty, a cadet of the house of Auchmuty of Briansford, Co. Longford, and left three sons Robert, Richard, and William.

I am sorry to have to add that in addition to his sons he left a natural daughter, of whose unhappy marriage William Hickey, in his amazing frank and breezy memoirs (first published in 1913), gives the following graphic account.

In Volume 1 Hickey relates how he was given an introduction to Mr. Gregory in London, who obtained for him a Writership in the Hon. East India Company's service, of which he was then a Director.

In Volume 4 he tells how he met in Calcutta a Mr. Nathaniel Penry Rees, a son of the learned Doctor Abraham Rees, author of the *New Encyclopaedia*," and a Professor of Theology. He describes this Nathaniel Rees as "a sad profligate,

(With of
the
military)

The art of Artillery all whom it may concern that (apart from the
and ap. George Gregory die went the great guns on the tower of
London and repaired in ball of the paragon on the walls, and
the office of guns during his time all day in the city and the last day
at the mill at night, and that they built a new mill and gave
all guns for the soldiers that, including more and longer to provide
the work, and that they and ap. George Gregory were
active and successful for the defence of the city, and the last
master of the during his time. The last day of the war and the
the end of his life and he obtained a high rank in the army
and the last day of his life was in the city of London.

John at London

the 10 day of Decr 1089

John in London

John in London

John in London

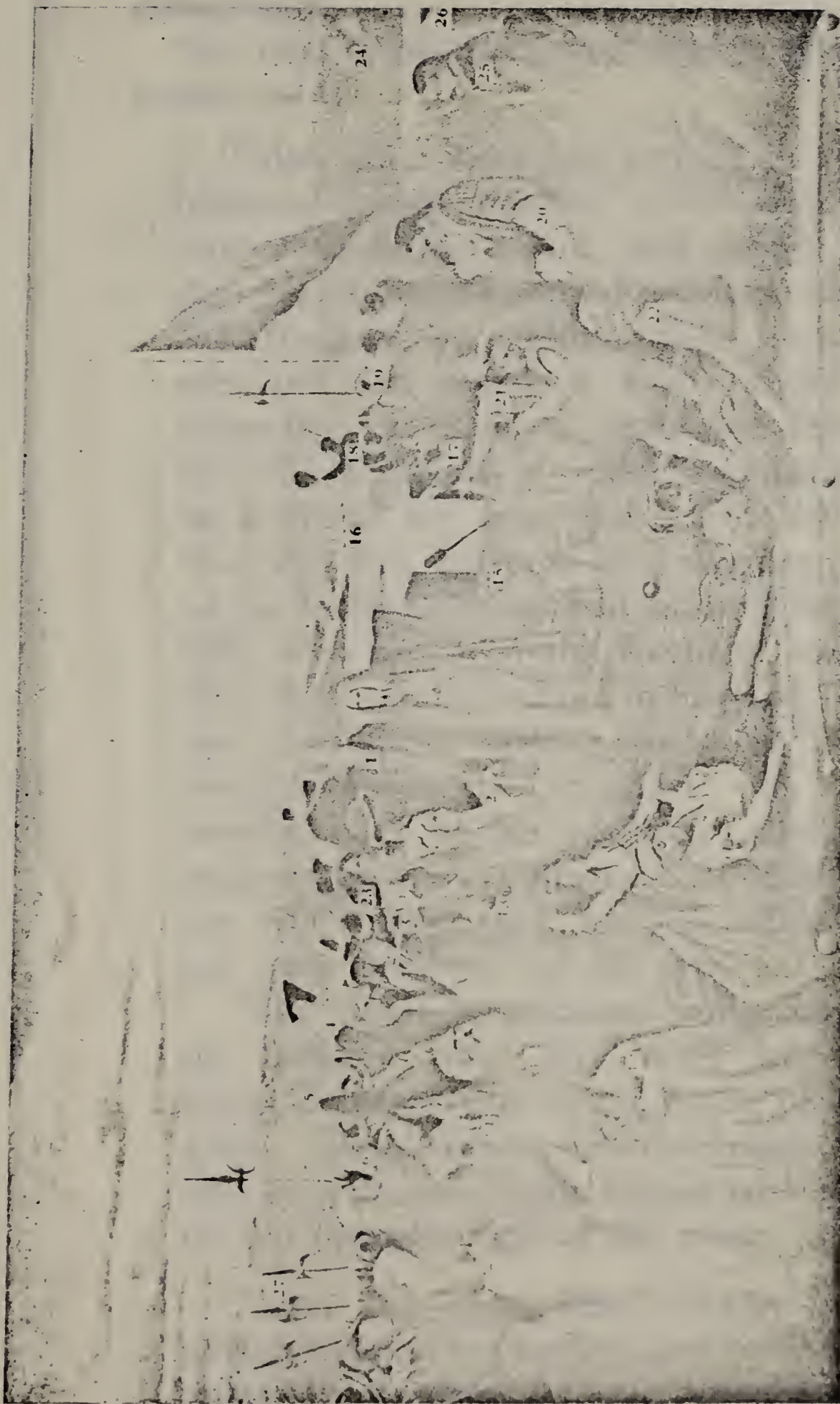


Photo by]

THE RELIEF OF DERRY, 1689

From the picture by G. Folingsby

[Margaret Kelly, Ballyshannon
(See page 19.)

1. Rev. G. Walker. 2. Col. Michelburne. 3. Alderman Tomkins. 4. Col. Cairns. 5. Capt. Babington. 6. Rev. J. Mackenzie. 7. Alderman Norman. 8. William Blacker. 9. James Haire. 10. Augustus Graham. 11. Mrs. Boyd. 12. Mrs. Ash. 13. Mrs. Browning, wife of the Captain of the *Mountjoy*. 14. Mrs. Lecky. 15. "Roaring Meg." 16. *Mountjoy*, *Phoenix* and *Dartmoor*, frigates. 17. McNaughten of Benwarden. 18. Apprentice Boys. 19. James Spaight (with banner). 20. Col. Murray. 21. and 22. Irish Refugees. 23. Capt. Hamilton, ancestor to the Duke of Abercorn. 24. Tents of King James' Army. 25. Captain Ash. 26. Corner of Butchers' Gate. 27. Pennybun.

addicted to gaming, and every species of vice and debauchery.”

The rest of the tale is best told in Hickey's own words :—

“Soon after Rees had arrived in Calcutta he obtained an appointment in the Supreme Court with a handsome salary, and shortly afterwards (in 1797) married a natural daughter of the famous Mr. Gregory, by a Hindustanee woman, a well educated and excellent body whom everyone respected, receiving a handsome fortune with her, the principal of which was luckily settled on her and any issue she might bear. In due time she was delivered of a daughter soon after whose birth there arrived from Europe a young lady, who had been the favourite companion of Mrs. Rees when at school in England. Her name was Rawlinson, sprung from an ancient and wealthy family in Lancashire. In a very few months Rees by his pleasantry and insinuating manners gained the affections of Miss Rawlinson, nor was it long after ere she fell a sacrifice to her own fondness and his arts.

“The illicit connection being discovered by the forsaken wife, Mrs. Rees left the house, going for protection to the house of her father's agent. Rees likewise left the house, taking with him his fair and fragile friend to a retired spot on the opposite side of the river.

“After five years Rees' health broke down completely and he was attacked by dysentery. He sailed for England in 1802 in the *Althea* with Miss Rawlinson, who had now taken the name

of Rivers and had remained a faithful and devoted companion.

“When within five days sail of St. Helena, the chief officer went to Rees’ cabin to inquire how he was, and in course of conversation with ‘Miss Rivers,’ happened to mention that a fine fat sheep had been killed that morning. Rees overheard this, and had a message conveyed to the Captain that he wished to speak to him.

“Anxious to gratify the last request of a dying man, the Captain went to his cabin, to learn to his amazement that the ‘last request’ was to beg for a mutton chop for his lunch, off the fat sheep which had just been killed.

“The Captain, knowing Rees was dying, mildly suggested that a little weak broth or boiled chicken might be better for him. ‘Damn your broth and your chicken,’ replied Rees. ‘I am dished beyond redemption. By this hour to-morrow, instead of my tongue running as it does at present, a dozen hungry sharks will be nibbling at the wooden case, in which your humanity will, no doubt, induce you to enclose my bag of bones, anxious to scrape a leg or an arm, or to gobble up my guts if they can find any.’ Two chops were accordingly dressed and served up to his cabin, which Rees ate with as much apparent pleasure and appetite as ever man did, though so debilitated that he could not sit up without a person on each side to support him. Three hours afterwards he drew his last breath. The Captain with a benevolent consideration for the feelings of Miss Rivers, instead of launching the corpse into the ocean, caused it to be put into

a puncheon of rum, and thus conveyed it to St. Helena, where it was landed and interred in the burial ground of the Island with a tombstone over the grave."

1638537

Perhaps it is as well that with a delicacy and reticence, not always observable in his *Memoirs*, Hickey refrains from mentioning what became of the puncheon of rum after it had served its purpose as a preservative !

I find from the *Dictionary of National Biography* that Doctor Abraham Rees, the eminent author of the *New Encyclopaedia* outlived all his children, and that his eldest son, Nathaniel Penry, died at sea while on a voyage from India and was buried at St. Helena. Communication between England and India in those days was a long and tedious process, confined as a rule to matters of national or great personal import. Let us hope that the venerable theologian departed this life in ignorance of the circumstances attending his son's death, and that no whisper of the latter's romance with the fair and fragile "Miss Rivers" ever came to disturb the declining years of his life.

The Nabob on his return to England kept up the same state that he had maintained in India, considering like most retired Indian officials used to do, that a large retinue of servants was a *sine qua non*, without which life would be insupportable.

He entertained large house parties at Coole, and it was the invariable custom on these occasions for each lady visitor before leaving to be taken to a drawer in which were precious stones and ornaments of various kinds and values, and she was allowed to insert her hand, and extract one article while keeping her eyes closed.

This very hospitable custom was also indulged in by my cousin, the late Sir William Gregory, and I can remember my stepmother returning to West-court after a visit to Coole and showing us with great joy some valuable stone she had acquired in this way.

Sir William, however, was too much a man of the world to trust Eve's daughters as completely as his great grandfather had done where jewellery was concerned, and in his day the various trinkets were kept in a bag instead of in a drawer, and the strings were only unloosed sufficiently to allow a small hand to enter, while effectually concealing the contents from the sharpest eyes.

When journeying from Coole to London to attend Parliament, or preside at board meetings of the East India Company, the Nabob used to travel in his own coach with postillions and outriders, and a regular procession of carriages for his servants and attendants. At the hotels where he broke the journey he was always waited on at meals by his own servants dressed in black breeches, black silk stockings and gold garters.

Truly "old times are changed, old manners gone." I remember seeing a few years ago in one of the weekly illustrated papers a picture of a member of the Peerage and his wife at dinner in the public dining-room of a fashionable hotel at a foreign seaside resort. The noble lord was "dressed" in a bathing slip, and his consort was similarly arrayed in whatever the feminine counterpart of that undress unconventional attire may be called.

It would seem that nowadays no one, no matter

how exalted his station, can be said to belong to the really smart set, until his picture has appeared in one or more of the illustrated papers, snapped on the beach of some Continental seaside resort, if possible in the company of some star of the cinema or theatrical world, arrayed in a bathing costume sufficiently scanty to display, as often as not, either a scraggy neck and knock-kneed limbs, or a fat paunch, and even more disgusting portions of his anatomy.

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us.”

I fear that from almost every walk of life the old spirit of *noblesse oblige* has disappeared. Even the holders of old titles and ancient names do not hesitate to sell, or to allow their women folk to sell, their birthright for a mess of pottage, or perhaps I should say, a few pots of messes.

I dread to turn over the pages of the society papers to-day, fearing I may come upon some further development of this new form of advertisement, and may be shocked to read that the beautiful Countess of X, or the lovely society favourite Miss Y, unblushingly announces that she owes her complete freedom from B. O. or halitosis to the virtues of some particular brand of soap or patent dentrifice.

The Nabob retained all his faculties to the last, dying on 1st September, 1810, at the ripe old age of 83.

His last letter, written to his son only a fortnight before his death, bears out this statement. In it he writes : “In my opinion the whole European army in India should be under His Majesty's Orders.

The native troops to be commanded by officers bred in His Majesty's service, when they understood the language, and to be in the King's service also. This I suggested many years ago ; 'Patronage' was the matter against it, no Director will even hear of it with patience."

There is a portrait of him by Sir Nathaniel Dance and a bust by Nollekens. He sat for the latter only a short time before his death, and when he was 83 years old.

His native town conferred on him the Freedom of the City of Galway and presented him on the same occasion with a gold casket.

As a comparison between prices in his time and to-day, it may be of interest to recall that Arthur Young, who attained a European reputation as a writer upon agriculture, made a tour through Ireland in 1776, in the course of which he visited Robert Gregory at Coole.

In his book *A Tour in Ireland* (2 vols.), published in 1780, he notes that Mr. Gregory had enclosed his lands with a dry wall many miles in length, six feet high and three feet and a half thick at the bottom, and twenty inches at the top, at a cost of 2s. 6d. the perch. The piers of the entrance gate were in mortar, and with gate and irons complete cost £1 14s. 0d.

CHAPTER IV

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY IN THE FAR EAST

The story of the lives of the two elder sons of the "Nabob" reads like a romance out of the pages of some novel, and abundantly bears out the old adage: "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Robert, the eldest son, born in 1754, spent all his life in India, and was given a Writership in the East India Company.

Whether he came under the influence of his profligate "brother-in-law" Nathaniel Penry Rees or not, I cannot say, but at an early age he had become addicted to gambling, and in particular to cock-fighting, which, at that time, was the favourite form of sport amongst both the English and native notabilities. He must have proved a sore trial to his father, who had always set his face against all forms of gambling. He had frequently paid his son's debts, and when he finally left India in 1768 he paid them for the last time with a solemn warning that if he ever heard of him engaging in cock-fighting again, he would disinherit him. I fear the effects of the warning wore off in time, probably because of the remoteness of India in those days, and the improbability of any news other than that of national importance reaching England.

In 1786 there took place at Lucknow, in the Province of Oude, one of the most celebrated cock-matches ever held in India. It was between the Nabob Vizier and Colonel Mordaunt, a very sporting officer in the army of the H.E.I.C.S. Nearly all

the notabilities of India were present, and, unluckily for young Robert, amongst the spectators was Zoffany, the well-known Dutch painter, who had arrived in India from London a few years earlier.

Zoffany was so impressed with the artistic possibilities of the scene that he made a sketch of all the notabilities present, and on his return to England painted his well-known picture "Colonel Mordaunt's Cockmatch."

This is where fate stepped in and pointed the way for Nemesis to fall on the hapless head of young Robert.

The picture was sent to a firm of frame-makers in the Strand, and when fitted into its frame, was exhibited in the window. The old Nabob happened to pass that way, and seeing a crowd looking into the window, wondered what the new picture was which was attracting so much attention. He stopped and after one startled glance entered the shop, and asked if there was a Key-plate to the picture in the window. On being shown one, he quickly verified his suspicions. Standing on the right of the picture in a prominent position with a gamecock under his arm was his son Robert, while the three native cock-fighters depicted in the foreground were marked on the Key-plate, (17) Cock-fighter to the Nabob Vizier, (18) Cock-fighter to Colonel Mordaunt, (19) Cock-fighter to Mr. Gregory.

The old man at once had inquiries made in India, and ascertained that not only had his son been present, but that he had actually been Colonel Mordaunt's partner in the match. He kept his

word, disinheriting Robert in his will "because of his propensity for gambling, and his continued neglect of me."

For the benefit of anyone who may be interested in old sporting prints or other antiques, let me say a few words about Zoffany. Most of his pictures consist of what are known as "conversation pieces," that is, portraits of members of a family, usually grouped together either in the drawing-room or on the lawn of the ancestral home.

Until about sixteen years ago his works were not held in particularly high repute, but about that time a vogue for conversation pieces set in, started, or at least fostered, by Sir Philip Sassoon, and the artists in most request were, in order of merit, Zoffany, Arthur Devis, and Hugh Barron. Zoffany's pictures advanced rapidly in favour, and auction prices rose to well over a thousand pounds for his more important works.

I was present at Sotheby's in 1926 when "Colonel Mordaunt's Cockmatch" was offered for sale, and was amongst the bidders, but soon dropped out as the bids rapidly rose, until at £760 it was knocked down to a Mr. Sutherland. A few years later it would probably have fetched considerably more.

I wrote to the purchaser and asked him if he was acquainted with any of the incidents I have just described, and at his request I sent him a short account which he wished to have printed and framed to hang on the wall beside the picture.

It may be of interest to mention that in early life Zoffany was employed to paint designs on the faces of grandfather clocks, by a London clockmaker named Rimbault, who carried on business in Great

St. Andrew Street between 1760 and 1780. I should imagine that any of Rimbault's clocks decorated by Zoffany would also share in the rise in value which the latter's pictures have acquired in recent years.

The Cockmatch was engraved by Richard Earlom, and genuine copies with the Key-plate are very valuable. There have been many modern reproductions which were usually offered for about ten shillings. Some dealers even advertised these as being for sale with the Key-plate, but this almost invariably turned out to be a slip of paper giving the names of three or four of the principal persons present.

There was a genuine Key-plate at my old home at Westcourt, but instead of being framed and hung in the hall beside the print of the Cockmatch, it was kept in an ottoman in the drawing-room along with the usual jumble of old bits of lace, skeins of wool, etc.

After my father's death, when the house was being cleared up for the auction which then took place, the Key-plate disappeared, having in all probability been consigned to the ashpit or bonfire of rubbish as being of no value. Fortunately I had the Key-plate photographed about a year before this, but my copy together with that of Earlom's print perished in the fire which destroyed all my other family treasures in Portsmouth. By a stroke of good fortune the photographer (Mr. Greenhough of Kilkenny) who copied the Key-plate for me was able to unearth the negative, after an interval of twenty-four years, and to supply me with another copy.

In the picture Robert Gregory is seen in the right foreground, talking to a big burly young man who is sitting on a low seat and also holding a cock in his arms. The Key-plate gives the name of this individual as Lieutenant Golding, but my cousins, the Grahams, always maintained that he is their great grandfather, James Graham of Richardby House, and Barrock Lodge, Cumberland, who was a man of immense build, and was present at the Cockmatch. They assert that when Zoffany was making his sketches of the participants; Graham, for some reason or other, could not give him a sitting, and so Lieutenant Golding, the next biggest Englishman then in India, was called in to deputise for him.

If this is correct, it is a rather interesting coincidence, for this James Graham is my maternal great grandfather, and also the great grandfather of Margaret Graham Parry, who married my cousin, the late Major Robert Gregory of Coole, and who is now Mrs. Guy Gough.

James Graham's grandparents lived at Ellerton Grange, near Carlisle, in 1745, and the night before the city surrendered to him Charles Stuart the Pretender slept at their house, or rather reposed in an armchair. He refused to retire to bed as he hourly expected a messenger to arrive bringing news of the surrender of Carlisle. When that happened next morning, he presented Mrs. Graham at leaving with his tartan plaid. Instead of preserving this interesting memento in its entirety, the next generation had it cut up and made into a cover for the armchair in which the Pretender had slept. Then in order to save it from getting worn by

constant use an outer cover was added. The armchair eventually came into the possession of Miss Graham, heiress of Major Graham who was in the Scots Greys, and was the youngest officer present at Waterloo. Miss Graham knew nothing of the later history of the plaid, and often mourned its disappearance. The armchair having become shabby was sent to an upholsterer to be recovered. Some days later she received a letter from the firm informing her that on removing the outer cover another of unusual design and in quite good order had been found, and requesting instructions as to what should be done about it. The plaid was then removed from the chair, and has now been distributed among different members of the Gregory family. From some correspondence of Miss Graham's in my possession, I believe that one portion of the plaid was presented to the officers of the Scots Greys.

By her will Miss Graham bequeathed to the city of Carlisle the chair in which Prince Charles slept at Ellerton Grange, together with a portion of his plaid. The bequest also included a miniature on ivory of James Graham of the old East India Company by John Smart (1741-1811), also a miniature of Major Reginald Torin Graham of the Scots Greys, together with his Waterloo Medal and another miniature on ivory of Mrs. Graham and her two daughters, by Sir William Ross (1794-1860), the last of the great miniaturists. All these bequests are preserved in Tullie House, Carlisle, the headquarters of the Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery of the city.

Major Graham's younger brother was a

Midshipman in the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon surrendered to her Captain, and so both brothers figure in two very well-known pictures, the elder in Lady Butler's famous "Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo," and the younger in Orchardson's "Napoleon on board H.M.S. *Bellerophon*," wherein the young Midshipman is seen leaning over the rails on the bridge. Among Napoleon's entourage on board was a lady whose name I have forgotten. She was very clever at sketching, and made a pen and ink sketch of the Emperor, which she presented to the young middy, at the same time telling him to take great care of it for one day it would be very valuable. Alas, no trace of this interesting relic can now be found. The middy never married and died quite young. After his death the little sketch probably met the same fate as befell the Key-plate to the Cockmatch at Westcourt, no one realising what it was or attaching any importance to it.

My family, however, have one or two other links with Napoleon. When he was dying he gave his Cross of the Legion of Honour to one of the English officers of the garrison at St. Helena. This officer had been a great admirer of my great grandmother Lady Anne, a daughter of the 1st Earl of Clancarty, and apparently he still retained a great affection for her after her marriage, for he presented the Cross to her, and, as far as I know, it is still in the possession of my cousin of Coole.

I have already alluded to a gold snuff-box given to "The Nabob" by the Duke of Manchester. His second son, Richard, who inherited this snuff-box, mentions in his will "a gold snuff-box containing a lock of Napoleon's hair, a present from the Duke of Manchester."

I once heard a well-known London antique dealer remark that there were enough locks of Napoleon's hair scattered over Europe, all guaranteed genuine by their owners, to stuff a sofa. I cannot guarantee that the lock given to the family by the Duke of Manchester is genuine, but I would point out that it must have been acquired within a very few years of Napoleon's death, and many decades before the modern fakes began to appear on the market and in the cases of private collectors.

My cousin, Margaret Gough, who had access to all the correspondence at Coole, assures me that only the gold snuff-box was presented by the Duke of Manchester, and that the lock of hair which was kept in it came from St. Helena, along with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

While James Graham was seeking his fortune in India, his brother Richard had gone to America with the same laudable purpose, and at the time that the State of Kentucky was being allotted to settlers he obtained various grants of land, amounting in all to just on 285,000 acres. I have in my possession a map made by him in 1787 showing these parcels of land all situated in Payette County in the north-east of Kentucky. Along with this is a parchment Deed impressed with the Great Seal of Virginia, and to which is attached in wax the lesser seal of the same State, and signed by Edmund Randolph, the Governor, assigning one of these parcels of land to him.

Along with these documents there is also a Power of Attorney to his brother James authorising him to sell in London all his land in America, and doubtless this was done at a small profit. I wonder

what the present market value of over quarter of a million acres in the "garden of Kentucky" would amount to !

The map includes that portion of Kentucky between the Great Sandy river on the east and the upper reaches of the Licking river on the west, and gives the names of the settlers to whom allotments had been made up to 1787 with the boundaries and acreage of their holdings. Some interesting notes have also been inserted by Richard Graham. Along the course of the Great Sandy river is inscribed "The sands on both sides of the Sandy river belong to the old Virginia Regiment by the King's Proclamation in 1754." Over a large track of bare country on the west side, just south of Preston (the only town shown on the map), is written "Mason County contains at present all land between the Ohio river and main Licking river, but it is expected that the next Kentucky Assembly will divide it by a line from the mouth of Cabbin Creek to the mouth of Flatt Creek, and in a few years as the country gets settled, the remainder will be divided into two or three counties." In a further note he states that three tracts allotted to him, containing over 245,000 acres were "the first entries made in this part of Kentucky."

The parchment Deed to which I have referred, relates to one of these three tracts and reads as follows :—

"Edmund Randolph Esqre. Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia. To all whom these presents shall come, greeting. Know ye that by Virtue and in consideration of a Land Office Treasury Warrant Number Nineteen Thousand

Two hundred and seven, Issued the sixth day of Sept. one thousand, seven hundred, and eighty three unto Rich^d. Graham. There is granted by the said Commonwealth unto the said Richard Graham a certain Tract or Parcel of Land containing Eighty thousand four hundred six and one quarter acres by Survey bearing date the eighth day of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty five, lying and being in the County of Payette on the Waters of the Ohio River, and bounded as follows—To Wit—Beginning at the head of Pygert's Creek two hickories, two maples, two white oaks, two Poplars, two Dogwoods, and two Sowerwoods, then south forty five degrees West, three thousand eight hundred and forty Poles crossing several creeks to two Chestnut trees, two dogwoods, two Sowerwoods, two Chestnut oaks, two hickories, and twelve red oaks standing on the point of a Ridge, thence South forty five Degrees East, three thousand, three hundred and fifty Poles, crossing several Runs to one Mulberry tree two Ashes one Sycamore marked thus (R.G.) Six buckeyes and twelve Sugartrees standing on the Bank of a large Creek and near the Mouth of a Run, thence North forty five Degrees East three thousand eight hundred and fifty Poles crossing several creeks to the Beginning—with its Appurtenances ; to have and to hold the said Tract or Parcel of Land with its appurtenances to the said Richard Graham, and his Heirs for ever.

“In Wittness whereof the said Edmund Randolph Esq^{re} Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia hath hereunto set his hand

and caused the lesser seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, on the first day of May in the Year of Our Lord, One thousand seven hundred and eighty seven—and of the Commonwealth the Eleventh.

“Edm : Randolphe.”

It may be of interest to note that though the map embraces an area of about 1,600 square miles, there was apparently only one town in all that tract of country, Preston on the south bank of the Ohio river, and in the middle of one of Richard Graham's allotments, and the only road shown is one marked “Road to Lexington 53 miles.”

The reason why the allotment of land in Kentucky was made by the Governor of Virginia, is, of course, because at that date (1787) Kentucky was under the administration of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and it was not until two years later that it became a separate State.

CHAPTER V

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY AT HOME

Robert, the cockfighter, never left India, but died unmarried at Calcutta in December, 1814. There is a tombstone to his memory in the burial ground of St. John's Church in that city.

His memory had long been almost a forgotten legend in the family, when after a lapse of over sixty years, interest in him was revived in a most dramatic and unexpected manner.

My cousin, the late Sir William Gregory, was at the time Governor of Ceylon, and had as his guest at Government House the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, who was on his way to India for the Durbar. One morning a letter arrived from some quite unknown country solicitor in the south of England, informing Sir William that the writer was aware of a large sum of money lying unclaimed, and belonging to the heirs of Robert Gregory of India, and offering to disclose full particulars if they could come to terms.

Sir William was unwilling to be mixed up in any transaction with an unknown and possibly shady character, partly because of his official position, and partly because of his intimacy with the Prince, who had honoured him with his personal friendship during the years they had been associated together as prominent members of the Turf Club. He accordingly forwarded the letter to my father, his nearest

relative, and very generously told him that if he cared to take the matter up, he could have both their shares of anything which might be left after the attorney's demands had been satisfied.

My father thought it was worth while having a sporting shot at it, and put the matter into the hands of the family solicitors in London. Then ensued a long drawn out struggle. The attorney, whose name I have completely forgotten, started off by demanding a half-share of the nett amount recovered after all costs in proving title had been deducted. Then, after nearly a year of haggling two thunderbolts fell in rapid succession, which threatened to put an end to everything. A letter was received by our solicitors informing them that the attorney had gone off his head and had been placed in an asylum. This was followed soon after by the announcement of his death.

Loud were the lamentations that we had not agreed with our adversary quickly while we were in the way with him. However, as it turned out, things were not as bad as we had feared, for some days later a letter arrived from the brother of the dead man informing us that in a lucid interval before his death, his brother had put him in possession of all the facts relating to the Gregory money.

I do not know what terms were come to, but I imagine that my father, reflecting how hereditary insanity may be, was taking no chances a second time, and quickly accepted the brother's terms. Then it transpired that the old "Nabob" had, just a hundred years before, deposited securities to the value of £5,000 in a London Bank in the name of his eldest son Robert. Presumably he had not told

his son of this transaction at the time, and had eventually forgotten all about it.

It took another year to have all the necessary legal formalities complied with, and then my father received a cheque for about £2,400.

Romance and tragedy filled the life of the second son, Richard, born in 1761, to an even greater extent than that of his elder brother. He and his younger brother William, my great grandfather, were sent home to be educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, thus commencing an association with Harrow which has been maintained for five consecutive generations. Incidentally both these brothers are numbered amongst the "Immortals" whose names are carved in the Fourth Form.

Richard chose the army as a profession, and became a Captain in the Coldstream Guards. He was very popular with his brother officers and enjoyed a large circle of friends of both sexes, being a very eligible *parti* on account of his father's great wealth and patronage.

Then suddenly a terrible blow fell on him which blasted his career and caused him to shun the company of all his friends and acquaintances.

He was serving with his regiment near Valenciennes during the campaign of 1793 and one night was in charge of an outpost near Lemain. In the early hours of the morning a sudden and unexpected attack was made by the enemy, and the alarm was not sounded until too late. Some panic and confusion ensued, in the midst of which someone gave the order to retreat, and the post fell into the hands of the enemy.

The Commander in Chief, the Duke of York, was naturally furious. At the preliminary inquiry the Sergeant in charge admitted that he had given the fatal order to retreat, but alleged that he had done so on the orders of his Captain. A court-martial on Captain Gregory was accordingly held at Orcq on the 15th May, 1793, the charge being that "the accused had run away from his post at Lemain on an alarm being sounded." It was clearly established in evidence that the order to retreat had not been given by the accused, but the Court evidently came to the conclusion that he had not taken sufficiently prompt action to rally his men.

The Court acquitted him on the charge of cowardice, but found that "the accused had been guilty of a Degree of Misconduct during the time he commanded the post at Lemain, and does adjudge him to be reprimanded by the President in the presence of the Courtmartial only." Unfortunately Richard did not let the matter rest there, as he might very well have done, since the charge of cowardice had been disproved. He felt he had been unjustly condemned, and accordingly applied for information as to what particular crime he had been guilty of. The President of the Court, Colonel Greenfield, thereupon informed him that the Duke of York had directed him to read the sentence of the Court only to the accused. As soon as the siege of Valenciennes terminated Captain Gregory waited on the Duke of York and resigned his commission, protesting at the same time against his having been condemned and denied all information as to the nature of the offence he had committed.

On his return to England he printed for circulation amongst his friends a pamphlet giving a verbatim report of the proceedings before the Courtmartial. Curiously enough I never met any member of the family who had ever seen a copy of this pamphlet, or had ever heard of its existence, and my cousin, the late Sir William Gregory, makes no mention of it, when alluding to this unhappy event in his "Autobiography." It was only by a mere accident that I stumbled on a copy in the British Museum from which the above particulars have been taken.

Richard kept on the town house at 56 Berners Street, but after leaving the army spent nearly all his time abroad, chiefly in Italy, where he acquired a taste for *virtu*, and collected many valuable books, marbles, and bronzes, which are still in the possession of my cousin Richard of Coole.

Soon after leaving the army Richard fell in love with a young girl named Isabella Nimmo, a member of an old Scottish family. She was at a boarding school in London at the time and Richard persuaded her to run away with him. He took her over to Ireland and managed to hide her in the steward's house at Coole disguised as a boy. He did not dare to marry her, or let her presence be known fearing that the punishment of disinheritance which had by now fallen on his elder brother might be his portion also.

The young lady was known among the tenants as "Jack the Sailor," and was a great favourite with everyone, especially those in the secret, her escapade evidently appealing to their Irish sporting and romantic instincts. As soon as his father died, Richard at once "made an honest woman of her" by

marrying her, but though she lived a blameless life and proved herself to be a devoted wife, her sister-in-law, Lady Anne, refused to recognise her in any way, or to receive her at Coole.

However, there was some excuse for what may appear to have been extreme narrow-mindedness and want of charity on the part of my great grandmother.

Her brother Richard, the second Earl of Clancarty, was living 'nearby at Garbally. He had been British Resident at the Hague and had a very high conception as to how the Representative of Great Britain should comport himself both in public and private life, and Garbally was then in the very odour of sanctity, very different, I fear, to the atmosphere which prevailed a few generations later when poor Belle Bilton reigned there, with a total disregard for Victorian convention or what Mrs. Grundy thought of her.

Moreover, Lady Anne's younger brother was also living close at hand in the Palace of Tuam, the last Archbishop of that Diocese, and no doubt it would have been very embarrassing for her if she had had to entertain the saintly Archbishop and Jack the Sailor at Coole at the same time.

Jack the Sailor died in 1833 and the following year Richard married her maid, but the latter only enjoyed two years of wedded life, dying in 1836. Three years later Richard passed away, and my cousin relates in his Autobiography how when he went over to London from Coole to attend the funeral, he was vastly entertained by the narrative of Carlo, the Italian courier, of his successful efforts to keep out of the house during his master's illness a certain

young lady, a very well-known public singer, who had charmed the invalid with her strains, and who was bent on marrying him.

Three wives within the space of six years would have set tongues wagging in those early Victorian days, though, of course, quite insignificant when compared with the standard to which Hollywood has now accustomed us.

In his will Richard did not forget his old school. He founded and fully endowed the Gregory Scholarship of £50 a year, tenable for four years, one of the most valuable scholarships at Harrow. He also founded the Gregory Medal for Greek verse, and he bequeathed many valuable books to the school library. He left all his bronzes and marbles as heirlooms to his brother William; but, unfortunately, he left all the beautiful and very valuable silver and plate he had inherited from his father "the Nabob" to his grandnephew, the late Sir William Gregory, absolutely. The latter was then still at College, and knowing little and caring less for early hall marks, he promptly disposed of the lot to Stow and Mortimer for their melting down value, at so much—or so little !—an ounce.

Amongst the items which he mentioned in his will were some objects of considerable historical interest, which had been presented to his father, when leaving India by the Nabob of Oude, father of Colonel Mordaunt's opponent in his famous Cockmatch.

These included the Nabob's robes of state and jewelled scimitar and also "a most beautiful miniature of red cornelian, containing 101 names or attributes of the Deity in Arabic and Persian, and

which had been formerly in the possession, as a talisman, of that great and good Emperor, the Great Mogul Akbar." (He reigned from 1556-1605.) This last item was bequeathed to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Richard was a prominent member of the Oriental Club, of which the young Queen had become Patroness the year before his death, and he stated in his will that he left this "the gem of his collection to Her Majesty as she has now become possessed of all the Emperor's Dominions."

Some years ago I asked a lady who is employed in the Records Department at Windsor Castle to try and have this miniature traced for me. She subsequently informed me that my inquiry had excited great interest amongst the officials at the Castle, but that they had not been able to trace the miniature, which they thought must have been placed in some other of the Royal Palaces.

(18) *William*, the youngest son of the "Nabob," was born in India in 1762, and the following brief particulars are taken from the *Dictionary of National Biography* :—

"Educated at Harrow, and Trinity College Cambridge B.A. 1783 M.A. 1787. Sat for Portarlington in the last Irish Parliament of 1798-1800. High Sheriff for Galway 1799. Commissioner of Taxes and Excise in Ireland 1810-12. Under Secretary for Ireland 1812-31. Ranger of the Phoenix Park from 1812 till his death in 1840. He married in 1789, Lady Anne Trench d. of the 1st Earl of Clancarty. His 'Official correspondence during the 19 years he was Under Secretary.' was published by Augusta

Lady Gregory in 1898 under the title 'Mr. Gregory's Letterbox.' "

During his long period of office as Under Secretary he enjoyed the entire confidence of the various Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries under whom he served, and became on terms of lasting friendship with some of them, more particularly, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Talbot of Ingestre. The last named came back to Ireland twice to stay as a guest at the Under Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park after his term of office as Lord Lieutenant had expired, and amongst the correspondence in *Mr. Gregory's Letterbox* is a letter from Lord Talbot written at a time when another Fenian rising was anticipated, begging him not to remain on in Ireland till it was too late, but to bring his wife and daughter to Ingestre and make that his home until things became more settled. The close intimacy between the two families lasted for many years, for when the Under Secretary's grandson was a boy at Harrow, he used to spend one half of his holidays at Styvechall with the senior branch of the family, and the other half at Ingestre, so as to avoid the long and tedious journey, as it was in those days, between England and the West of Ireland.

Both Lord Wellesley and Lord Anglesey during their terms of office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had offered the Under Secretary a Baronetcy, an honour which he declined on both occasions, but on the second occasion when about to resign his post of Under Secretary, he accepted the offer of a Privy Councillorship which was made along with that of the Baronetcy.

Such retiring modesty on the part of a Government official may seem almost incredible to the present generation, accustomed to the indecent scramble for, and traffic in, so called "honours," which so disgraced English political life during the first quarter of the present century, and which I fear has not been entirely eradicated, though it may not flourish so openly or with such unashamed effrontery.

The Under Secretary may also have been influenced by the example of his father who had also refused an even greater honour as a reward for his services to his political party. As I have already stated the old Nabob was not only an extremely wealthy man, but was possessed of an enormous amount of influence and patronage besides being an intimate friend and supporter of Rockingham, Fox, and Burke. When retiring from public life, he was privately offered a Peerage in return for his great services to the Whig party. Though it was declined, I am inclined to think that in all probability it would have been accepted if he could have felt assured that his eldest son, the disinherited cockfighter and gambler, would not have outlived him, or have left any son to succeed to the title.

My cousin, Sir William, in his Autobiography relates how the career of the future Under Secretary might well have been cut short in its infancy, by one of those society pests who at that time infested Dublin, living by their wits, and terrorising all but the more intrepid by the fear of being challenged to a duel. These gentry were for the most part small squireens or ex-army officers, who were ever on the look out for some fresh victim to pluck, or

as an alternative to shoot. Being dead shots themselves, or adepts with the rapier, they ran little risk of meeting their match, and paying the just penalty due to them, for their attempts at blackmail.

However the pitcher went once too often to the well when one of these scoundrels encountered young William Gregory at a ball at the Rotunda where he had gone on the first evening of his return to Dublin from Cambridge. Just before the first dance a stranger came up and jostled him somewhat rudely. Thinking it might have been an accident, Mr. Gregory took no notice of the incident. At the conclusion of the dance another stranger approached him and said : "Young man, I knew your father well, and liked him, so I am quite ready to do you a service, my name is Harrison." Mr. Gregory, somewhat surprised, thanked him, but said he was not in need of any service at the moment. "Faith, you weren't long in choosing your seconds," said Mr. Harrison. "Seconds," replied Mr. Gregory still more puzzled, "what on earth should I want seconds for." Why, said Harrison, evidently much surprised, "Did you not see how that fellow, a notorious dueller, purposely insulted you at the beginning of the dance. To-morrow morning he will brand you as a coward all over Dublin. You must allow me to take the matter in hand for you at once." "Very well," said Mr. Gregory, "I suppose there is nothing else for it." "There is no supposition about it," replied Harrison as he moved away. After some considerable time, he returned and apologised for the delay, explaining that the other man's manner had been so insolent,

that he had made the matter his own personal one, and would deal with it himself.

He was as good as his word, for he shot his opponent dead at six o'clock next morning in the Phoenix Park. Later in the day when chatting with some friends in the Kildare Street Club, one of them happened to remark, "I hear Hairspring got his man again this morning." Mr. Gregory then learnt that his friend of the previous night was a mighty man of valour among the duellists of the day, and was nicknamed "Hairspring Harrison" from his light touch on the trigger of his pistol.

Nearly all these pests had their nicknames, perhaps the most notorious of them being a ruffian who rejoiced in the soubriquet of "Clickety Oily," as his sole occupation during the time he was not actually engaged in a duel, seemed to be confined to cleaning, oiling, and clicking his pistols.

Towards the close of his public career the Under Secretary was once again to be mixed up in another duel, in which there was fortunately more comedy than tragedy, the comedy being unconsciously supplied by Mr. Gregory.

One summer morning he was standing before the open window of his dressingroom in the Under Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park, engaged in the prosaic task of shaving, and arrayed in only his night-shirt and dressing gown. Suddenly two shots rang out in rapid succession, followed after a short interval by two more. Mr. Gregory rightly guessing what was afoot, ran downstairs as he was. An orderly was standing at the hall-door holding his horse. Mr. Gregory sprang on it and galloped to the gatehouse. As he passed through it a third

double shot rang out. Close at hand was a small crowd of spectators, and as Mr. Gregory edged his horse through them, a big man pushed forward and shouted "Gentlemen, this is only child's play. Let each second advance his man two paces, and I'll engage they won't miss the next time." "Who are you, Sir, to give such bloodthirsty counsel?" cried the outraged Ranger of the Park, and Under Secretary. The big man stared hard at the apparition on horseback in bare legs and arrayed in a grey dressing gown, and then exclaimed, "Well, my good man, if you want to know, I'm Mr. Hickman, Clerk of the Peace for County Clare, and these two gentlemen are Sir Valentine Blake and Mr. Robert Burke, two Galway sportsmen who have had a little misunderstanding and have come here to settle it." "Then," said Mr. Gregory, "I arrest the principals and seconds, and I will have you all taken into custody before noon." He then rode back to the Lodge, accompanied by his old friend Sir Philip Crampton, a well-known Dublin Surgeon, who had been present in his professional capacity in case his services might have been required.

I do not propose to give any account of the Under Secretary's public career, as full particulars of that are recorded in his *Letterbox*. In his leisure time he was devoted to angling, and tied all his own flies. His fly dressing outfit is still in existence, and many years ago when on a visit to Coole I was given some of the gut and hackles from his collection. The strands of trout gut, now about 130 years old, are a yard long, dyed dark brown and most uneven, each strand varying from fine trout to stout grilse at various points in its length. Amongst the hackles

were two remarkably fine black ones. If you held one by the quill and bent over the tip and then released it, it vibrated like a fine steel spring. I showed one of these to that fine old sportsman and expert, the late John Henderson, inventor of the Lough Arrow hackle mayflies. He told me that such hackles could not be got for love or money nowadays, and that they had been taken from a bird of the old Irish black cock strain, before the introduction of the Spanish Andalusian ruined it from the angler's point of view. As failing eyesight prevents me from now dressing flies, and as my son is not interested in fishing, I have given my collection of materials including the old gut and black cock hackles to the present Marquess Conyngham, a very keen and skilful angler who dresses his own flies and who is making a very interesting collection of old angling literature and relics. I have done this the more cheerfully since his elder son, "Mount" (the young Earl of Mountcharles) bids fair to become as keen an angler and fly dresser as his father.

When the late Mr. Leonard West astonished and delighted the angling world in 1912, with his beautiful coloured plates of lifelike imitations of flies, beetles, caterpillars, and spiders, I had a good deal of correspondence with him on the subject of his "prismatic hackles," in which he embodied three colours—red, yellow and green on one hackle. He was good enough to enlighten me as to his method, which he assured me had completely puzzled all the professional fishing tackle manufacturers when his book, *The Natural Troutfly and its Imitations* appeared in print. His method appeared to me to be rather crude and unsatisfactory, for he

could only dye one hackle at a time, and could never be sure that the red or green or both these colours would not encroach on and almost swamp the yellow in between. Accordingly I began to experiment, and eventually evolved a small machine by means of which I could dye about 18 hackles at a time, and could put with absolute precision not three, but all seven colours of the rainbow on one hackle, so regulated that all the various colours would have exactly the same number of fibres.

With the same machine I could also take a short length of horsehair and dye it the seven colours in segments of equal length, which when wound over silver tinsel produced a very attractive "prismatic" body. When I sent some of these to Leonard West he confessed he was as greatly puzzled as the professionals had been over his original "prismatic" hackle. I sent him one of my machines, and explained to him the process, which was quite different from his, so I was somewhat surprised, and I must confess, a little disappointed, when a second and enlarged edition of his book appeared in 1921, to find that the same original three coloured "prismatic" hackle had been repeated in the coloured illustration.

My machine has gone along with my fly dressing outfit to Lord Conyngham and, I have no doubt, but that by now he has lured many salmon from his Scottish river with flies of his own dressing adorned with prismatic hackles or bodies produced by means of my little invention.

It may be of interest to anglers who are not averse to a little harmless gossip to recall that Leonard West told me that when his book first

The first of these is the fact that the
 of the law is not a mere collection of
 rules, but a system of principles which
 governs the conduct of the citizen.
 The second is the fact that the law
 is not a mere collection of rules, but a
 system of principles which governs the
 conduct of the citizen. The third is the
 fact that the law is not a mere
 collection of rules, but a system of
 principles which governs the conduct of
 the citizen. The fourth is the fact that
 the law is not a mere collection of
 rules, but a system of principles which
 governs the conduct of the citizen. The
 fifth is the fact that the law is not a
 mere collection of rules, but a system of
 principles which governs the conduct of
 the citizen. The sixth is the fact that
 the law is not a mere collection of
 rules, but a system of principles which
 governs the conduct of the citizen. The
 seventh is the fact that the law is not
 a mere collection of rules, but a system
 of principles which governs the conduct
 of the citizen. The eighth is the fact
 that the law is not a mere collection of
 rules, but a system of principles which
 governs the conduct of the citizen. The
 ninth is the fact that the law is not a
 mere collection of rules, but a system of
 principles which governs the conduct of
 the citizen. The tenth is the fact that
 the law is not a mere collection of
 rules, but a system of principles which
 governs the conduct of the citizen.

The question of the law is not a
 mere collection of rules, but a system
 of principles which governs the conduct
 of the citizen. The question of the law
 is not a mere collection of rules, but a
 system of principles which governs the
 conduct of the citizen. The question of
 the law is not a mere collection of
 rules, but a system of principles which
 governs the conduct of the citizen. The
 question of the law is not a mere
 collection of rules, but a system of
 principles which governs the conduct of
 the citizen. The question of the law is
 not a mere collection of rules, but a
 system of principles which governs the
 conduct of the citizen. The question of
 the law is not a mere collection of
 rules, but a system of principles which
 governs the conduct of the citizen. The
 question of the law is not a mere
 collection of rules, but a system of
 principles which governs the conduct of
 the citizen. The question of the law is
 not a mere collection of rules, but a
 system of principles which governs the
 conduct of the citizen.

appeared in 1912 the late Frederic Halford was on the point of publishing his *Dryfly Man's Handbook*, and was by no means pleased to find that he had been forestalled by a rival sufficiently formidable to threaten to interfere with the sale of his own book, which was only a reprint of his earlier works in one volume. He felt that he must introduce some fresh matter to counteract the new attractions which Leonard West's book offered. Accordingly he postponed the publication of his book and hastily induced Mr. Hugh Sheringham to write a treatise on Dryfly at Blagdon Lake, while the services of the late John Henderson were also requisitioned for a Chapter on Dryfly fishing on Lough Arrow, and these were included in the book when it appeared in print in 1913.

Halford was the last of that great trio of dryfly experts, who, along with him, included Francis Francis, and the immortal George Marryat at whose shrine even Halford himself used to worship and whom he was wont to refer to reverently as "the Master."

When Marryat died in 1896 Halford was left alone to reign supreme, and the world famous "Halford Series" of trout flies for long remained the undisputed "Alpha and Omega" of the dryfly man's outfit, and a signed set was, and still is, accorded a place of honour in that Mecca of the angling world, the Flyfishers Club in London.

It is then only natural if he viewed with some misgiving, and perhaps a little jealousy, the arrival of such a formidable Richmond in the field wherein he had reigned so long without a rival.

Whether Leonard West's assertion has any real

foundation is of little import. What really matters is that for some reason or other, Halford suddenly departed from his lifelong ultra purist dogmas, and introduced methods, which he had up till then regarded as unorthodox, and very fortunately, especially for anglers whose lines are cast in Irish waters where Mayfly abound, brought to the notice of the angling community John Henderson's hackled Mayflies.

No one who has fished these hackled Green Drakes and Spent Gnats, or their later offshoots, developed by Mr. J. W. Dunne, would care to revert to the old upright mallard's wing Mayflies, so dear to the heart of Mr. Halford, and still less to his Spent Gnat with the flat extended wings formed of hackle points, which once the fly becomes submerged, seems to be immediately seized with an uncontrollable impulse to cross themselves round the bend of the hook, and remain firmly wedged there.

Henderson's patterns possess the great advantage that it is almost impossible to sink them, even a duffer can get them to sit correctly on the water, and they last for many seasons. As their inventor once remarked to me "the more they get chewed, the better the fish like them." All very distinct advantages when dealing with trout up to 6 or 8 lbs., with a sporting chance of an occasional even larger one. After more than half a century of fishing in Ireland, during which I suppose I have tried every pattern of Mayfly which has come on the market, I can bear out Mr. Henderson's contentions.

Only three years ago (1940) I killed the record trout for the Erne ($10\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) on a hackled Mayfly,

which I bought seven or eight years ago from Ogden Smith of St. James's Street, and which had been in use almost every season since its purchase.

In case anyone may be inclined to feel envious of this record fish, let me add that though it measured $31\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length, it was only $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches in girth, and its condition may be judged from the fact that until I pulled it in close to the bank, I was quite convinced it was an old kelt which was either too decrepit, or so suffering from senile decay, that it had not had sufficient wit or energy to go down to the sea in the spring.

One more short anecdote about John Henderson, and then I must get back to the old Under Secretary.

One morning while I was stationed in the North of Ireland, I received a letter from him telling me that he had for a long time been trying to get some really good honey dun cock hackles from some old game cock, if possible, a three- or four-year old bird, killed in midwinter—he always insisted this was a *sine qua non* for all hackles.

He knew that I was stationed within easy reach of localities where "mains" then were, and I believe still are, periodically held, and he suggested I might be able to get in touch with some members of "the fancy," with the object of securing the carcass of the first suitable gamecock slain in battle. A pretty tall order for a Police Officer to receive!

I was never imbued with the spirit which animated my forebears, Robert the Cockfighter, and James Graham, who took part, as I have narrated, in Colonel Mordaunt's famous Cockmatch in India. Indeed I have always regarded Cockfighting as being on no higher a level, and no less cruel and unsporting,

than putting two dogs to fight in a barrel, but I am sorry to have to confess that on this occasion I allowed considerations of sport to get the better of my sense of duty. However, my efforts were entirely unsuccessful. Possibly the men whom I approached, considered my request so unusual, coming from the local guardian of law and order, that they suspected it might be some deep laid trap on the part of the authorities to bring them to justice, and decided that it was safer not to have any dealings with me !

The Under Secretary only survived his brother Richard by a few months, dying in April, 1840. It is rather a coincidence that their wives, the Lady Anne, and "Jack the Sailor," so estranged all their lives, were also laid to rest in 1833, within a few months of each other.

The Under Secretary left two sons, Robert of Coole and William, my grandfather, and in addition one daughter, Anne, who married Colonel Ralph, 4th son of Sir John Allen Johnson-Walsh, Bart., of Ballykilcavan, Queen's County (now Leix). (See Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*.) She died in 1868 without issue. I have a miniature of her painted at the time of her marriage, which shows that she had inherited her mother's beauty, and must have adorned the most brilliant gatherings at the Under Secretary's Lodge, where her father entertained on a lavish scale, and which was known in those days as "Trench's Hotel" from the number of his "in-laws," who were always to be found within its hospitable walls.

I have in my possession some little blue cardboard dockets printed in silver, one of which accompanied

each hogshead of porter, supplied to the Lodge by the St. James's Gate Brewery, and judging by the short interval which elapsed between the dates, my great grandfather must have been one of the firm's best customers.

Robert, the elder son, was born in 1790 and educated at Harrow and Christ's College, Oxford. He was of slight athletic build, and the fastest runner of his day at Oxford. He was passionately devoted to hunting, and lived at Coole the typical quiet life of an Irish sporting landlord.

He appears to have been of an exceedingly sensitive nature and to have had a profound horror of an acceptance of rewards for political services. When his father was offered a Baronetcy by Lord Anglesey he was consulted on the matter, and gave his parent no encouragement to accept the offer. This same hypersensitiveness unfortunately led him later on to tender the most disastrous advice to his own son, the late Sir William Gregory, when, on the threshold of his Parliamentary career, Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, held open to him the door to fame and fortune. Alas, the paternal advice was taken, and as I shall relate later on, the golden opportunity was allowed to pass to the lifelong regret of his son.

He was a Deputy Lieutenant for the County, and always took a keen interest in the welfare of his tenants. It was therefore fitting that he should have given his life in 1847 ministering to the stricken people during the plague which followed on the dreadful famine of the preceding year. In this noble work he had the whole-hearted assistance of Father Ford, the parish priest of Kinvara, who also

paid for his devotion to his flock with his life, thus fulfilling the words of his Divine Master: "The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

Robert married Elizabeth, daughter of his neighbour Robert O'Hara of Raheen, and left one child, William, who was destined to shed more lustre on the family than any other member, and so deserves a chapter to himself.

CHAPTER VI

SIR WILLIAM GREGORY

The following brief particulars are taken from the *Dictionary of National Biography* :—

“Right Hon. Sir William Gregory, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., M.P. for Dublin, 1842-7, and for Galway, 1851-71. Appointed Trustee of the National Gallery, 1867. Deputy Lieutenant for County Galway, High Sheriff 1849. Privy Councillor for Ireland, and Governor of Ceylon 1872-7.”

He married firstly, in 1872, Elizabeth, d. of Sir William Clay, M.P. for Tower Hamlets, and relict of James Temple Bowdoin of the 4th Dragoon Guards, but she only survived her second marriage by a little over a year. He married secondly, in 1880, Isabella Augusta, d. of Dudley Persse of Roxborough, Co. Galway.

At Harrow, he carried off every possible prize except one, and for that he was second, and was head of the school for his last year. His house-master, Doctor Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, used to say that he was the cleverest boy he ever had under him.

His college career was not by any means as brilliant as that which had marked his schooldays. This was to a great extent due to his having gone for his first Easter vacation in 1837 to some old Harrow friends at Cambridge. Whilst there he was taken to Newmarket and shown all the crack

horses, and introduced to several of the leading trainers and jockeys, with the unfortunate result that he returned to college badly bitten with the craze for horseracing and betting.

In 1839 he rode from Oxford to Epsom and back on relays of hacks to see his first Derby. That was the famous race run in a snowstorm and won by Bloomsbury, over which the young sportsman pocketed £300 in bets.

Although he subsequently smashed himself on the turf, he seems to have been singularly fortunate in picking the winner of the Derby. In 1841 he had backed Coronation so heavily that though his health had broken down and he had been ordered abroad for a complete rest for six months, he was compelled to return before the Derby was run, as he would have had to make financial arrangements to pay his debts in the event of defeat. Coronation won in a canter, and my cousin netted £5,000, which was a big sum in those days before the era of really heavy betting had set in.

Many years later he was dining one night with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and amongst the guests was Lord Clanwilliam who, during dinner, told how he had been at Epsom in Coronation's year, and that he distinctly recollected standing beside a very young man on the Jockey Club Stand who was engaged in making up his book after the winner's number had gone up. As he closed his book, the young man had exclaimed, "Well, I don't know how I am going to spend all that money." The young man I need hardly add was his fellow-guest at dinner.

The following year he lost heavily over Attila,

not so much from what he had betted himself, but by reason of the defalcation of some friends for whom he had executed commissions.

A year later his luck was once more in. Mr. Gregory was then member for Dublin City, and a fellow-member, Mr. Bowes, M.P. for Durham, asked him in strict confidence to work a commission for him over his horse Cotherstone for the coming Derby. Cotherstone was a complete outsider, standing in the betting at 40-1, and Mr. Gregory was enabled to return the whole commission at £22,000 to £1,000.

The horse was brought to Newmarket in April and won two big races there, the Riddlesworth Stakes and the Two Thousand Guineas for both of which races my cousin backed him heavily. He then went on to Epsom, and won the Derby, Mr. Gregory landing £5,000 for himself in addition to the owner's commission.

Two years later, on the Sunday before the Derby, the young plunger again made an amazing bet. He was one of a party dining at Greenwich and amongst the company was a Mr. Jack Mytton, a son of the famous sporting squire of Halston. Mytton was offering to lay extravagant odds against outsiders for the Derby, and Mr. Gregory took £1,000 to £5 ten times over against each of two horses, one an outsider in Scott's stable where Cotherstone was trained, and another, a horse called Merry Monarch for which he had a good tip.

As all racing men know, Merry Monarch won, and Mytton would have had to pay £10,000, but fortunately for himself, he was warned a few days before the race that the horse had a good chance,

and he persuaded my cousin to hedge to the extent of £6,000.

In 1851 he was again on the winner, and won £10,000 for himself over Teddington in addition to a large sum on behalf of some friends for whom he had placed bets.

The circumstances connected with this race were so momentous, and fraught with such possible consequences for Sir William (to give him the title he later attained to) that I must detail them at some length.

At the Doncaster sales in 1847 he had bought a mare called Moss Rose with a colt foal at foot, the latter being subsequently named Damask. As a two-year old Damask did not come up to expectations, so he was sold to the trainer Trean, who always asserted he would turn out a good one.

In 1850 he was entered for the Ascot Stakes, being then a maiden three-year old, and was allotted a very light weight. Trean believed he had an excellent chance and asked Sir William to borrow a horse to try him with.

Lord Clifden lent him Wanota, entered in the same race, and when the trial came off, Damask won so easily that my cousin, Lord Clifden, and their friends backed him heavily for the Ascot race. To their amazement, instead of the horse shortening in price, he went steadily out in the betting, and was finally on offer as if he was dead.

Sir William at once began to sift the mystery, and traced the movement against the horse to a sporting Regent Street baker named Glen, and to the Hon. Captain Vaughan, a brother member of the Turf Club. Trean, the trainer, still declared the horse

was fit, and sure to win, but on the Sunday before Ascot Sir William went there and saw Trean, who then confessed that being hard pressed for money the previous winter he had sold the horse to Glen, who had made him promise to keep the transaction a secret.

On returning to London my cousin at once sought out Glen who admitted having promised Trean to let the horse run, but added that he had since changed his mind, and intended to scratch the horse next day, and which he actually did. Sir William and his friends were badly victimised by Glen and his accomplice Captain Vaughan, just how badly was made clear two days later when Wanota won the Ascot Stakes easily.

Sir William swore to be revenged on Vaughan, but no opportunity presented itself till the following year when on the Saturday after the Derby he was playing whist in the Turf Club, feeling very pleased with himself at the prospect of drawing £10,000 in a few days time.

Captain Vaughan entered the card room and approached the table, whereupon Sir William lifting his gloves, struck him across the face, exclaiming at the same time, "I've been waiting for this for a long time, but I have got you at last." A singularly injudicious and damning admission in the event of Captain Vaughan being killed in the duel which was then inevitable, for Sir William was well known to be a dead shot since he practised regularly at a fashionable pistol gallery in Leicester Square.

My cousin at once placed himself in the hands of Lord Bolingbroke, and in the ordinary course of events the duel would have come off next morning,

but his friends considered he should not risk his life until after settling day at Tattersall's—Monday and Tuesday—and so it was fixed for the Wednesday.

As Sir William expressed his fixed intention to kill his adversary, Lord Bolingbroke, fearing the consequences, backed out. In this dilemma, his old Harrow friend, Sir Robert Peel, son of the Prime Minister, stepped in and offered his services, although he realised it might well mean his having to stand his trial for murder, or a lifelong banishment abroad. Sir Robert came to see him on the Tuesday and told him that Vaughan's family were heart-broken knowing what the result was certain to be. Sir William then relented so far as to promise that he would not return his adversary's first shot, but that if it missed, and Vaughan's seconds demanded a second shot, he would then shoot to kill.

The place of meeting was arranged by the seconds and Lord Frederick Villiers for Osterley Park, the seat of Lady Jersey, Lord Frederick's mother. The principals were placed twelve paces apart, and on the signal being given, Captain Vaughan's bullet went past Sir William's ear. The latter raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at his opponent's heart, then raising his pistol fired in the air. Captain Vaughan's seconds then announced that they did not require a second shot, and so tragedy was averted.

The conduct of Sir Robert Peel on this occasion, just when he had entered on his political career, is an outstanding example of the old saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." The following year when Sir William had lost heavily on the Derby, Sir Robert went to see him again, and said,

"I hear you have lost heavily and are in a bad hole. I cannot lend you the money, but I can lend you my name, and you can borrow what you need on it."

A noble offer which was gratefully accepted, and, I may add, promptly repaid when it became due.

A few days after the duel Sir William called on Lady Villiers, who told him that her children had spent that day at Osterley Park, and had come home highly delighted at having seen from the terrace, two men shooting at each other in the park.

Lady Jersey was furious at a duel having being fought in her demesne without her permission, and refused to allow Sir William to enter her doors for many years, which was rather rough on him, as it was her own son who had suggested it, and, of course, the principals had no say in the matter.

While on the subject of duels I must mention another very famous one which took place in Ireland about the same time, and which my cousin describes in his Autobiography.

One day he had gone to the pistol gallery in Leicester Square to practise and had there seen the body of William Macdonagh, a well-known Galway steeplechase rider, who had shot himself shortly before his entry. Soon afterwards my cousin crossed to Ireland and a few days later was out riding with the Marquess Clanricarde, near Portumna, about half a mile from the bridge over the Shannon, connecting Galway with Tipperary.

The conversation turned on Macdonagh's suicide, and Lord Clanricarde pointing to a field in the distance, remarked, "I remember seeing the poor fellow fight his last duel in that field across the river. He had had a quarrel with a Tipperary man, and

it was decided by drawing lots that the duel should take place on the Tipperary side of the river. That meant that if Macdonagh killed his man, his chances of getting back across the bridge to Galway were very remote.

“On the day of the duel Macdonagh rode his horse across the bridge to the selected spot, and gave it to a friend to hold, with instructions that he was to walk it up near to him, when the signal to fire was about to be given.

“A lane was made lined with spectators on either side, and on the signal being given both men fired, and Macdonagh not only shot his opponent dead, but also killed one of the spectators, who in his eagerness to get a good view had pushed too far forward into the line of fire, and got the ball through his head.

“Like a flash Macdonagh reached his horse, sprang on its back, and rode hell-for-leather for the bridge. After taking a few fences he came in sight of it, and at once saw that the approach was held by a large crowd of Tipperary men, all armed with heavy shillelaghs, and realised that he had not the proverbial hope in hell of getting across alive. Without a moment's hesitation he turned his horse's head and made for the river a hundred yards or so lower down. Arrived at the bank he urged his horse into the swirling waters and gained the Galway bank amidst the yells of execration from his baffled pursuers.”

I do not propose to give any account of Sir William's career on the Turf, since it has been fully dealt with in *The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck*, written by the latter's trainer, John Kent, and published in 1892.

It was finished by the year 1700, and the first edition
was printed in 1701. It was written in the
year 1699, and the first edition was printed in
the year 1700. It was written in the year 1699, and
the first edition was printed in the year 1700.

The first edition of the book was printed in the year
1700, and the first edition was printed in the year
1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the first
edition was printed in the year 1700. It was written in
the year 1699, and the first edition was printed in the
year 1700.

The first edition of the book was printed in the year
1700, and the first edition was printed in the year
1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the first
edition was printed in the year 1700. It was written in
the year 1699, and the first edition was printed in the
year 1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the
first edition was printed in the year 1700.

The first edition of the book was printed in the year
1700, and the first edition was printed in the year
1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the first
edition was printed in the year 1700. It was written in
the year 1699, and the first edition was printed in the
year 1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the
first edition was printed in the year 1700.

The first edition of the book was printed in the year
1700, and the first edition was printed in the year
1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the first
edition was printed in the year 1700. It was written in
the year 1699, and the first edition was printed in the
year 1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the
first edition was printed in the year 1700.

The first edition of the book was printed in the year
1700, and the first edition was printed in the year
1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the first
edition was printed in the year 1700. It was written in
the year 1699, and the first edition was printed in the
year 1700. It was written in the year 1699, and the
first edition was printed in the year 1700.

Lord George was for many years a close and intimate friend of Sir William in their political as well as their racing careers, and the story of his racing life was edited by the Hon. Francis Lawley. The book was on the point of publication when Sir William died, so Lawley, an old and intimate friend, added two chapters devoted to his racing career. In these he says of him :—

“Although no more than twenty two years of age when he saw his first Derby, and bought his first race-horse, he was at once admitted to the best society in the United Kingdom, and soon became a prominent pillar of the English Turf. Irish property had then begun to decline so rapidly in value that Sir William’s Galway estate brought him next to nothing. Nevertheless he remained on the Turf in the hope that another Clermont or Loupgarou might arise to retrieve his shattered fortunes. It was not destined however that such a horse should be again vouchsafed to him, and when he broke down financially, and quitted the Turf for ever, it was the most fortunate circumstance that ever happened to him in a long and distinguished life.”

Sir William’s political career is also so fully given in his Autobiography, that I will do no more than refer briefly to his entry into that arena. When only twenty-five years old he was invited to stand for Dublin City, his opponent being Lord Morpeth, who had only just resigned the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, where he had been universally popular, and who was also the nominee of Dan O’Connell, the Great Liberator, then Lord Mayor of Dublin and at the height of his fame.

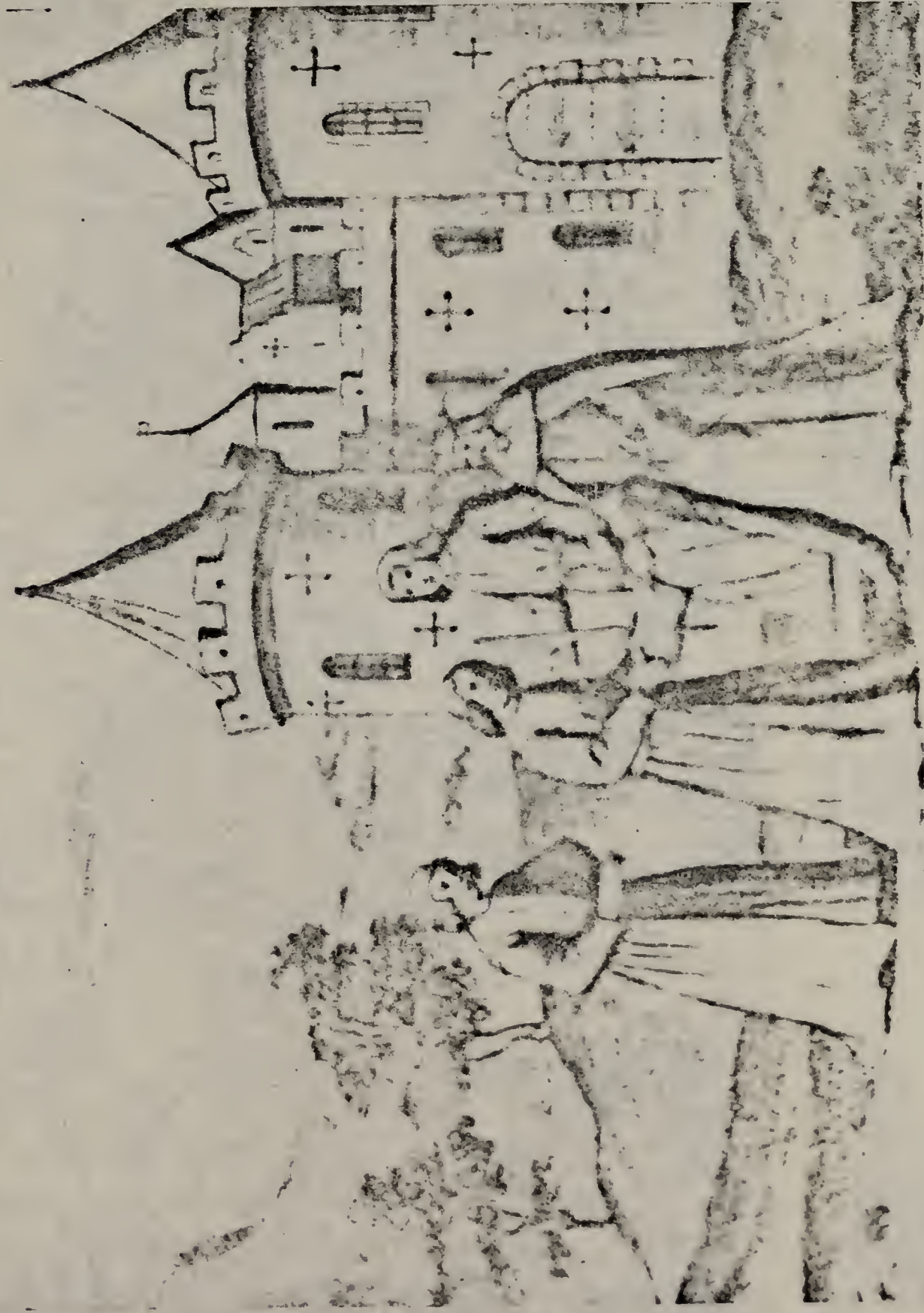
It was then usual for the candidates and their proposers to make speeches on nomination day. Dan O'Connell spoke for Lord Morpeth, and, of course, denounced his opponent as a bigoted Tory.

After Sir William had finished his speech, Dan O'Connell came across to him, and said, "Shake hands, young man. Your speech gratified me so much, that if you will just whisper the word 'Repeal,' I will be the first to-morrow at the polling booth to vote for you."

From that day, "Old Dan," as he used to call himself to his friends, always showed the warmest regard for Sir William, and frequently pressed him to go and stay with him at Derrynane, his beautiful Kerry home.

When the result of the Election was declared Gregory headed the poll with a majority of 390. At first he attributed this quite unexpected victory to the kindly disposition of the Dublin electorate towards the grandson of the old Under Secretary, but this gratifying feeling was rudely dispelled, and the real cause of his success made clear, when he was presented by his Committee with the bill for his electioneering expenses. The total amounted to over £9,000, and the list of items composing it was headed by "For 1,500 Freemen, Gratification, at £3, per head—£4,500. It is hardly to be wondered at that not even all the influence of the Great Liberator could prevail against such a solid phalanx of "Shock troops" standing shoulder to shoulder in a just cause at £3 per head!

At the next General Election, in 1848, Sir William was assured that there would be no contest, so he went off to Goodwood for the race week.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR INVESTING ROBERT DE MARMYON WITH THE LORDSHIP OF TAMWORTH CASTLE

Reproduced from Dugdale's *Warwickshire* published in 1656 (See page 4.)



Photo by]

1. Asaf Adowla, Nabob Vizier.
2. The Nabob, Salar Jung.
3. Hafeez Reza Khan.
4. Col. Martin.
5. Col. Mordaunt.

KEYPLATE TO COLONEL MORDAUNT'S COCKMATCH.

6. Col. Polier.
7. Mr. Wombwell.
8. Mr. Wheeler.
9. Mr. Johnson.
10. Lieut. Pigot.
11. Lieut. Golding.
12. Mr. Taylor.
13. Mr. Orr.
14. Mr. Gregory.
15. Mr. Humphry.

[Fox, Greenhough & Co., Kilkenny.

16. Mr. Zoffany (the Artist).
17. Cork Fighter to Col. Mordaunt.
18. Do. do. The Nabob Vizier.
19. Do. do. Mr. Gregory.

(See page 40.)

Returning to Dublin on the eve of the poll he found that a man named Reynolds had come forward to oppose him. The latter's chances were considered so hopeless by Sir William's Committee that when at the last minute 150 Freemen offered to vote if paid their days' wages, they were sent packing. A fatal act of over-confidence, for when the poll was declared Reynolds had a majority of 95 over Gregory.

When Sir William had been only five years at Westminster, the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, sent him a note one day to go and see him in his office. On doing so Sir Robert informed him that the Irish Lordship of the Treasury was vacant and that he wished him to fill it, and in addition that Lord Lincoln, the Chief Secretary, was about to resign, and that he wished him to take over that important office also.

Unfortunately his parents were passing through London at the time, and he asked Sir Robert to allow him to consult his father before definitely accepting. On doing so that evening his father strongly advised him to refuse the offer, fearing that it might be thought that he was going over to the enemy in order to obtain office, as a short time before he had voted against Sir Robert in the House. The offer was accordingly refused. Sir Robert was naturally very hurt, and to the end of his days Sir William bitterly regretted his folly in refusing to enrol himself among the band of young politicians, whom Sir Robert Peel had picked out as "coming men," and which contained such names as Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Canning, and Lord Dalhousie.

Sir William was Governor of Ceylon for five years,

during which he devoted himself to the task of ameliorating the condition of the natives, instituting many much needed reforms, and carrying out many public works which were to prove of great material benefit to the Island.

So popular was he with all classes, that on the termination of his tenure of office, the inhabitants joined in erecting a Statue to him in the market place at Colombo, bearing this inscription :—

The Right Hon^{ble}.
Sir William Gregory, K.C.M.G.,
Governor of Ceylon

Erected by the inhabitants of this island to
commemorate the benefits conferred by him
upon the Colony during his administration of
the Government from 1872 to 1877.

During his Governorship he entertained the Prince of Wales at Government House, and it was in the course of that visit that he was invested with the Order of St. Michael and St. George. So pleased was the Prince with his stay in Ceylon, that he insisted on Sir William accompanying him when he left the island to visit India for the Durbar, and while there Sir William had the interesting experience of meeting and conversing with all the Native Princes and Rulers.

While in Ceylon Sir William made a very fine collection of butterflies which he presented to the National Museum in Dublin, where it is now incorporated with the general collection of Lepidoptera.

I wonder how many of the citizens of Dublin are

aware that the National Museum and Library owe their present form to my cousin's efforts !

Under date 25th November, 1883, he wrote from Coole to his friend Sir Henry Layard :—

“I have been for the last week sitting on a Committee in Dublin appointed by the Treasury to report on the designs for a new museum and library, to be built by Government in Dublin. We were told to select five designs out of 33 competitors. One of these is of remarkable beauty, in harmony with the best Architecture in Dublin, which is really very fine, far better than anything in London except the Banqueting Hall. Some of the others are good *per se*, but objectionable in many respects, I should greatly like you to see the one I so much approve of.”

It is gratifying to know that owing to Sir William's efforts the one he admired so much (by Deane) was eventually adopted.

Long prior to this, in 1867, my cousin had persuaded the House of Commons to increase the grant to the Royal Irish Academy by £1,000 a year, and also to purchase the Petrie collection, then in the market, but perhaps his greatest service to Dublin in the realm of Art, was when he took the leading part in acquiring the world famous Tara Brooch, believed by many to be one of the most marvellous specimens of early enamelling in the world, and now one of the most prized possessions in the National Museum.

Dublin citizens also owe Sir William a debt of gratitude for throwing open Glasnevin gardens to the public on Sundays. These gardens were under

the management of the Royal Dublin Society, which received a parliamentary grant for their upkeep. The members of the Society had the privilege of using the Gardens on Sundays, but they refused to grant a similar concession to the general public, alleging that scenes of drunken disorder would ensue, and that the flowers would be pulled up.

Accordingly, in 1861, Sir William introduced a motion in the House to strike out the Glasnevin grant from the Estimates, and as the House was clearly with him, the Royal Dublin Society had to give way, and the gardens have been open to the public on Sundays ever since.

Two years later Sir William tried to confer a similar boon for the working people of Edinburgh in regard to the Botanical Gardens of that city. Immediately, the Scottish clergy were up in arms. Meetings were held to denounce this attempt to profane the Sabbath. At one of these, a clergyman, the Revd. Dr. Begg, made a speech in which he remarked : " It is a painful thing to have the Scotch Sabbath interfered with by the representative of an Irish Papist constituency, one of the most degraded communities in the world." One feels constrained to wonder whether the reverend divine had ever read the thirteenth chapter of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians !

Unluckily for Sir William, and for the citizens of Edinburgh, there happened to be a Queen's ball on the night of the motion in the House, and about twenty of his supporters were absent at it, but none of his opponents, with the result, that the motion was defeated by sixteen votes.

All his life Sir William took a deep interest in Art,

and had a natural flair for Old Masters. He had always desired to become a Trustee of the National Gallery in London, and one day he happened to meet Disraeli in St. James's Street. They had originally been very good friends, but when Sir William became a "Peelite," the friendship naturally cooled off to some extent. On this occasion, however, Disraeli took him by the arm, and talked of their friendly relations of former days, adding that he would like to renew the old friendship, and begged Sir William to write to him, if he wished for any little service or appointment other than a political one. Shortly afterwards a vacancy occurred amongst the Trustees of the National Gallery, and Sir William asked the Chief Tory Whip, Colonel Taylor, to mention his name to the Premier for the post. Colonel Taylor told him he feared he had no chance of getting it, as many of Disraeli's supporters in both Houses were after it. Next day a very friendly note came from Disraeli offering him the appointment.

During his Trusteeship he was instrumental in acquiring many outstanding works of art for the nation. In 1871 the famous collection of Dutch pictures were acquired from Sir Robert Peel for £75,000, and what an excellent bargain this was became evident some years later, when an unsuccessful attempt was being made to secure the famous Blenheim Rubenses from the Duke of Marlborough.

During the negotiations, which in the end came to naught, Lord Rothschild met Sir William one day in St. James's Street, and said to him, "If you think the Blenheim Rubenses are more important than Peel's Dutch collection, and Government won't

give you the money to buy them, I am prepared to make a definite offer of £250,000 for the Peel pictures, and this offer holds good till the day after to-morrow."

Amongst the private bargains picked up at sales by my cousin were, a Jan Steen bought for £2 5s. od. and for which he refused £250 next day ; Savoldo's "Adoration of the Shepherds," which he bought at Lord George Bentinck's auction, where it was catalogued as a painting by an unknown artist, and fell to his bid for £12 10s. od. ; and two Velasquez "Sketch of a Duel" in the Prado, and "Christ at the House of Mary and Martha." All these four very valuable pictures he either presented in his lifetime or bequeathed in his Will to the National Gallery.

In view of the present world conflict, and of the deplorable conditions to which nearly every nation in Europe has been reduced, it is interesting to recall the attitude of my cousin to European affairs as far back as 1863.

Writing of his parliamentary activities at that time in his Autobiography he records under the year 1863 :

"In this session I began the course of conduct which I pursued unremittingly while in Parliament of endeavouring to remove the Turkish yoke from the Christian nationalities of Eastern Europe. I advocated the strengthening of Greece, the union of the Roumanian principalities, and the departure of the Turkish garrisons from Servia¹ . . . ; but

¹ In 1884 Sir William Gregory was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of Takovo by the King of Servia, as a mark of gratitude for his sympathy for, and help to, that country in its struggle for liberty and freedom from aggression.

I regret to say in these opinions I found in Mr. Layard, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a most determined antagonism. No words could be more contemptuous than his as regards these 'mongrel' nationalities, as he called them. He denied them any elements of stability, attributed their discontent to agitators, and fearlessly maintained the traditions, now happily exploded, of the Foreign Office. The Turk was to be upheld, no matter at what cost, and the appeals of these suffering peoples were to be utterly disregarded, as it was for our interests that they should bear their oppressions without hope."

Sir William then added

"The views I expressed on the fatal effect of our policy (in supporting Turkish aggression) received the cordial support of Mr. Cobden. When the debate was over he waited outside and said to me : 'You have done well to open men's eyes to our unjust and dangerous policy. Sooner or later the country will get hold of right views. It may not be in my lifetime, but let my mantle fall upon you.' "

May it not be contended with some show of reason, that if England had adopted and consistently pursued a firm foreign policy on the lines advocated by Sir William, and directed towards the support of the smaller European nations against aggression, no matter from what quarter it might arise, neither the present world conflict nor the Great War of 1914-18 would ever have materialised ?

Sir William died in London on the 6th March, 1892, leaving one son, Robert.

CHAPTER VII

LADY GREGORY

It is rare to find a husband and wife both playing such an important part in the life of their country, as Sir William and Lady Gregory undoubtedly did.

My cousin certainly stood out as the foremost Irishman of his day, but when he died, very few people, even amongst those who had known her as the rather shy and retiring little Miss Persse of Roxborough, dreamed that in a few years she would occupy much the same position amongst the intelligentsia of Ireland as her husband had done for exactly half a century.

I have no intention of giving even a brief résumé of her books and plays, or of her work in connection with the Abbey Theatre. All that is recorded in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and in any case it would be an impertinence on my part to do so when there are so many people still living, who were much more closely associated with her in her work than I was. I therefore intend to confine myself to a few personal reminiscences.

I remember going to stay at Coole for a few days in the summer of 1899. Robert, her son, was there with his tutor being ground for his coming entrance to Oxford, though I noticed that most of the grinding appeared to be done with guns in the rabbit warren or the woods. Apart from myself, the only visitor was the late W. B. Yeats, very busy on a new poem, or play.

The Irish language movement was then more or less in its infancy. Lady Gregory had taken it up with great zest, but was somewhat disheartened because the Irish-speaking tenants could not understand her attempts to converse with them in their native tongue.

She spoke to me very seriously on the subject, and I can recollect being highly amused when she assured me that before long, no one who could not speak Irish would be eligible for any public appointment. In my superior wisdom, I thought it strange, and rather pathetic, that so intelligent a woman could be led to believe such nonsense. Not only have her prophetic words come true, but she had the satisfaction of living to see them verified.

When the Irish Rebellion broke out at Easter, 1916, I took a detachment of the Royal Irish Constabulary from Belfast, Antrim, and Down, in motors to Galway. We were told "The Rebels" were encamped at Moyode Castle, which belonged to Lady Gregory's relative, Mr. Persse, but when we got out there, we found they had moved the day before to another camp. Next day came word of the collapse of the rebellion, and of the surrender of the leaders in Dublin, so I put my men into billets in the town of Gort, and went to stay at Coole, a few miles outside.

Although Lady Gregory, thoroughly disapproved of the rebellion, it was a great grief to her that its leaders embraced many who had been associated with her in her work at the Abbey Theatre.

I well remember one morning at breakfast a heart-broken letter arriving from Augustine Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, on whose head the

whole wrath of the House of Commons and of the public Press fell, and who was made the political scapegoat for the catastrophe, a condemnation which was, I fear, fully justified.

Mr. Birrell was a very charming, cultured, and well-meaning old gentleman, pushed into the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland as a political figure-head, and about the last man in the world who should have been entrusted with the task of holding a lighted candle over a keg of gunpowder from which the lid had been removed.

I remember the late Sir Heffernan Considine coming to stay with me in Donegal, when he was on one of his tours of inspection as Deputy Inspector-General of the R.I.C. Sir Heffernan was, in my opinion, far the ablest "Chief" we had during my twenty-seven years service in the Force, and one of the straightest and whitest men I ever knew, who never hesitated to speak out his mind, even when discretion might prompt another man to remain silent. A new Chief Secretary had come over from England a short time before, and after dinner I asked Sir Heffernan what he thought of the new appointment. "Oh, like all his predecessors," he replied, "a very charming fellow. He has just concluded a fortnight's tour of the Congested Districts. I saw him on his return, and he told me he quite grasped the Irish problem now, and that the people only needed to be understood." And then he added in the sharp brusque way he employed when he wanted to emphasize his words. "Just imagine a man who never set foot in Ireland before talking like that to me who have lived all my life here, but that is always the way with English

officials, they imagine that no one but an Englishman can understand an Irishman."

There is a lake at Coole with a river running into it, and near the junction is a pool where the neighbouring farmers used to bring their sheep every season to be dipped. That event was a source of great delight to Lady Gregory's little grandchildren, and she used to take them to the pool on most days when the sheep were being dipped. She told me that on the occasion of the first dipping after the Irish Rebellion, she was sitting as usual on a rock with her grandchildren, when she noticed a lot of whispering going on amongst the farmers.'

Presently one old man detached himself from the group, and came over to tell her how grateful they all were to her for bringing Mr. Gregory down during the recent trouble "to keep the Kiltartan boys safe." They were evidently quite convinced that my cousin had brought influence to bear at Dublin Castle to have me sent to Gort during the Rebellion, "To keep the Kiltartan boys safe." Kiltartan, I may explain, is the name of the Barony in which Coole is situated, hence the title of one of Lady Gregory's little books, *The Kiltartan Wonder-book*, an autographed copy of which she presented to my son on his fourth birthday, and which was one of several stories for children written by her and illustrated by her talented daughter-in-law, Margaret Gregory, now Mrs. Guy Gough.

And now, while on the subject of the Irish Rebellion, I must refer to a few incidents connected with the régime of the Black and Tans in Ireland.

I do so reluctantly, because I think it is always better to let sleeping dogs lie, and that the memory

of those dark days should be forgotten as quickly as possible. My sole reason for again opening those sad pages in the history of Ireland, is to clear the good name of Lady Gregory of a totally unfounded, and utterly absurd charge, which was subsequently brought against her.

During the spring of 1921 a detachment of the 17th Lancers was stationed in Gort. The military had to assist the Black and Tans and the Royal Irish Constabulary in trying to curb the activities of the I.R.A., and used to travel about the country in lorries in the hope of coming across parties of the latter on their way to attack police barracks, or commit other outrages.

One night a lorry load of either military or Black and Tans travelling along a country road in the vicinity of Gort espied a light in the window of a farm-house.

Entering the house they found three young farmers' sons playing cards. They were taken outside for interrogation as to the local leaders of the I.R.A., and as to the hiding places of arms dumps, which were known to exist all over the country but which the most minute searches could rarely discover.

Whether the young men could not, or would not, supply any information I cannot say, but the officer in charge evidently thought they could, and that it might be extracted by a little application of third degree methods. Near where the lorry stopped was a large heap of metal intended for repairing the road. Every military and police lorry at that time carried spades, shovels, saws and axes to deal with felled trees and trenches cut across the road, a

form of obstruction extensively employed by the I.R.A., whenever they became aware that Government lorries intended to travel along any particular road.

The shovels were unpacked and three graves were quickly opened in the heap of small sharp stones. The youths were stripped naked and put lying in the graves, which were then closed in, leaving just their faces uncovered. As they still refused to split, some of the party proceeded to dance on the graves, thus driving the sharp stones into the bodies of the unfortunate youths, and inflicting very painful wounds.

It was a bitterly cold night, and by the time the people in the farm-house ventured out, after they heard the sound of the departing lorry disappearing into the distance, the young men were more dead than alive.

They eventually recovered, but it was some months before they were able to resume work. By that time, however, the I.R.A. had worked out a plan to avenge their comrades, and only awaited a favourable opportunity to carry it into effect.

This presented itself on the 15th May, when Jack Bagot, a very popular and sporting land agent, was giving a tennis party at his house—Ballyturin—on the shores of Lough Cutra, a few miles from Gort.

Captain Blake, the local District Inspector of the R.I.C., his wife, and two officers of the 17th Lancers, Captain Cornwallis and Lieutenant Creery motored to Ballyturin in Captain Blake's car, and my cousin Margaret, Lady Gregory's daughter-in-law, accompanied them.

The lodge at Ballyturin is on the opposite side of the road to the gates and directly facing them. On both sides of the avenue there is a shrubbery or coppice along the road wall. The party drove in and spent a very pleasant afternoon with the Bagots. Returning in the evening, they were surprised to find one side of the lodge gates shut.

Captain Blake pulled up the car a few yards short of the gates, and Captain Cornwallis got out, and started to walk to the closed side. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a volley of shots rang out from the bushes on both sides of the avenue, and from the windows of the lodge, and Captain Cornwallis fell riddled with bullets and buckshot.

The assailants then rushed the car, and compelled the four remaining occupants to alight. The two ladies were pushed to the back, and ordered to stand aside. Poor Mrs. Blake, who was to leave for England next day for her accouchment, struggled to get to her husband, crying out that she would not leave him. Twelve bullets were then poured into her body at point blank range, while a gunshot wound in her neck almost completely severed her head from her body.

Captain Blake and Lieutenant Creery were then similarly despatched. My cousin Margaret, half dazed with horror managed somehow to find her way back to the house and to inform Jack Bagot of the tragedy. While he and a small party hurried to the lodge, his daughter, Molly, very pluckily jumped on a horse, and galloped into Gort to give the alarm at the barracks. That in doing so, she ran a very grave risk of being herself shot by any I.R.A. scout who might have seen her, may be

inferred from the fact that when a party of military and police arrived on the scene they were fired on from the shrubbery and one of their number was wounded before the assassins dispersed and made their escape through the woods.

The revolting and savage brutality of this crime profoundly shocked public opinion, even at a time when its conscience had become case-hardened by the daily round of the "competition in murder," as a Catholic Bishop of the day so aptly described the struggle between the I.R.A. and the armed forces of the Crown.

Some years later my step-sister, Mrs. Spragge, was at a dinner party in London, and amongst the guests were two men, who had been in Ireland during the stormy days preceding the setting up of the Irish Free State. The conversation turned on the Ballyturin tragedy, of which one of the two gave an account, and then to the amazement of my step-sister, added that the really shocking thing about it was that the murders were undoubtedly planned by Lady Gregory and the local I.R.A. leaders and that was the reason why her daughter-in-law alone escaped unhurt. When Mrs. Spragge indignantly repudiated the charge, she was assured that there was no doubt about its truth, and that the authorities in Ireland were well aware of it at the time.

Unfortunately, I was then abroad and did not hear of this absurd and totally unfounded libel till many months later when my step-sister asked me if there could be any truth in the story, adding that the two guests at the dinner party seemed to have no doubts as to its being well founded.

Had I learnt of this incident at the time I would have taken prompt measures to have brought into court the individual who so casually spread such a shocking and totally unfounded libel, about a woman who was utterly opposed to violence of every description, whether committed by the I.R.A. or by the armed forces of the Crown.

The absurdity of the charge must be apparent to anyone who knew Lady Gregory and her daughter-in-law, to whom she was devoted, and who had lived with her at Coole helping her in her literary work ever since Major Gregory's death in the Great War.

If there was any truth in the charge, it meant that without any apparent reason Lady Gregory not only plotted the cold-blooded murder of men who had been her guests at Coole and who were the personal friends of her daughter-in-law, but that she actually allowed the latter to accompany the victims to the scene of their intended slaughter, knowing that she also would run a grave risk of losing her life along with her friends. If any member of the party had caught sight of the gleam of a gun barrel, or had spotted any suspicious movement in the bushes as they approached the lodge, and, if, in consequence, any attempt had been made to turn the car and escape there cannot be the least doubt but that a volley of shots would have been poured into the car, from both sides and from the lodge windows, and that none of the occupants could have escaped death except by a miracle.

Her courage, high sense of duty, and her stern resolve never to be turned from her course by any threats or intimidation, is well illustrated by her



Photo b₁]

STATUE TO SIR WILLIAM GREGORY AT COLOMBO

[A. Carroll, Dublin.

(See page 82.)

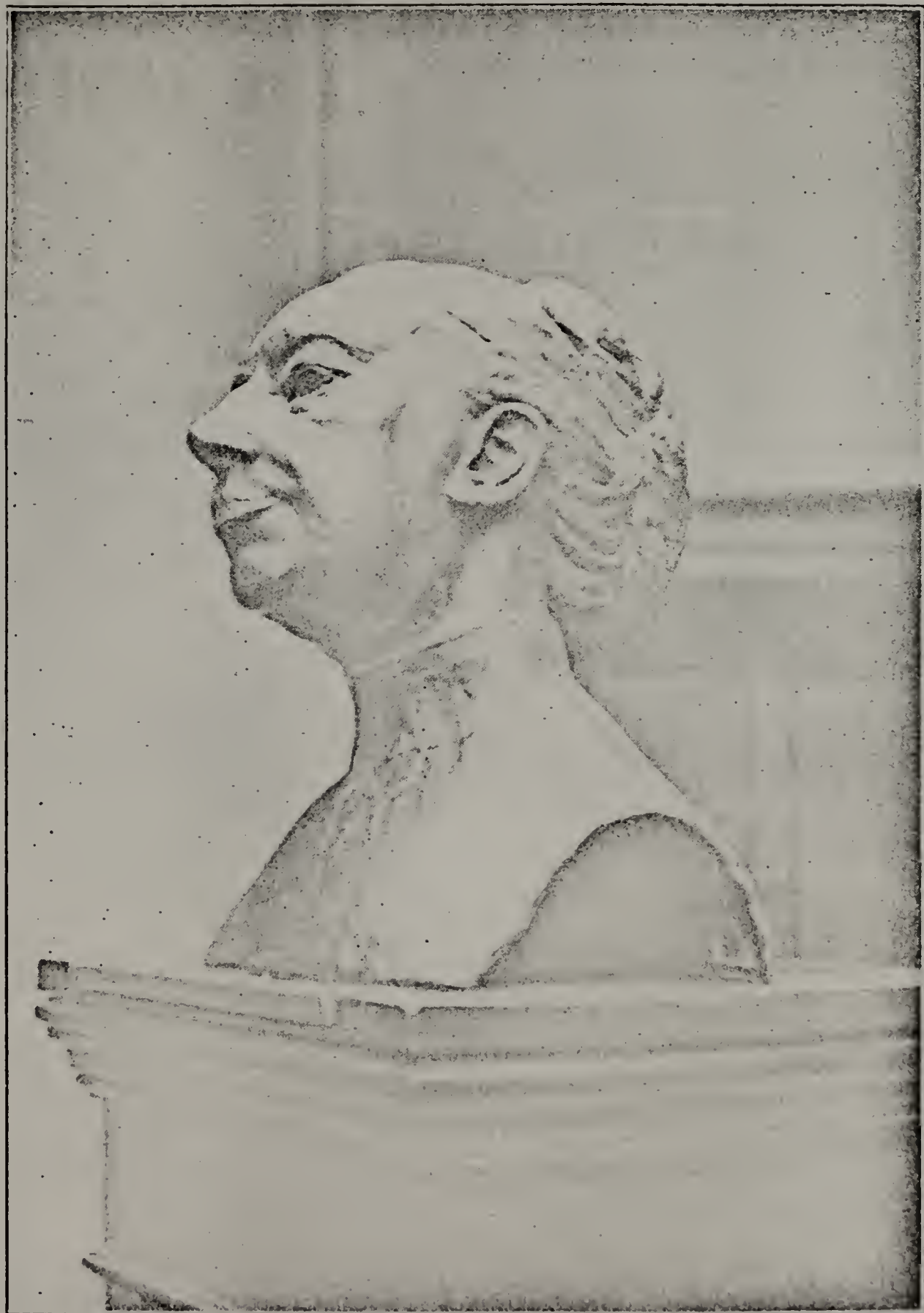


Photo by]

BUST OF LADY GREGORY, BY EPSTEIN
From the original in the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin.
of the Dublin Corporation

[College Studios
By permission

(See page 135.)

conduct in regard to two plays she put on at the Abbey Theatre in spite of the most strenuous opposition.

In 1909 Mr. Bernard Shaw's play "The Shewing up of Blanco Posnett" was banned in England by the Censor. Shaw then offered it to Lady Gregory to produce at the Abbey Theatre, as the Censor's jurisdiction did not extend to Ireland. As soon as the announcement of her intention to do so appeared in the public Press, a representative of the Lord Lieutenant informed her that as the play did not come within the scope of the object for which the Abbey Theatre was licensed, namely, the encouragement of dramatic art in Ireland, the Lord Lieutenant could not sanction its production. Many interviews took place between Lady Gregory and various Castle officials, at which the strongest pressure was applied to induce her to drop the project, but she was not to be deflected from her resolve, even when she was informed that if the play was produced the Patent for the theatre would be revoked, and that for each subsequent performance she would incur a penalty of £300.

The play was produced by her on the 25th August to a packed house. There was no interruption, and at the fall of the curtain, it was greeted with prolonged cheers.

No action was taken by the authorities and the play was produced on many subsequent occasions at the Abbey, though, I believe, it is still banned in England.

Again, when Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was produced at the Abbey Theatre (in 1907) it was greeted with a storm of abuse and

opposition, by the more advanced element of the Sinn Féin party. Each night of the week for which it was billed a strong force of police had to be in attendance to prevent a riot, and to evict interrupters but in spite of threats and organised opposition Lady Gregory never once gave way, and when she toured the United States with the Abbey Theatre players in 1911, the Playboy was included in the repertoire.

Its reputation had evidently preceded it, and the strongest opposition was engineered by the more advanced Clan-na-Gael clubs.

When it was billed in New York, opposition seemed likely to be so serious that Lady Gregory asked Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the ex-President, to dine with her on the opening night and attend the performance. At great personal inconvenience, he kindly agreed to do so, and sat in Lady Gregory's box throughout the entire performance, and his presence there, and great popularity with his fellow-countrymen, prevented any unpleasantness. At the end of the first act he went on the stage, spoke first to the actors, and then made a little speech to the audience.

A few weeks later he wrote a very appreciative article in the *Outlook* (16th December, 1911) in praise of Lady Gregory and the Abbey Theatre.

I remember staying at Coole some time after my cousin's return from the United States, and being shown an autographed portrait of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, which he had presented to her at the close of her tour. On that occasion my cousin spoke in warm terms of the debt of gratitude she owed to the donor for his great help and friendship

in circumstances which might have been distinctly unpleasant but for his kindly personal intervention and support.

Undoubtedly Lady Gregory was a Nationalist in politics, and like many other Irishmen and women, Unionist and Nationalist alike, she held very strong views regarding the methods of the Black and Tans, and of the Government whose policy they enforced and who condoned and officially whitewashed in the House of Commons all their outrages ; but to allege that she was prepared to take an active part in a murder competition is a libel as absurd as it is unfounded.

I have seen it stated in the public Press that my cousin on one occasion in Dublin refused to take shelter when a lorry-load of Black and Tans drove by, shooting wildly as they went, and that as they passed she called out in defiance "Up the Rebels." The occasion, I believe, was that on which a youth named Kevin Barry was arrested, an event which had very far-reaching consequences culminating in the most terrible of all the incidents in the reign of terror, namely, the tragedy of that appalling day, which has ever since been known in Ireland as "Bloody Sunday."

On the 20th September, 1920, a party of military was ambushed in Dublin and six of their number were killed. All the assailants managed to get away except young Kevin Barry, a youth of 18, who was captured while running away from the scene. As far as I recollect there was no allegation made at his trial that he personally had fired a shot, or that he had any arms on him when arrested, but in the eyes of the law he was at least a principal in the second

degree, and having been convicted by a court-martial he was sentenced to death.

On the day of his arrest he was subjected to such severe third-degree methods at the military barracks to which he had been taken that he had to be treated by a R.A.M.C. officer, and by a prison hospital orderly for several days afterwards.

In spite of this he had refused to give any information, or make any statement which would incriminate anyone, and when he was executed on the 1st November, the consensus of public opinion was that a youth, not much more than a schoolboy, had been sent to his death, not for any part he had taken in the ambush, but because he had refused to purchase his liberty by revealing the identity of the real culprits whose capture the Government forces had been unable to effect.

At that time courtmartials were being held daily in most of the military barracks in Dublin for the trial of political offenders, and the practice of interrogating prisoners in their cells by members of the Black and Tans was of fairly frequent occurrence, though there is no evidence to show that the military authorities connived at, or were even aware of these illegal practices.

The leaders of the I.R.A. apparently thought otherwise and they determined to make a clean sweep of as many officers engaged on courtmartial duty as possible. For one reason or another most of these officers resided in hotels or boarding-houses, since they were married and unable to obtain married quarters in barracks.

At 9 a.m. on Sunday morning, the 22nd November, large bodies of armed men entered the

various hotels and boarding-houses in which these officers were staying, and riddled with bullets in their bedrooms twelve officers, many of them being despatched in the presence of their wives. Two auxiliary officers who were on the streets and tried to go to a military barracks to give the alarm, were captured, taken into a back garden, and shot dead. Five other officers were wounded but recovered.

This wholesale slaughter caused absolute consternation in Dublin Castle, and it was considered essential that immediate steps should be taken to try and make amenable some of the perpetrators before they left the city.

That afternoon a Gaelic football match between teams representing the counties of Tipperary and Dublin was to be held at Croke Park, and as it was considered highly probable that many of those who had taken part in the murders would be present at the match it was decided to send a detachment of Black and Tans to the ground to search the spectators for arms or incriminating documents.

When the first lorry load of Black and Tans entered the ground, they alleged that some shots were fired at them. They then opened fire killing twelve people including Hogan, a stalwart member of the Tipperary team, and wounding about sixty others. A large number of revolvers were picked up on the ground, but no one was caught with a weapon on his person.

The officer in charge on this occasion subsequently served under me, and I discussed with him the incidents of Bloody Sunday, as I wanted to know what he hoped to achieve by taking a lorry-load of

men to search a crowd of 10,000 men on a football ground.

He told me his orders were to search the crowd, and that if any opposition was offered he was to return the fire and to shoot as many of the Tipperary team as possible, and on no account to let Hogan escape. Accordingly he included in his party a man whom he knew to be a dead shot with a rifle. He asserted that on arrival at Croke Park some shots were fired at his party as soon as they entered the gates, and he accordingly ordered his men to return the fire. Hogan was pointed out to the marksman, who put his rifle to his shoulder, pressed the trigger, and Hogan dropped dead. One of his companions exclaimed "What a damned fluke ! " "Was it ? " he replied, "Watch the ball." Up till then very few people were aware of the drama which was being enacted before their eyes, and the ball was still in play. As it bounced across the field, the marksman again raised his rifle, fired, and the football collapsed literally like a pricked bladder. The crowd now fled in terror across the field mingling with the players, and effectually screening them from the Crown forces. Seeing that there were many women and children amongst the spectators, the officer in charge ordered his men to cease fire.

Even if this story is true, I am quite sure that the orders did not emanate from any responsible official, military or civilian, in Dublin Castle. It may be wondered why Hogan was marked down for special attention. Some months earlier two policemen had been shot dead in Tipperary, and as it was suspected that one of their assailants was named Hogan, it was thought possible that the football player of

that name might be the wanted man. It was an unlucky name to bear at that time, for several Hogans were shot "unofficially" in the hope that one of them might be the guilty man, but as a matter of fact the real culprit got clean away to America while the going was good, and his unfortunate namesakes suffered for his crime.

The same Black and Tan officer spoke to me of the "domiciliary visits" to prisoners cells at night, and told me that though he had taken part in many, in only two cases had the victims been induced to "split" and their information turned out to be valueless.

Such methods have failed to achieve their purpose in every country in which they have been employed. They certainly failed in Ireland, and during the Great War they failed in Belgium. Writing this in a country which has decided to observe strict neutrality, I can make no comment as to the success or failure of any form of frightfulness or third-degree methods which may be resorted to, with the object of breaking the spirit of the people, in any countries engaged in the present world conflict. In the case of Kevin Barry the only result was to add another name to the roll of Irish Martyrs. Dublin now has its Kevin Barry Memorial Hall, and a stained glass window in the University College of that city further commemorates his memory, in common with a plaque erected in Church Street at the scene of his arrest.

I am personally aware that his courage and bearing whilst in custody won for him the respect of his guards, while his refusal to save his own life at the expense of his comrades will be held up, and justly

so, as an example to the youth of Ireland for many generations to come. I do not think it is generally known that late on the eve of Barry's execution he was taken from his cell to the spot where the gallows had been erected for the last scene in the tragedy of his life. Having been allowed to take in all the details of its grim structure, he was told that if he would disclose the names of the I.R.A. leaders who had taken part in the ambush, he would be given a free pardon, a large sum of money, and would be allowed to complete his medical course at the expense of the British Government at any university he chose to name. Whether this offer was officially authorised or not, I cannot say. In any case Barry is said to have made no reply to it, but to have continued to examine the gallows with interest. Then, putting his hand on it, he remarked, "It seems strong enough to bear my weight anyhow."

On the very day that Kevin Barry was executed a woman named Ellen Quinn was sitting on the low wall of her garden on the roadside at Kiltartan, a short distance from Coole. A lorry-load of Black and Tans came along and as they passed, one of them raised his rifle, fired, and Mrs. Quinn, who had a little child in her arms, fell back over the wall with a bullet through her head, killing her instantly.

Strangely enough, an almost similar incident occurred very soon after, outside one of the lodge gates at my old home at Westcourt, in Co. Kilkenny.

A sergeant of police had been killed in an ambush at Garryricken, the Marquess of Ormonde's shooting lodge, a few miles from Callan. The funeral cortège had to pass through Callan on its way to Kilkenny, and orders had been given by the

authorities that all shops and houses were to be kept shut, and no one was to appear on the streets, while the funeral was passing through the town.

Everything passed off without incident until the last house in the town on the opposite side of the road from my lower lodge gate was reached. This was a shop kept by a Mrs. Ryan, a most respectable old woman, who had continued to supply the police with groceries, when all the other shops in the town had boycotted them, in accordance with orders from the I.R.A. As the lorry bearing the coffin passed her door, poor old Mrs. Ryan, doubtless thinking that no member of the Crown forces would mind her having a look at the funeral, opened the door, and put her head out. Immediately a shot rang out, and she fell dead across the threshold with a rifle bullet through her breast.

Both these senseless and utterly uncalled for shootings, were condoned in the House of Commons as "justifiable acts of military precaution."

The last phase of British rule in Ireland is surely a black chapter in the history of her Empire, and it is well for her that she can turn from the dreadful tragedies of the "Competition in Murder" to contemplate the conduct of her sons and daughters during the present war.

CHAPTER VIII

POLITICAL INTERLUDE

A strange feature in connection with the shooting of the military officers on Bloody Sunday was the ease with which it was accomplished, and that in not a single instance was any one of the victims in a position to defend himself or inflict any casualties on his assailants.

I had no reason to believe that the I.R.A. had any special animus against me personally, but for the two and a-half years preceding "the armistice" in the autumn of 1921, during which period I was living in hotels in different parts of Ireland, I never went to bed without locking, and, if possible, barricading my door, and I invariably had a loaded revolver on a table beside my bed, and even when I went to my bath, the revolver always accompanied me in the pocket of my dressing gown. Yet, here were trained soldiers, all of them men of considerable experience, presumably versed in all the arts of guerilla warfare, and living in a hostile country, in which they were daily reading in the Press of soldiers and policemen being shot in broad daylight in the streets, or taken from trains at country stations and riddled with bullets, or being despatched in hotels, theatres, or any place where they might be caught off their guard, and yet of the fourteen officers killed in Dublin, not one of them apparently had a revolver at hand, and only one or two had even their bedroom doors locked.

If these unfortunate men paid little regard to their

own safety, the authorities in Dublin Castle paid still less, if the story told me by one of the highest Castle officials has any foundation. According to his account the attack on the courts martial officers had been originally planned for the previous Sunday, but was subsequently postponed till the 20th September, because of the big football match to be held on that afternoon at Croke Park. It was argued that the presence of the large numbers of men necessary to ensure success for the attack might excite suspicion moving through the city on an ordinary Sunday, but that they would not attract any attention amongst the crowds invading Dublin from an early hour on the occasion of a big football match.

According to my informant the authorities in Dublin Castle became aware early in the week preceding Bloody Sunday that such an attempt had been contemplated for the previous Sunday but had not materialised, and they there and then assumed that it had been dropped altogether as impracticable or too risky, and they never even warned the courts martial officers of possible danger, or took any steps to have officers living out, ordered into barracks without delay. I find it hard to credit this story, and yet it is quite in keeping with the mentality displayed by the Castle officials on the occasion of the Easter Rebellion in 1916.

As everyone knows that ill-starred attempt was originally fixed for Easter Sunday, but misfortune seems to have dogged its path from the outset.

On the morning of Good Friday, the *Aud*, a German cargo vessel arrived off the coast of Kerry having on board 20,000 rifles and a large consignment

of ammunition. Definite instructions had been sent to Germany via the United States, that the arms were not to be landed until Easter Sunday night, and with these instructions went full details as to the landing place and arrangements for the unloading of the precious cargo. Unfortunately, the *Aud* had left port before these instructions arrived and she carried no wireless, a fatal and extraordinary omission, which was destined to throw all the plans of the insurgents into hopeless confusion, and to rob the Rising of any possible chance of success.

The *Aud* hung about waiting for some signal from the shore, but, of course, no attempt was made to communicate with her, as the leaders on shore had no idea she had sailed without receiving the necessary instructions.

That same afternoon she was intercepted by a British patrol boat, and as her movements were considered suspicious, she was ordered to accompany the patrol boat to Cork to be searched. On the way they were joined by several units of the British Navy, whereupon the Captain of the *Aud* realising that the game was up, scuttled his ship, and with her all the arms and ammunition, together with all hope of a successful Rising went to the bottom of the sea.

This was, however, by no means the only misfortune which overtook the Irish leaders on that eventful Good Friday.

Early in the morning Sir Roger Casement, who had been in Germany arranging for the supply of arms and ammunition, was put ashore on the Coast of Kerry in a collapsible boat from a German submarine. He was accompanied by Sergeant Daniel Bailey of an Irish regiment, one of the very few

soldiers who had been induced to join the Irish Brigade, which the Germans had unsuccessfully endeavoured to enlist from amongst the Irish prisoners of war. Casement and his companion foolishly left the collapsible boat and their revolvers lying on the beach, and wandered off some distance to an old ruined castle to await the arrival of a motor which had left Dublin the previous night to fetch them to Headquarters.

In the early hours preceding daylight, the car which was travelling without lights so as to escape the notice of police patrols, ran off the road into a river, where it capsized and the occupants were drowned. Some say that this ill-fated car was on its way to meet the *Aud* and superintend the landing of the rifles and ammunition. Be that as it may, no other car or person turned up to meet Casement until the arrival of the police. Shortly after Casement landed, a local farmer accompanied by his young daughter aged seven, started out for an early morning stroll along the shore. Seeing the boat at the water's edge, the farmer went over to it, and after examining it, drew it up above high water level. He then turned to look for his little daughter, and found her playing with three fully loaded revolvers. Thinking there had been a boating accident, the farmer took the revolvers into Ardfert and reported the matter to the police.

A patrol was at once sent out, and after examining the boat, a search was instituted and Casement and his companion were discovered in the ruins of the old castle. Asked to account for himself Casement said he was a tourist named Richard Morton from Denham, Bucks, spending an Easter vacation in

Ireland. The two men were told to accompany the police to Ardfert barracks whence they were taken to Headquarters in Tralee. The Constabulary Officer there taxed his prisoner with being Sir Roger Casement and after some attempts at denial, the latter admitted his identity. Meanwhile a large detachment of Irish Volunteers had paraded in the town under the command of Austin Stack, and the small police force got ready for an attack on their barracks.

At that time police barracks in Ireland were little better equipped to resist an organised attack than any private dwellinghouse. A message was accordingly conveyed to the military barracks, which were situated at the opposite end of the town, informing the Commanding Officer of the situation in which the police were placed, and requesting that a small detachment might be sent to overawe the Volunteers, and to assist the police in the event of an attack on their barrack being attempted.

The military officer in charge was unable to grant this request, for, as he pointed out, he was responsible for the safety of his own barracks, and could not weaken his force in order to defend another barrack which was not under his command, and for the safety of which he was not responsible. While this decision was being arrived at between the senior officers in the Adjutant's office, a charwoman was engaged sweeping the floor of an adjoining room. With the natural curiosity which is generally associated with members of her profession, the charlady listened at the door, and managed to overhear enough of the conversation to realise its importance.

She was evidently a good soldier of the Irish Volunteers though employed in a British military barracks for she promptly sent word to the leader of the volunteers that he could count on no interference being offered by the military, if he contemplated attacking the police barracks. Things were now beginning to look distinctly awkward for the police when a chance remark by Casement gave the constabulary officer an opportunity he was not slow to take, and which enabled him to turn the tables in his favour.

In the course of conversation Casement happened to ask if there were many volunteers in town, and on being informed that the whole Company was on parade, he asked who was in command. When he heard that it was Austin Stack, he remarked, "I would like to have a chat with him. He and I are old friends." The police officer at once saw his chance of safeguarding both his prisoner and his barracks. He remarked in a casual tone, "Well, I don't suppose there would be any harm in that, but as you can imagine he and I are not on very friendly terms, so it would be better for you to write him a note, and I can have it sent out to him." Casement then scrawled a short note to Stack telling him he was detained in the police barracks, and asking him to come and have a chat.

Stack, no doubt thinking he would get valuable information as to the *Aud*, and all the latest news from Germany, very naturally fell into the trap as readily as Casement had done, and went to the barracks where he was at once detained, while word was conveyed to the volunteers that both Stack and Casement were under detention in the

barracks, and that if any attempt was made to attack it, or to rescue the prisoners, they would both be shot. In the absence of their leader the volunteers were in a quandary and eventually dispersed without attempting any rescue.

Now the news of the capture of Sir Roger Casement and of the scuttling of the *Aud* with the consequent loss of all the rifles and ammunition must have been known in Dublin Castle that Friday evening, and the authorities must then have realised that a Rebellion on a very large scale in the near future had been contemplated.

Instead of taking all possible precautions to prevent it materialising they came to the conclusion that with the capture of Casement and the loss of all the arms and ammunition in the *Aud*, the rising would be abandoned. Consequently when it took place at 12 noon on Easter Monday, all the public offices in Dublin were shut, and there was scarcely an official, civil or military, of any importance to be found in Dublin. All had gone off to Fairyhouse Races for the day to see the Irish Grand National run. Nor was this the limit of official incapacity and short-sightedness.

For some reason best known to themselves they decided to suppress all mention in the public Press of the capture of Casement, and of the sinking of the *Aud*, and the general public knew nothing of these events till a week after the Rising had taken place.

If an official statement had been published in the daily Press on the Saturday, or on Easter Sunday, or for the matter of that even as late as Easter Monday, giving details of these events, and had

such an account been accompanied, by so much as a hint that all the details of the plans for a Rising, together with the names of the leaders were in the hands of the Authorities, I am convinced that the Easter Rising of 1916 would never have been attempted, and that the five hundred lives which were sacrificed during Easter Week would have been saved.

Such is the terror and dismay which the mere whisper of the word Informer has always inspired in the breasts of the Irish people, that both discretion and common sense would have induced the leaders of the Irish Volunteers to postpone the attempt till a more favourable opportunity should present itself.

I find that my views on this subject are corroborated by the principal actor in that tragic drama, according to the account given by Miss Dorothy Macardle in *The Irish Rebellion*, in which she asserts that Sir Roger Casement had demanded from the German Government 200,000 rifles and machine guns, together with a German expedition to Ireland accompanied by submarines. When he realised that no German forces, and no submarines or even machine guns, and only 20,000 rifles were being sent, he determined to try and postpone the Rising till a more favourable opportunity should arise.

He prevailed on the Germans to give him the use of a submarine on the pretext that his personal presence in Ireland was essential to confer with the leaders of the Irish Volunteers, but in reality he hoped to reach Ireland before the *Aud*, in order to prevent the Rising taking place at all costs. If he was captured *en route*, he believed that that fact

would act as a warning to the Volunteers, as it undoubtedly would have done, but for the folly of the Authorities in concealing from the public all news of his capture and of the sinking of the *Aud*.

All messages passing between Ireland, Germany, and the United States in furtherance of the plans for the Rising since the middle of February had been intercepted and decoded by the British Secret Service, but incredible as it may seem, no information as to these messages was passed on to the Authorities in Dublin Castle until the 18th April, when Lord Wimborne, the Lord Lieutenant, arrived back in Dublin from England and was shown a letter by Sir Matthew Nathan, the Under Secretary, which had been passed to him by General Friend, Commanding the Dublin District, who had received it from General Stafford, Commanding the Southern District, to whom it had been sent by the Admiral at Queenstown, who in turn had received it from the Admiralty, London, to the effect that "A ship had left on 12th inst. and was due to arrive on 21st, and that the Rising was fixed for Easter Eve."

It will be noted that it was not even considered necessary to state from what country the ship had left, so that no one knew whether to search for her on the route from America or from Germany.

Even when this tardy information did reach Dublin Castle no one took the warning seriously and nothing was done beyond ordering the police to be extra vigilant.

Lest anyone should be tempted to think that the above account is a figment of Miss Macardle's fertile imagination, I may add that it is based on the evidence given by Lord Wimborne before the

“Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Rebellion of 1916.”

During my entire service in the Royal Irish Constabulary I always held the view, and frequently expressed it, that in dealing with political crime the British Government had only two golden rules which, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, altered not, no matter what political party was in office.

Firstly, “Always take the line of least resistance,” and secondly, “Never hesitate to sacrifice your friends in order to appease your enemies.”

Later on these same two rules were to be applied to European affairs under the more “disarming” titles of Pacifism and Appeasement.

Whenever any fresh outbreak or new phase of political or agrarian crime developed in Ireland, Dublin Castle always seemed to think that the only way to deal with it was to crush it beneath a mountain of foolscap paper or to drown it in a sea of blue-black ink.

Accordingly strict injunctions were invariably issued that in no case were any arrests to be made or any legal proceedings to be instituted which might embarrass the Government, but that a full report was first to be submitted to Headquarters. The official file would then be returned several times for fresh details before being submitted to the Law Officers for their advice, and then, after several weeks, a decision would as often as not be arrived at, that as such a long time had elapsed since the commission of the offence, it would be better in the interests of peace and goodwill to take no proceedings against the offenders.

Some idea of the conditions and warring elements prevailing in Dublin Castle during the years immediately preceding the setting up of the Irish Free State, may be gathered from the story of the dismissal of Brigadier-General Sir Joseph Byrne from his post of Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary in 1920.

After the Easter Rising of 1916 it was considered advisable to make a gesture of goodwill to Irish Nationalism, and to the religion of the vast majority of the people of Ireland, by appointing a Catholic as head of the Constabulary for the first time in its history.

The choice fell on Brigadier-General Byrne, a very capable and painstaking officer and a member of a Catholic family in Derry City.

With the appointment of Lord French as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1918, the Viceregal Lodge became very much *en rapport* with the leaders of the Unionist party in Ulster, who viewed with scant favour the appointment of a Roman Catholic from "the Maiden City," instead of a "True Blue" to such an important post.

Sir Joseph had also to contend with the veiled hostility of certain members of the Viceregal Staff and Army Command, who affected to despise him as a carpet soldier, because he had not seen active service during the Great War. This was an utterly undeserved taunt for he had applied on more than one occasion to be allowed to return to his regiment, but his services as Adjutant-General in Ireland were much too useful to the Government. At a time when the policy of the Cabinet in relation to affairs in Ireland was liable to alter almost from day to day,

as a fresh crisis arose, no one liked to take on himself the responsibility of either issuing or carrying out orders, and it was naturally much safer to issue verbal instructions—for which the excuse could always be made that they had been misinterpreted—than to consign them to writing.

Sir Joseph, however, was too shrewd to allow himself to be made a possible scapegoat of in this way, and therefore when any verbal order was brought to him from the Viceregal Lodge, he invariably requested that it should be confirmed in writing.

Needless to say this did not tend to mitigate the hostility of the Viceregal Lodge, and then in 1920 a false step on the part of Sir Joseph played into Lord French's hand, and presented the latter with a good excuse for getting rid of him.

At that time one of the paramount questions of policy occupying the attention of Dublin Castle was the fate of the smaller police barracks in the country districts, which were being nightly attacked by armed forces of the I.R.A.

Lord French took the view that it would be better to remove the police from all the outlying stations and concentrate strong forces at the headquarters of each district, so that there would always be a large force available for either attack or defence in case of sudden emergency.

Sir Joseph, on the other hand, considered that it would be a fatal policy to surrender nearly three-quarters of the country police barracks, apart from its moral effect on both police and the I.R.A., and he strongly advocated their slender garrisons being reinforced by military and held at all cost. After

one particular conference on the subject Sir Joseph went to lunch at the Kildare Street Club, and either at the lunch table or in the smoking-room, discussed the matter with a few friends, arguing in favour of his own point of view as opposed to that of Lord French.

Unfortunately enough of the conversation was overheard for a report to be made to Lord French that Sir Joseph had criticised his policy adversely to members of the club.

That indiscretion sealed Sir Joseph's fate. His dismissal was decided on, and given effect to in a singularly injudicious and discourteous manner, which must be almost unique in the annals of political procedure and etiquette.

The more tactful course would surely have been to have written to Sir Joseph to inform him that as his views were so strongly divergent from those of His Majesty's Representative in Ireland, it was considered advisable to transfer him to some other post, where his great ability would have more scope, at the same time paying some tribute to his undoubted services in the past.

Evidently the grim old veteran scorned to conceal his mailed fist in any velvet glove, for the first inkling that Sir Joseph had of any intention to dispense with his services was when he walked into his office one morning, and found on his desk a sheet of paper directing him to proceed on leave of absence immediately and to remain away indefinitely. A successor was at once appointed (in his turn to be also got rid of for political reasons after a brief tenure of office), and for several months both men drew their salaries as Inspector-General, to the

obvious embarrassment of the Government, the leaders of which had to undergo much hackling in Parliament over the fiasco.

It is pleasant to be able to record that eventually the Government made some amends by appointing him successively Governor of the Seychelles (1922), of Sierra Leone (1927), and of Kenya (1931), in all of which positions he displayed marked ability and tact during the fifteen years he held them till his retirement in 1937.

CHAPTER IX

LADY GREGORY AND THE LANE PICTURES

Any account of Lady Gregory's life and activities, however brief, would be incomplete without a reference to her efforts to bring back to Ireland the much discussed pictures of her nephew, the late Sir Hugh Lane.

This was a project in which she was naturally deeply interested and into which she threw herself heart and soul in a gallant but unsuccessful struggle extending over eleven years, to induce the British Government to perform a belated act of common honesty in accordance with the spirit rather than the letter of the law.

Sir Hugh Lane had all his life been an expert in Art, and had acquired a very fine collection of pictures.

At the age of thirty-two he had founded (in 1907) the Municipal Gallery in Dublin and had presented many pictures to it. In addition to those he gave unreservedly, he also lent the now famous thirty-nine pictures by modern and living French artists, and promised to give them outright to Dublin when a suitable gallery should be built to house them.

Unfortunately, difficulties arose as to a site, until finally Sir Edwin Lutyens, with Sir Hugh's complete approval, made plans for a bridge to be built across the Liffey on which a gallery was to be erected in the Florentine fashion.

The Corporation of Dublin, however, rejected

CHAPTER II

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE

A few years ago, the Church of England was in a state of great depression. The number of communicants had fallen to a very low level, and the Church was generally regarded as a relic of a bygone age. It was in this state of things that the Rev. Mr. [Name] began his work.

Mr. [Name] was a young man, full of energy and enthusiasm. He had been educated at one of the great universities, and he had a deep knowledge of the Bible and the Church's history. He was determined to do something to revive the Church, and he began by visiting the parishes in his diocese. He found that the people were generally ignorant of the Bible and the Church's teaching, and he began to hold Bible classes and to preach the Gospel in a simple and practical way.

His work was not without success. In a few years, the number of communicants had increased, and the Church was beginning to be regarded as a living and active force in the community. Mr. [Name] was a true servant of the Church, and his work was a blessing to the people.

As the years passed, Mr. [Name] became more and more devoted to his work. He was always ready to sacrifice for the Church, and he was always full of hope and confidence. He knew that the Church was in a state of decay, but he believed that it could be revived, and he was determined to do everything in his power to bring it back to its former glory.

His work was not without difficulties. He had to contend with many obstacles, but he never gave up. He was always full of courage and determination, and he was always ready to face whatever came his way. He was a true hero, and his work was a great inspiration to all who saw it.

The Church of England is a great and noble institution, and it is our duty to support it and to work for its revival. We must all do our part, and we must all be true servants of the Church.

these plans in a manner which Sir Hugh deemed unnecessarily discourteous. Feeling very hurt and distinctly annoyed he removed the thirty-nine pictures, and in July, 1913, offered them on loan to the National Gallery in London.

On the 12th August the Trustees replied unconditionally accepting the loan. Sir Hugh accordingly sent them over to London and on the 11th October following made a Will leaving them to the National Gallery, "to found a collection of Modern Continental Art in London."

Sir Hugh announced in Dublin the date on which the thirty-nine pictures were to appear on exhibition in London, and then to his disgust and indignation the Trustees wrote to inform him they had decided to hang only fifteen of the pictures, and that solely on condition that he would promise to bequeath them to the Gallery in his Will.

Sir Hugh refused these conditions and considered he had been very badly treated.

In February, 1914, he became Director of the National Gallery in Dublin, and gave to it several very valuable pictures. At the same time he gave up his connection with the Johannesburg Gallery which had been founded largely through his enthusiasm, and in announcing his intention to do so, wrote, "I want all the bargains for Dublin."

On the 3rd February, 1915, he wrote with his hand and signed a Codicil to his Will, in which he bequeathed the thirty-nine pictures, then in the London National Gallery, to the City of Dublin, provided that a suitable building was forthcoming within five years of his death. If no such building was forthcoming within five years, the pictures were

to be sold, and the proceeds were to go to the National Gallery of Ireland to be invested, and the income spent on buying pictures of deceased painters.

From this it would seem clear that under no circumstances did Sir Hugh desire that the pictures should remain in the possession of the National Gallery of London after his death.

His Aunt, Lady Gregory, was appointed sole Trustee, but, unfortunately, the Codicil was not witnessed, and so was invalid under English law.

Sir Hugh was drowned in the *Lusitania* three months later (7th May, 1915), and Lady Gregory at once set about having the terms of the Codicil given effect to.

She visited Lord Curzon, the most active of the London National Gallery Trustees, and showed him the Codicil. He clearly gave it as his opinion that Sir Hugh's wishes so definitely expressed ought to be respected, and added that he would say so to his fellow Trustees.

I need hardly point out that the Trustees of a public institution like the National Gallery could not take it on themselves to override the law of the land. They accordingly consulted their legal advisers, who very properly advised them that the decision did not rest with them, and that nothing could be done to give effect to the Codicil unless the legal defects were first remedied by legislation.

Accordingly in 1917 Lady Gregory began to enlist public support in favour of having the necessary legislation introduced in the House of Commons.

Up till then the pictures had never been exhibited in London and no attempt had ever been made to give effect to Sir Hugh's wishes. They had remained

in the cellars of the National Gallery from the date of their receipt in 1913, and it was only in 1917, when Lady Gregory began to enlist public opinion on her side, that they were taken out of the cellars for public exhibition.

The dispute dragged on for years. Meetings were held at which leading men of all shades of public opinion in Dublin took part. Petitions were signed by representatives of the various universities, and by many of the leading English and Irish artists and writers of the day.

Knowing that I was on friendly terms with Sir James Craig (afterwards Lord Craigavon), the Ulster leader, and with his brother Captain Charles Craig, who was member for the Constituency in which I was then stationed, Lady Gregory wrote to me to enlist their sympathy and support, which they, and indeed all the Ulster Members readily gave.

Finally in 1924 Lord Carson asked in the House of Lords if the Government would make a Statement as to their intentions in the matter. In reply the Under Secretary for the Colonies announced that the Government had decided to appoint a Committee.

A Committee of three members was then set up to decide two questions :

(1) Whether Sir Hugh Lane when he signed the Codicil thought he was making a legal disposition? and

(2) If so, whether it was proper that the legal defect in the Codicil should be remedied by legislation?

Affidavits from many of Sir Hugh's relatives and friends were put in, all testifying that he had on many occasions openly expressed his intention of

bringing the pictures back from London and giving them to Dublin.

The Committee took nearly two years to issue their report, and when it appeared it proved to be a most remarkable document. In reply to the first question one member actually found that when Sir Hugh wrote the Codicil from beginning to end in his own handwriting, and signed it without there being any person present to bring any influence to bear on him, he did not think he was making a legal disposition, but the member concerned had enough sense to refrain from offering any suggestion as to what he considered Sir Hugh thought he was doing. The two other members answered that question in the affirmative, but in reply to the second, they found that it would not be proper to modify Sir Hugh Lane's Will by Act of Parliament "as that would have the effect of bringing about a result contrary to the real spirit of his intentions."

In support of this view the Committee, rather unfortunately for themselves, added, "Had he been spared to witness the growth of the new Gallery at Millbank, no doubt can be entertained that he would have destroyed the Codicil."

Now the new wing to the Tate Gallery at Millbank presented to the nation by Sir Joseph Duveen was not commenced until 1925, more than ten years after Sir Hugh's death, so that the Committee framed their interpretation of the Codicil, not on the intentions of the testator at the time he made it, but on what in their opinion his intentions would have been had he lived for another ten years.

Nor is this all. One of the Committee, somewhat injudiciously let the cat out of the bag, when he

admitted that it had been brought to their knowledge that Sir Joseph Duveen's offer of a new wing to the Tate Gallery was conditional on the Lane pictures being retained there to form the nucleus of a collection of Modern Continental Art.

In July, 1926, in reply to a question in the House, Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, could only say that the Government had decided that they must accept the conclusion reached by the Committee.

Anticipating this attitude on the part of the Government, Lord Carson had a few weeks earlier sought to introduce in the House of Lords a bill "The National Gallery (Lane Collection) Bill," but alas, red tape and legal formalities once more intervened to bar the road, and the Bill was disqualified by the Examiners on the grounds that notice of it had not been published in the *London Gazette*, or in any London newspapers.

This rebuff was too much for Lord Carson, and he did not intervene any further in the matter. I fancy he was then a very disappointed and embittered man.

Even four years before that, when in the spring of 1922, I visited him in the House of Lords in my capacity of Chairman of the Representative Body of the Royal Irish Constabulary, he spoke to me in very bitter terms of the strained relations which existed between him and his old friends because of his having become leader of the Ulster Unionists, and added "Things have come to such a pass that many of my old colleagues in this House, when they see me approaching, turn aside and pretend not to have seen me, so as to avoid having to recognise me, or to speak to me."

The extraordinary conclusions arrived at by the Committee had naturally excited considerable public comment.

In the *Nation* of the 7th August following, the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C., wrote in an article of scathing satire :

“ Assuming for the moment that instead of to the National Gallery and the City of Dublin Sir Hugh Lane had by his Will bequeathed a diamond ring to a friend in England, in whose custody the ring was, and fifteen months later had in a Codicil, written throughout in his own hand, revoked the earlier bequest and given the same ring to a relative in Ireland, what in those circumstances ought the English friend to do ? Should he continue to allow the ring to flash on one of his fingers, or ought he to despatch it across the Channel ? And if he decides to stick to it, would his conduct be that of a gentleman or a cad ? ”

In July of the same year, George Russell (Æ.) had written in an article in the *Irish Statesman* :

“ The latest plea is that the new wing of the Tate Gallery cost so much that it is better for everyone the pictures should be hung there than in Merrion Square, Dublin. This line of reasoning is, to quote Mr. Yeats' comment, as if Ali Baba's forty thieves claimed the treasures because of the expense to which they had been put in digging a cavern to contain it. Much may be pardoned to experts who, having come into possession by a windfall of such treasures as Lane's

Manets and Renoirs, are loath to let them go, and snatch at any and every excuse that may enable them to defer or evade the surrender. The tussle, however, is not between rival sets of picture lovers. What is at issue is a question between two peoples, and should justice be denied the responsibility will rest not upon the Directors of the Tate Gallery, but upon the British Government. Can Mr. Baldwin, who exalts the virtue of the fairmindedness in politics, conscientiously maintain that on the facts of the Lane case he has sufficient right on his side to justify him in taking the risk of placing an additional stumbling block in the path of those who are striving to establish better relations between the two peoples ? ”

A few years later history repeated itself but this time the boot was on the other foot.

When the late Lord Iveagh died in 1927 it was found that he had bequeathed twenty-three valuable pictures to the English nation. As in the case of Sir Hugh Lane, the schedule to his Will in which the twenty-three pictures were specified was not properly attested. The bequest therefore became invalid in law and the pictures passed to his son, the Hon. Walter Guinness (now Lord Moyne). The latter being honourable in deed as well as in name and desirous that his conduct should be “ that of a gentleman and not of a cad,” at once expressed his willingness to forego his legal right.

One might have thought that in common decency the British Government would have said, “ We must at least be consistent, and having refused to introduce legislation to give effect to the wishes of Sir Hugh

Lane, we cannot now make a complete *volte face* to retain Lord Iveagh's pictures as well." But not a bit of it, acting apparently on the principle "Heads I win, tails you lose," a Bill was passed through Parliament to give effect to the testator's intentions, and so England became possessed of the twenty-three Iveagh pictures by the very means she had refused to adopt when it was a question of giving up the thirty-nine Lane pictures.

And there for the time being the matter rests. The thirty-nine Lane pictures still remain in London "in glory with Duveen," as Mr. Birrell expressed it, and probably not five per cent. of the people of England to-day have ever heard of them, or care the proverbial "tinker's dam" where they are hung.

Not so in Ireland. There the memory of this mean injustice still rankles. In the Municipal Gallery in Parnell Square in Dublin, the end wall of one room is left bare of pictures to await the return of the Lane collection should an English Parliament ever at some future date be composed of men honourable enough to prefer that their conduct "should be that of a gentleman and not of a cad," and willing even at the eleventh hour to right the wrong to which their predecessors set their seal in 1926.

The English Book of Common Prayer contains the Thirty-nine Articles of her Christian Faith. Her National Gallery contains these thirty-nine articles of her bad faith. "You pays your money and you takes your choice" as to which the more correctly represents that spirit of true religion and virtue with which English Statesmen have in the

past been wont to invest themselves when posing as the champions of the rights of minorities, and the protectors of small nations against the greed and covetousness of more powerful neighbours.

It is only right to make clear what was the attitude of many of the Trustees of the National Gallery on this thorny question, and in what a different spirit they approached it to that shown by the Government and their Committee:

I have already given Lord Curzon's views as expressed in an interview with Lady Gregory. In 1920 Lord Plymouth, Lord Brownlow, and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt all wrote to my cousin to say they would not oppose the return of the pictures if the road was opened by legislation, and Mr. Blunt added "Lord Ribblesdale (another Trustee) has just been here, and I have found him prepared to help when the time comes. He understands how much it is a matter of honour more than law."

This recital of the incidents connected with the Lane pictures leads me to the conclusion that when the present world-war is over, England is going to be placed in a very embarrassing situation on "the home front."

What answer is she going to give to the questions which are sure to be put to her then, as to what she intends to do about restoring the remaining province of Ireland to its original owners, who have never at any time acquiesced in her forcible occupation of it?

Is she going to approach the subject in the spirit of the Thirty-nine Articles of Christian Faith, or in the spirit in which she disposed of the thirty-nine Lane pictures? Both before and after the out-

break of war England pledged her word to defend any small country from the aggression of more powerful and covetous neighbours, and even when deserted by her ally France, she valiantly fought on alone in defence of liberty and democracy. Having achieved that end, it would be a pity if she blotted her escutcheon by refusing to the Irish Nation the same principle, in defence of which she herself made such enormous sacrifices on behalf of other small nations on the Continent.

I admit her difficulties will be great, but it ought not to surpass the wit of man to devise some scheme, by which Ireland could once more become "a Nation once again," while at the same time safeguarding the interests of Ulster.

I know the fears which deter the Unionists of the North from even discussing any compromise with the South, but I would remind them of two things :

In the first place it cannot be denied that the title of many of the English settlers in Ireland, and which they often allude to as their "God given right," is founded on a policy of murder, pillage, arson, and extermination pursued for centuries against the ancient inhabitants and rightful owners.

Many of the penal laws passed by English parliaments against the Catholic population of Ireland, both before and after the Reformation, were of such a brutal and unchristian nature that by comparison the occupation of Poland and Czechoslovakia by the Nazis appears both mild and moral. This assertion is of such a sweeping nature that it calls for some corroboration in support of it. Under the Statute of Kilkenny, passed in 1367, the penalty

of high treason (i.e., hanging, drawing and quartering) was imposed for any intermarriage between families of English descent and the native Irish. Moreover, where such marriage occurred, anyone could kill the parties concerned and enter into possession of their houses and lands. It was also adjudged no felony for an English assailant to kill an Irishman even in time of peace. The penalty for so doing was a fine of one mark.

As late as 1659 Morison wrote that in his own presence two years earlier, a Clare gentleman named Daniel Connery was sentenced to banishment by Colonel Ingoldsby, the chief Magistrate, for harbouring a priest. At the same time his three daughters—all beautiful girls—were ordered to be transported to the West Indies, where they were sold as slaves in the Barbadoes.

Seventy years later, in 1727, under the beneficent rule of the Hanoverian Georges, Lieutenant-General Pearce,¹ Governor of Limerick, committed to gaol the Revd. Timothy Ryan, a Catholic clergyman, for marrying a Protestant man and a Catholic woman, contrary to an Act of Parliament passed that year.

He was tried at the following Assizes, condemned, and executed at Gallows Green.

Only two years ago (1941) some members of St. Patrick's Parish Council, Limerick, visited the old graveyard at Singland, where victims of the law were buried in olden times. Near the centre of the cemetery they came across an old tombstone, almost completely buried in the ground, and on

¹ Lieutenant General Pearce was a brother of Sir Edward Lovet Pearce, the distinguished Architect of the world-famed Irish House of Parliament in College Green, Dublin.

raising it the following inscription was deciphered :

“Here lies the body of the Rev. Timothy Ryan,
as also the body of Barnaby Ryan, and . . .”

(The inscription was apparently never completed.)

Here, indeed, after a lapse of over 200 years, the stones, literally rising from the grave, cried out to testify to the barbarity of a bygone age, and to “man’s inhumanity to man.”

In the second place it must not be forgotten that the Irish Free State has now been 20 years in existence, and during that period, not a single Englishman has been deprived of his land in order to restore it to the descendants of its dispossessed owner.

I doubt if such toleration and goodwill would be found in almost any Continental nation. Would not the “new order” in nearly every country signalise their advent to power in similar circumstances by saying : “You did your best for over 700 years to exterminate us, now it is our turn. To use your own expression. You can ‘go to hell or Connaught,’ ” and the adherents of the old régime would be lucky if they got away with as much as the Jews did in the countries from which they have been expelled in Europe in recent years.

I am sure there are many people in Ulster who would like to see the Border done away with, especially those whose business takes them to and fro between North and South. Recently when travelling from my home in Donegal to Dundalk, a distance about equal to that between London and Portsmouth, I was subjected to no less than seven different examinations as the train wound in and

out on either side of the border, five times by Customs Officials, and twice by Officers of the English Censor's Department, the latter demanding cards of identity, permits to enter Ulster, and particulars as to all letters and documents on my person or in my luggage.

Surely such an absurd and irritating anomaly will not be permitted to continue indefinitely !

When peace comes once more to the combatants in a war-weary world, may it also come to Ireland.

All Irishmen can at least unite in saying "Give peace in our time O Lord." Not the illusory peace which poor Mr. Chamberlain so vainly hoped he was bringing to England after Munich, nor even the peace which Mr. Lloyd George, with such high hopes and such goodwill, offered to Ireland in 1921, but a peace brought about through the mutual goodwill and understanding of Irishmen of all creeds and classes.

If the untold sufferings and misery inflicted on mankind by the present war have not engendered in us the right spirit to achieve that purpose, we shall have justly earned the condemnation of our kith and kin throughout the British Empire and the United States of America.

CHAPTER X

MAJOR ROBERT GREGORY

Lady Gregory outlived her husband by just forty years, dying in March, 1932. There is a fine portrait of her by Mancini in the "Lane" Room of the Municipal Gallery in Dublin, which also houses another of her only son, the late Major Robert Gregory, by Charles Shannon, R.A.

By permission of the Municipal Council I am able to reproduce the Mancini portrait as a frontispiece to this book.

It shows clearly the curious technique of the artist, whereby he placed a grill of threads on the canvas, and then an exactly similar grid on a frame placed in front of the sitter. It will also be noticed that his style of laying on his colours in heavy blurred lumps does not lend itself to reproduction by photography. Indeed, it was said, that when he was painting a series of portraits of distinguished Irish people to the order of Sir Hugh Lane (Lady Gregory's amongst them), Lane used sometimes to visit the studio after Mancini had left for the day, and scrape off some of the more prominent lumps, replacing them on the artist's palette, but perhaps this was merely a sly hit at Lane's thrifty habits, since part of the bargain with Mancini was that Lane was to pay for all materials.

A copy of a portrait by Gerald Kelly, R.H.A., the gift of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Guy Gough, hangs in the vestibule of the Abbey Theatre, of which Lady Gregory was a Director.

The entrance hall of the Municipal Gallery in Parnell Square also contains a very charming bust in bronze of Lady Gregory by Epstein. The pose is somewhat unusual, the head being thrown back, and the face looking upwards, and slightly to one side. This happy departure from the more conventional position came about quite accidentally. During a sitting, when the model in clay was nearing completion, some visitors called at Epstein's studio to see Lady Gregory on some urgent matter connected with the Abbey Theatre. On their being announced Lady Gregory looked up sharply, turning her head in their direction. Epstein at once took up a knife, cut the throat of the model and tilted the head back to catch the expression and pose of which he had caught a glance, and which so delighted him that he resolved to reproduce it in the finished work.

Sir William and Lady Gregory's only child was born in 1881, and though christened William Robert he was always called by his second name.

In accordance with the family tradition he was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and at an early age gave promise of attaining considerable distinction as an artist. He was also devoted to cricket and riding, and indeed to all forms of outdoor sport.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, he was a Lieutenant in the Connaught Rangers, but the open sky appealed more to his sporting spirit than the more prosaic career of an infantry soldier, and he accordingly joined the Royal Flying Corps.

His many successes in combats against the enemy in France won him rapid promotion to the rank of Major, and earned for him the Military Cross and the Legion of Honour.

When the Italian army was being hard pressed by the Austrians at Caparetto, he was one of the many English and French airmen sent to help.

It was an unlucky change for him. Returning from a successful flight over the enemy lines on the 23rd January, 1918, he was overtaken and shot down from behind by an Austrian airman and killed.

He married Lily, daughter of Graham Parry of Cobham, Virginia, U.S.A., a cousin of mine through the Grahams. As already stated, his widow afterwards married Major Guy Gough.

He left one son, Richard, born in 1909, now a Captain in the Royal Engineers, and two daughters. Anne, the elder, has made a name for herself as a sportswoman, and up to the outbreak of war, had been for some seasons joint Master of the West Waterford hounds, with Miss Anne Hickman. Catherine, the younger sister, is now happily married to Robert Kennedy of Baronrath, Co. Kildare (see Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*, under Kennedy of Johnstown-Kennedy).

In 1919 the Irish poet and author, W. B. Yeats, published a volume of short poems under the title *The Wild Swans at Coole*. Three of them were devoted to Robert's death. One is called "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory."

In the first few verses the author recalls his own intimacy with Lionel Johnson, John Synge, and George Pollexfen, dead and gone friends, and then proceeds :—

" They were my close companions many a year,
A portion of my mind and life, as it were,
And now their breathless faces seem to look
Out of some old picture book ;

I am accustomed to their lack of breath,
But not that my dear friend's dear son
Our Sidney and our perfect man,
Could share in that discourtesy of death.

“For all things the delighted eye now sees,
Were loved by him, the old storm-broken
trees
That cast their shadows upon road and bridge,
The tower set on the stream's edge ;
The ford where drinking cattle make a stir,
Nightly, and started by that sound
The water-hen must change her ground ;
He might have been your heartiest welcomer.

“When with the Galway foxhounds he would ride
From Castle Taylor to the Roxborough side
Or Esserkelly plain, few kept his pace ;
At Mooneen he had leaped a place
So perilous that half the astonished meet
Had shut their eyes ; and where was it
He rode a race without a bit ?
And yet his mind outran the horses' feet.

“We dreamed that a great painter had been born
To cold Clare rock and Galway rock and thorn,
To that stern colour and that delicate line
That are our secret discipline
Wherein the gazing heart doubles her might,
Soldier, scholar, horseman, he
And yet he had the intensity
To have published all to be a world's delight.”

In the opening lines of another, Yeats has ascribed

to my cousin sentiments similar to those with which he was himself animated—

AN IRISH AIRMAN FORESEES HIS DEATH

“I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above ;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love ;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan’s poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds ;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.”

The third poem entitled : “The Sad Shepherd” was a pastoral, consisting of a dialogue between a shepherd and a goatherd lamenting the death of the young Kiltartan shepherd, and sympathising with his mother and widow in their bereavement.

The beauty of its lines may bring comfort to many another mother or widow now stricken by the loss of some loved one in the grim struggle for survival in which practically the whole world is now involved.

“SHEPHERD :

That cry’s from the first cuckoo of the year.
I wished before it ceased.

GOATHERD :

Nor bird nor beast
Could make me wish for anything this day,
Being old, but that the old alone must die,
And that would be against God's Providence.
Let the young wish, But what has brought you
here ?

Never until this moment have we met
Where my goats browse on the scarce grass or
leap
From stone to stone.

SHEPHERD :

I am looking for strayed sheep ;
Something has troubled me, and in my trouble
I let them stray. I thought of rhyme alone,
For rhyme can beat a measure out of trouble
And make the daylight sweet once more, but when
I had driven every rhyme into its place
The sheep had gone from theirs.

GOATHERD :

I know right well
What turned so good a shepherd from his charge.

SHEPHERD :

He that was best in every country sport
And every country craft, and of us all
Most courteous to slow age and hasty youth,
Is dead.

GOATHERD :

• The boy that brings my griddle-cake
Brought the bare news.

SHEPHERD :

He had thrown the crook away
And died in the great war beyond the sea.

GOATHERD :

He had often played his pipes among my hills,
And when he played it was their loneliness,
The exultation of their stone, that cried
Under his fingers.

SHEPHERD :

I had it from his mother,
And his own flock was browsing at the door.

GOATHERD :

How does she bear her grief ? There is not a
shepherd

But grows more gentle when he speaks her name,
Remembering kindness done, and how can I,
That found when I had neither goat nor grazing
New welcome and old wisdom at her fire
Till winter blasts were gone, but speak of her
Even before his children and his wife.

SHEPHERD :

She goes about her house erect and calm
Between the pantry and the linen-chest,
Or else at meadow or at grazing overlooks
Her labouring men, as though her darling lived,
But for her grandson now ; there is no change
But such as I have seen upon her face
Watching our shepherd sports at harvest-time
When her son's turn was over."

and now, alas, even as this chapter is being written
(in the spring of 1942) the work of demolition has
commenced on Coole house, and soon it will have
vanished as completely as Styvechall Hall, the seat of
the elder English branch of the family, has done.

The estate was sold to the Irish Land Commission some time ago, and as no purchaser for the mansion was forthcoming, it was disposed of to a builder and contractor to be pulled down.

Soon all trace of the lovely garden and walks through the nut groves, together with the Pinetum which Sir William planted, and which he and Lady Gregory tended with such loving care, will also disappear, and then all that will remain of the spot where Lady Gregory and Yeats composed so much of their work will be the lake and the "Wild Swans at Coole."

May they long continue to frequent its placid waters undisturbed, and perhaps their presence there may, at some future date, inspire some budding poet or author with the spirit and spark of genius which animated both my cousin and Yeats, a spirit bred and fostered by love for their native land, and pride in its ancient glory.

CHAPTER XI

THE WESTCOURT BRANCH

As I have already recorded in a previous chapter, William, the Under Secretary for Ireland, left a younger son *William* (19), my grandfather, who was born in 1792, and educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Dublin (B.A. Æst. 1815, M.A. Vern 1823). He was Rector of Fiddown in the County of Kilkenny, and married in 1817, Anne, daughter of Sir Charles Levings, 5th Bart., of Knockdrin Castle, Co. Westmeath.

He seems to have lived the typical life of the old sporting country parson. He was a regular follower of the Waterford hounds, one of the last of the old red-coated hunting parsons, and was on terms of great friendship with the local parish priest, also a keen rider to hounds.

Whenever a meet occurred within a reasonable distance of Fiddown, the parson in his red coat, and the priest in his black coat, would sally forth together for the day's sport, and ride home again together in the evening.

I still wear on my watch chain an agate seal with the family coat-of-arms, presented to my grandfather by the 3rd Marquess of Waterford. It bears the inscription on one side of the gold mount "Dec. 17th, 1835." On that day, the old Marquess, as my father always spoke of him, had a bad fall out hunting, and as a result was confined to bed for a long time. My grandfather used to ride over to Curraghmore every day to sit with him,

and read the newspaper to him, and when Lord Waterford recovered he presented him with the seal as a mark of his gratitude and affection.

Twenty-three years later "the old Marquess" had another fall from his horse when hunting near Carrick-on-Suir, but this time with fatal results.

My grandfather died in 1874, having had three sons and one daughter. His eldest son, William, born in 1822, was an officer in the Irish Revenue Police, and was a keen yachtsman. At the early age of twenty-three he was drowned in a yachting accident in Lough Ree, for although a powerful swimmer, when his boat capsized in a sudden squall, his foot got caught in the rigging and he was trapped beneath the sail.

The second son, Richard, who never married, was a Captain in the Royal Artillery, and served throughout the first Kaffir War in 1853. His medal, along with twenty-one others, awarded to various members of the family for campaigns going back to Waterloo and the Crimea were in my possession until last year, when they were all destroyed along with many family miniatures and other treasures in the big aerial attack on Portsmouth on the night of 10th January, 1941.

Richard brought back with him from South Africa two "diamonds," which he had purchased from a native, and which my father had set into a semi-circular bar of gold to serve as a coat link. One of the stones having been lost, the other was made into a tiepin, which my father presented to me on my twenty-first birthday, and of which I was very proud.

One afternoon, while looking at some book on

Africa in the Linenhall Library in Belfast, I happened to see that the earliest recorded diamonds found in Africa only dated back to about 1870.

Seeing that my uncle had returned from South Africa in 1853, I was naturally pretty excited over this, and next day I took the tiepin to the principal jewellers in Belfast, where a very brief examination sufficed to establish the disappointing fact that my historic diamond was nothing more than a bit of glass. I shall never really know for certain whether the Kaffir sold my uncle "a pup," or whether the jeweller changed the two diamonds for glass when they were being made into a coat link, or whether the fraud was perpetrated when the tiepin was made. I fancy, however, that the odds are that "the nigger in the wood pile" was in this case a real nigger.

My grandfather's only daughter, Selina (called after her aunt, another daughter of Sir Charles Levinge), married Major Charles Stuart Miller. I can just remember him when as a small boy I visited my aunt's house at Monkstown, near Dublin. He was the first blind man I had ever come in contact with, and I can recollect my wonder and awe at seeing him reading the Bible in the huge Braille books which stood on a shelf in the dining-room.

I do not know how he became so afflicted, nor where he came from. One of my sisters still has a very finely bound edition of Strickland's *Queens of England*, which belonged to him. The flyleaf of the first volume is inscribed "From Lord James Stuart to his godson, Charles Stuart Miller," but curiously enough I am unable to trace any Lord

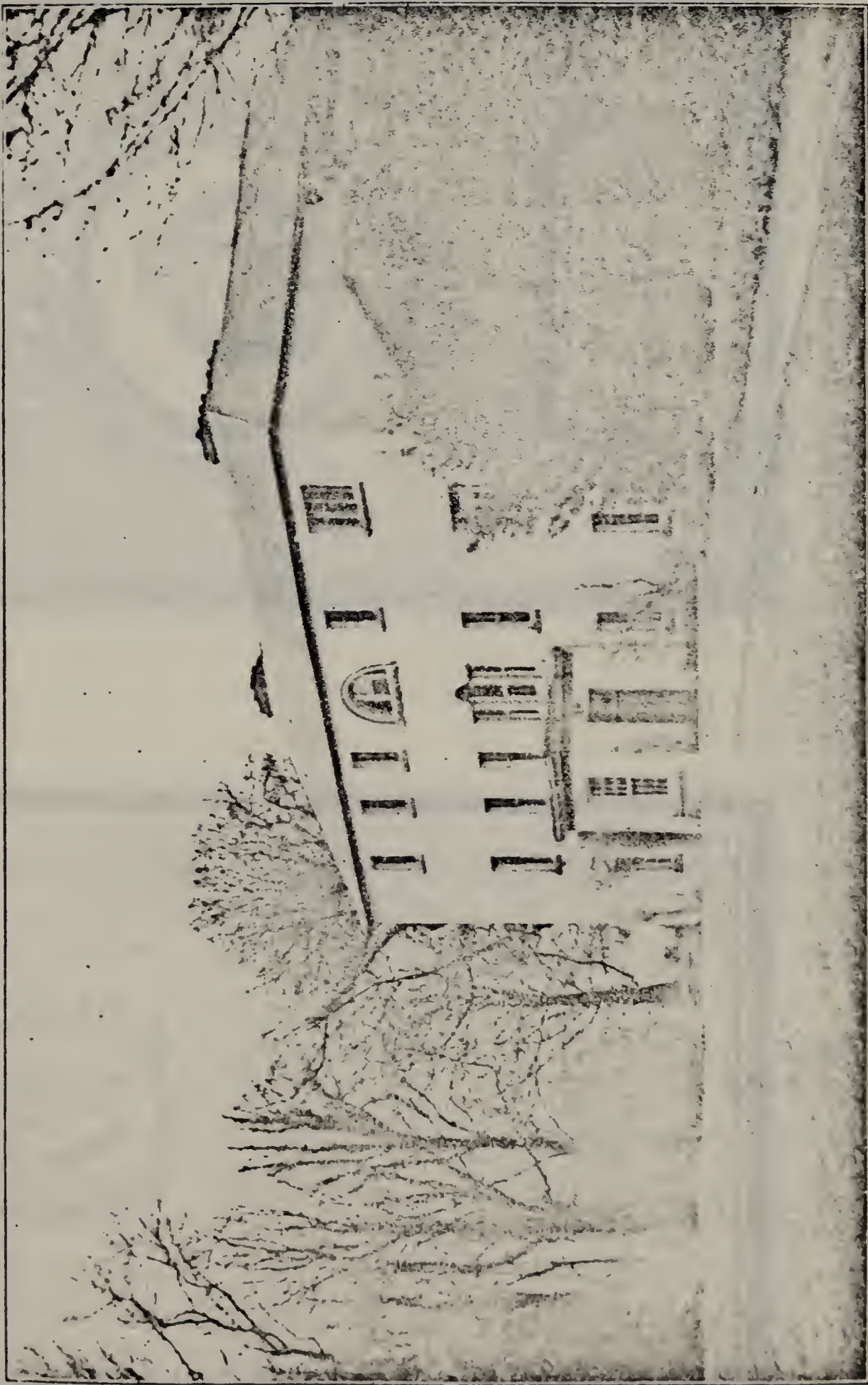
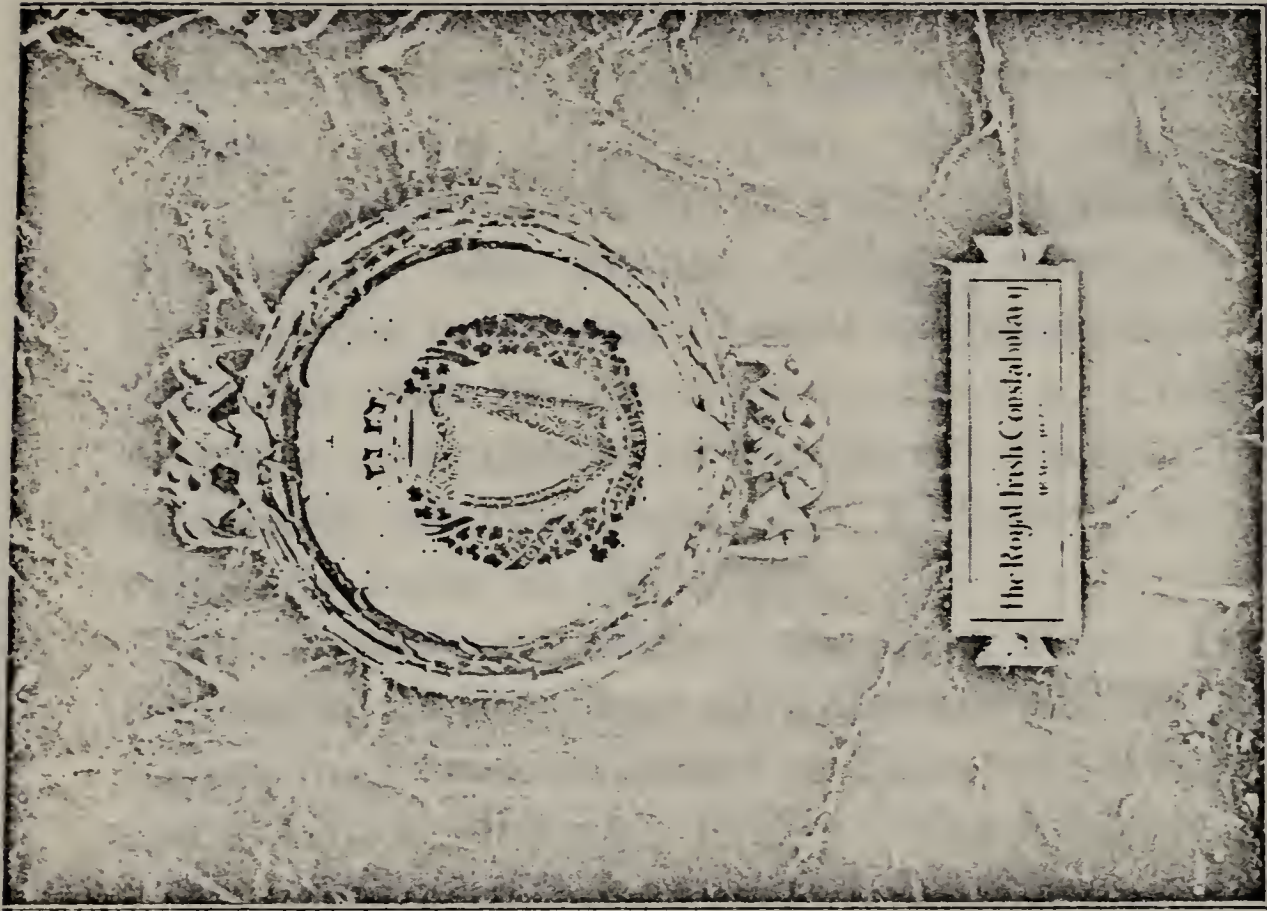


Photo by

COOLE PARK HOUSE, CO. GALWAY

[E. J. Treiston, Gort.]



PLAQUES IN MEMORY OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY IN ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER CATHEDRALS.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and the Administrator of Westminster Cathedral

James Stuart in the Peerage at a time when the book might have been presented (about 1830-45).

Henry Charles Gregory (20), the youngest son, and my father, was born in 1827, and educated at Shrewsbury and Trinity College, Dublin. He adopted the profession of civil engineer, but never practised after his marriage in 1861 to Charlotte, daughter, and coheir of the Revd. Charles Butler Stevenson, of Westcourt, Co. Kilkenny, who had originally been in the army.

Mr. Stevenson's father, the Very Revd. George Stevenson, D.D., Dean of Kilfenora and Rector of Callan, had been educated at Eton, and was LL.D. and a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

The late Lady Teignmouth, wife of the 4th Baron, and herself a Kilkenny woman, told me that she remembered hearing from her father, Peter Connellan, of Coolmore, that my great grandfather had come to Kilkenny as tutor to the children of the Marquess of Ormonde. The living of Callan was then in the gift of the Ormonde family, and as there was no young member, or poor relation in need of it, when it became vacant, it was presented to Mr. Stevenson.

Apparently Callan was at that time one of the plums of the Irish Church. According to Burke's *History of the Commoners*, the Venerable Henry Chandler of Callan Castle, Archdeacon of Ossory, was "Rector of the great living of Callan," and my father told me that the Stevensons had a stipend of £1,600 a year from it.

That was, of course, prior to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church by Gladstone in 1869. Now it has been found necessary to unite two parishes

into one, and the stipend is probably only about one-third of what the Stevensons drew for Callan alone.

I am indebted to my old friend and neighbour, Percy Poë, of Harley Park, for the following story about my grandfather, which he had heard as a boy from his own father.

All cavalry troops on the march from the Curragh to barracks in Tipperary used to halt for the night in Callan, and my grandfather invariably invited the officers in charge of each detachment to dine at Westcourt, a practice which was also observed in my father's time.

On one such occasion Mr. Stevenson had invited three young officers to dinner, and over the port had so entertained his guests with his views on current topics, that one young cornet expressed his surprise that his host had been content to live a humdrum life buried in a little country place like Callan, instead of going out into the world to see a bit of life. My grandfather just smiled, and then remarking that the decanter needed replenishing, asked his guests to excuse him while he fetched another bottle from the wine cellar. Having selected one, he slipped upstairs, and took a medal from a case in the drawing-room. Great was the surprise and confusion of the young cornet, when my grandfather returned to the dining-room with his Waterloo medal pinned on the lapel of his dinner jacket, and he learned that his host had taken part in that famous engagement as an officer of the First Dragoons. Alas, that medal was also reduced to molten metal in the aerial bombardment of Portsmouth to which I have already referred.

This story reminds me of another dinner at Westcourt, while I was at college, just before I entered the Royal Irish Constabulary.

A few years earlier, the 57th (Middlesex) Regiment, the old "Diehards" had been quartered in Kilkenny, which was then a very gay county, where tennis parties, American tournaments, and picnics, followed in rapid succession throughout the summer months. As we had two very good courts at Westcourt, the young officers were frequently there, and we all became on very friendly terms.

The regiment later left for Malta, and the following winter two of the officers, Captains Stephenson and "Birdy" Finch went home on leave, and came over to Ireland to spend Xmas with us at Westcourt.

At dinner on Xmas night my father recollected that there were in the wine cellar two old Dutch stone jars of white curaçao, which his grand uncle, the 2nd Earl of Clancarty had brought back from The Hague where he had been British Resident.

He decided to have one of these flagons out for the Xmas toasts. Returning to the dining-room with it, he remarked that he did not like the look of the cork, and that it appeared to have been tampered with.

Having drawn it, and put the flagon to his nose, it was evident to everyone present that he liked the smell of it still less. On pouring some of the contents of the flagon into a wine glass a filthy looking viscous fluid emerged. The smell became a bit too much for us, and the flagon was quickly removed from the room.

Some time or other during the hundred years it had lain in this country, a butler had evidently

drunk the curaçao and replaced it with very inferior potheen, which had gone bad. Undismayed, and hoping for the best, my father then produced the second flagon, the contents of which proved to be the original curaçao in excellent mellow condition.

I think both Stephenson and Finch subsequently commanded the regiment. Stephenson fell at the head of his men in the Great War, leading them in an assault on an enemy position, and shouting to the last "Stick it, men, die hard, die hard."

He was always known in the regiment as "The Bunge," but I do not recollect how he came to acquire that nickname. He was a keen sportsman, a real "Sahib," and a good man across country. I can still see him riding his mount to victory in the Tally-ho Plate (Red Coat Race), a three and a half mile steeplechase, over the old Danesfort course in Kilkenny, in May, 1892. A very gallant little gentleman, he met the death he would have selected had he been given his choice.

My father married secondly, Alicia, daughter of Arthur Gambell, of Washbrook, Westmeath, and at his death in 1918, at the great age of 91, had the very decent (or should it be indecent) total of fifteen children, thus tieing with the record set up for the family by his ancestor, Captain George Gregory, the hero of the Siege of Derry, over two hundred years earlier.

My father never wore glasses, and could read the newspaper until within a few weeks of his death.

As particulars of all his children are given in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, I need not refer to them here.

Of his eight sons only three married, and of these, I alone have been blessed with any family.

My elder brother, Major General Charles Levinge Gregory, entered the army as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers in 1889, exchanging into the 19th Bengal Lancers (Fane's Horse) in 1892. He served in the Zakkha Khel Expedition of 1908, for which he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the medal with clasp. He commanded his own regiment at the beginning of the Great War, and later the 3rd Indian Cavalry Brigade in Palestine, being mentioned six times in despatches. He was decorated with the C.B. in 1918, and the C.M.G. the following year. He married Irma, daughter of Major E. Harran of the 4th Dragoon Guards. Their only child survived her birth but a few days.

My youngest surviving brother, Commander William Gregory, R.N., married Frances, daughter of E. Liggett, of Hiawatha, Kansas, U.S.A.

When returning to England on the hospital ship *Rewa* during the Great War, she was torpedoed in midwinter, and he suffered so much from exposure before being picked up that he had to be invalided out of the Navy.

And now for the second time in this generation war has been forced upon us, and in addition to the relatives I lost in the Great War, the present conflict has already claimed my grandson, Second Lieutenant Alan Ramage of the Royal Artillery (66th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment), a mere lad of but nineteen years; my nephew, John Elliott, also a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery (310th Anti-Aircraft Battery); whilst the fate of another nephew, Doctor Desmond Faris, is unknown, for nothing has been heard of

him since the disastrous surrender of Singapore, when he remained at his post to the bitter end in the discharge of his duty as Chief Health Officer.

Of myself I desire to write as briefly as possible. Born in 1871, I was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, being the fourth generation of the family to do so. I took first place at the ordinary entrance examination, but dropped to fourth place at the Honours Exam., the following day. However, I atoned for this by taking entrance prizes (of £2 each) in History and Geography, the first bit of money I had ever earned by my own exertions.

While still a Freshman I went up for the LL.B. Exam., for which I read without a grinder, much to the amusement of my friends, who pointed out that no Freshman had ever been successful in passing the Exam. since Queen Elizabeth founded the College 300 years back.

Whether that was true or not I cannot say, but I passed all right, taking first place, and in the following term I successfully got through the LL.D.

I fear that thereafter my academic pursuits were entirely abandoned in favour of race meetings, tennis parties, and dances, and I only just managed to scrape through the exam. for my Arts Degree.

Although I had the LL.B. degree conferred along with my B.A. I never returned to Trinity to have the M.A. and LL.D. degrees conferred until this summer, fifty-one years after I had passed the examination for LL.D.

The Senior Proctor, Sir Robert Tate, was so intrigued with this record, that he notified all the Dublin Press beforehand and when I arrived at the Examination Hall to have the degrees conferred, he

warned me on no account to leave after the ceremony until I had been interviewed by the reporters, and when I emerged into the Square I found myself confronted with five Press camera men.

When the Latin formula conferring the LL.D. had been read by the Chancellor of the University, Lord Iveagh, he and the Provost, Dr. Alton, shook hands with me and congratulated me. I hope I am not giving Lord Iveagh away, when I mention that under cover of the applause from the body of the hall which followed on the reading of the formula, he leaned across the table, and remarked to me "I find it very difficult to read all this Latin correctly." Unfortunately, I was not quick-witted enough to make the reply which only occurred to me when I had resumed my seat : "I fully sympathise with your lordship, and think it is deplorable that in a Dublin University the proceedings should be conducted in a difficult and obsolete language like Latin, instead of in simple everyday Irish !"

In 1900 I married Martha, daughter of William Faris, of Ballyhue, Co. Cavan, and widow of Francis Berry Fetherstonhaugh, of Carrick, Westmeath. My only child, *Richard Alan Vere* (22), now a Commander in the Navy, was born in 1907 and married in 1931, Jeanne, daughter of Gordon McDonald, of London. They have one daughter, Maureen, but no male heir, so that unless my young cousin of Coole takes to himself a wife, the Irish branch of the family bids fair to become as extinct in the male line as the senior branch has already become in England.

I entered the Royal Irish Constabulary in 1894

while still in Trinity College. I have already referred to some of the events of the stormy days preceding the setting up of the Irish Free State, and the subsequent disbandment of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a force which has won for itself a world-wide reputation, and on which many of the Colonial police forces are modelled.

During the first twenty years of my service, and before the political situation became acute, there was probably no other profession in the world which afforded such scope and leisure for enjoying a maximum amount of sport at a minimum expense.

I was appointed Chairman of the Representative Body of the Royal Irish Constabulary in 1921, and as such had interviews with Mr. Winston Churchill, and other members of the Government in London.

When the terms of the disbandment of the Force were being framed, I went over to London in the spring of 1922, and with the active assistance of Captain C. C. Craig, M.P., brother of the great Ulster Leader, the late Lord Craigavon, I had a private committee formed in the House of Commons to look after the interests of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

I was fortunate enough to have as my chairman that very able and most courteous gentleman of the old school, Sir John Butcher, K.C., shortly afterwards raised to the Peerage as Lord Danesfort. I need hardly add that all the Ulster members gave their services, particularly Captain Herbert Dixon, who kindly acted as Honorary Secretary, while Mr. Joe Devlin, the veteran Ulster Nationalist Leader, assured me privately of his support, though naturally he could not appear openly at any of our meetings.

Of the English members, amongst whom was Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, destined soon after to fall a victim to the assassin's gun, I owe the greatest debt of gratitude to Sir Martin Archer-Shee, who took a deep and personal interest in our committee, and gave me every possible assistance.

During the debates in the House I used to sit in a funny little recess or cage, just wide enough to contain one bench on which about half a dozen people could sit. It was on the same floor level, and really part of the debating chamber, and if any question arose requiring elucidation, some member of my committee would come along and interrogate me.

I don't know whether this little recess had any official designation. There was a grille separating it from the debating chamber, doubtless to prevent any ill-disposed person from suddenly rushing in and creating a scene in the midst of a debate, and so it always reminded me of a lion's cage, in which for the only time in my life, I could assume the part of a lion. It is much more likely that it was known, if not to the members, at least to the staff, as the monkey-house, but I preferred to associate it in my mind with the more dignified member of the animal world.

My son, Commander Richard Gregory, R.N., was Navigating Officer in the *Royal Oak* when she was torpedoed, and would undoubtedly have lost his life along with his 800 companions who perished but for the fact of being a very powerful swimmer.

Fortunately for him, he was still on deck when the first torpedo struck her. When three more hits followed in rapid succession, he knew she was

doomed, and would sink in a few minutes. He accordingly stripped to his underwear, and when the ship heeled over, he clambered up (or should it be down?) her side, and so when she turned turtle, he found himself sitting astride the keel. Three stoker ratings had followed his example. One of them at once produced a packet of cigarettes and another a box of matches, and all four began to smoke, while discussing their novel situation.

An ominous movement of the vessel, told them that it was time to look for a "better 'ole." After swimming a short distance they were all picked up by a pinnace, already over-crowded. Hardly had they been packed into her, when several other men tried to clamber on board on the same side, with the result that she capsized, and nearly all on board were trapped underneath her.

Most of these unfortunate men, obeying a natural instinct, just struggled upwards, and were caught in a tangled mass inside the upturned boat. My son dived down and outwards and so came up clear, but saw no more of any of his late companions.

He was then faced with two alternatives, to swim for the shore, a matter of about half a mile, or remain where he was till daybreak, then four hours distant. Most men would have struck out for the shore at once, but my son realised that all the thick oil from the engines was setting that way with the tide, and that he would be choked before getting half-way to land. He accordingly resolved to remain floating around, and after about two hours he thought he heard a boat moving near at hand and hailed her.

Happily his surmise was correct. She proved to

be a ship's whaler searching for survivors and he was taken on board.

At a later stage of the war he had a still more miraculous escape. His ship was in harbour tied up to a jetty beside a crane used to hoist stores on board. One night when on watch the sirens went, followed soon after by the drone of planes and a little later by the sound of bombs exploding. Presently he heard in the sky above him a weird sound which for some time he was unable to identify, and then realised it must be one of the extra big bombs coming down by parachute. As it seemed to be about to fall on him, he threw himself flat on the deck and prayed for a miracle to happen. Almost immediately there was a tremendous thud on the pier beside the crane only a few yards distant from where he was lying, and then silence. After a few moments, realising that he was still alive, he got up and went down the gangway to the jetty. A large black object was standing up beside the crane. This turned out to be a 2,000 lb. bomb enveloped in a parachute. When examined next day by an expert it was found that the detonating charge in the nose cap had exploded all right, but instead of going into the main chamber of the bomb, it had passed outside it, and so failed to explode the bomb. The most likely cause to account for this seeming miracle is that as the bomb came down swaying from side to side, the nose struck the edge of the crane, and was either broken off or so bent that the explosive charge passed harmlessly to one side and so failed to reach or explode the main charge.

CHAPTER XII

“LET’S TALK OF GRAVES . . . AND EPITAPHS.”

—King Richard II.—Act 3, Sc. 2.

After my father’s death in 1918 Westcourt was sold, and a few years later the house was completely gutted by fire, and nothing now remains but the outer walls.

For the benefit of any member of the family who may in any future generation be interested in genealogy, I may record that there are many memorial tablets to various members of the family in the old parish church of Callan. Although these tablets may have no interest for the general public, the old church is well worth a visit, and cannot fail to interest and delight all antiquarians and lovers of the beautiful in ancient architecture.

Canon Leslie, in his informative work *Ossory Clergy and Parishes*, states that Callan was the largest and most important parish in the diocese, and he records the names of every Rector from the year 1215. It is of interest to note that the second Rector was no less important a person than Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, who in 1255 was “dispensed to hold two benefices in England with that of Callan.” It may seem strange why such a potent English nobleman, should hold the benefice of a country parish in a remote and, at that time, almost unknown part of Ireland.

The explanation, however, is a simple one. Richard de Clare’s mother, Isabel, was the daughter and heir of Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke,

more generally known by his nickname of "Strongbow," and through her he inherited a fifth part of the Marshal Estates, including Kilkenny, with the right of the benefice of Callan, the most important parish in the county.

The nave of the original church is now roofless, the present church being what was formerly the chancel. I was told as a boy that the old roof was of oak beams and that a former Rector had pulled it down to burn as firewood during a very severe winter.

The walls and arches are intact, the architecture being Gothic of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and as Canon Leslie states, the traceried windows in both nave and chancel, still in very good repair, are really beautiful and of singularly graceful design.

Running round and above the arched gateway leading into the nave is a curious old "whispering stone." A concave recess of cut stone runs round the Gothic lancet top. If you stand at either the right- or left-hand side of the gate, and whisper into the recess, in so low a tone that a person immediately beside you can hear nothing, every word will be heard quite distinctly by anyone standing with his ear to the cavity at the other side of the gateway.

Above the gateway is a square stone set into the wall, on which is carved the head of some ancient Irish Queen or Saint, wearing the traditional high double peaked head dress.

There were many very fine and beautifully carved tombstones to members of illustrious families in the churchyard, some going back to the fifteenth

century, but as recorded by the late Mr. Shelley, of Callan, in *The Memorials of the Dead*, about 100 years ago the Rector, being desirous of repairing the aisle of the chancel, actually dug up these tombstones and used them to reflag the floor. They had the inscriptions carved round the edges, and in many cases these were ruthlessly cut off to fit the stone into corners and spaces. Some were actually cut in two, one half being used to fill up a vacant spot, and the other portion thrown away. One such defaced tombstone is to a member of the Le Blond family who died in 1442, and that portion of the inscription now remaining states that "160 days' Indulgence is granted to all who shall say a *Pater* and *Ave* for his soul."

The Le Blonds, soon after that date, anglicized their name to White, and resided for a time at Westcourt, which in some ancient document is referred to as Westcourt alias Whitescourt.

While hunting up old records and inscriptions to assist me in compiling the family history, I came across many memorial tablets and tombstones, some of which I deemed of sufficient interest to record. The earliest that I found is an inscription "near the Belfrey-dore of the Collegiate Church of Our Lady" at Warwick to the memory of the wife of Edmund Gregory, grandson of that William Gregory of Asfordby, who married the sister and heir of John Malyn, thus bringing in the Dymmock and Marmion quartering, as narrated in Chapter I. It reads as follows :—

Quae fuit Edmundi conjux Prior
Elizabetha Gregorii, gentis
Radclifforum edita stirpe Fratris

APPOLINEA clari doctoris in arte.
 Hic placide fatis defuncta in pace quiescit
 mille novem demptis Christi
 numeravimus annos Sexcentosq ;
 dies Octobris bis quoq ; denos cum lenti
 crebros morbi perpessa labores ante
 diem periit summoq ; in flore, puellis
 Elizabetha, Annaq ; tenella prole relictis
 Quodq ; unum potuit supremum pignus
 amoris hoc conjux dedit, signavit carmine marmor.
 1591.

This inscription will certainly intrigue anyone who fancies himself as a Latin scholar, for having failed to translate it to my own satisfaction, I submitted copies to several learned classical scholars, including a Provost of Trinity College.

When I found how far their translations of a clearly legible printed tablet differed one from another, I realised how easy it is to make mistakes in rendering into English old Latin manuscripts, where the writing is almost indecipherable, and the spelling illiterate, apart altogether from the question of deciding the real meaning the words were intended to convey.

The best translation I received was sent to me by Mr. Allen Carey, the Headmaster of Mourne Grange School, Co. Down, and read as follows :—

“Here lies Elizabeth, by lineage sprung from the family of Radcliffe, first wife of Edmund Gregory, brother of the illustrious doctor in Medicine. She peacefully passed away on the 21st day of October, 1591. After suffering from the manifold afflictions of a lingering malady. She

succumbed before her time and in the flower of her youth, leaving a tender progeny of two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne. Her husband has here set this last token of his love, the sole gift he could give, and has marked the tablet with an inscription."

Some of the translators thought the learned doctor was a brother of Elizabeth and not of Edmund. Others made him a Doctor of Music. Most of them thought that the wife had in addition to Elizabeth and Anna a third "tender little infant" who was the last pledge of love the wife could give.

The Heralds' Visitation of Leicester, taken in 1619, make it clear that Mr. Carey's translation is the correct one, and that Edmund Gregory's first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Roger Radcliffe, had only two children, Elizabeth and Anne. All the persons to whom I submitted this inscription were in agreement in considering that the method of arriving at the date of death was most extraordinary, being literally—

"We have numbered from the year of Our Lord a thousand years, nine having been subtracted, with six hundred more and twice ten days of October."

Should these notes ever reach the eye of anyone who fancies himself as a classical scholar, he can derive plenty of occupation by attempting to produce a better translation than the one I have given above, and if he succeeds, I trust he will favour me with a copy of the result of his labours.

In one of the lineal descents given in the Appendix to this book, there occurs the name of Anne Boleyn,



THE LATE HENRY CHARLES GREGORY, J.P., OF WESTCOURT, WITH HIS SEVEN FIGHTING SONS.

Reproduced from *The Lisburn Standard*, by permission of the Proprietor.

Top L.—Capt. G. Gregory, Durham Light Infantry; Queen's South African Medal (5 clasps); King's South African Medal (2 clasps); Kimberley Star; Zululand Medal and Clasp; *d.* 1918.

Top R.—Sergt. E. Gregory, Cape Mounted Rifles, Queen's South African Medal (5 clasps); King's South African Medal (2 clasps); Kalahari Medal and Clasp; *d.* 1913.

Middle L.—Lieut.-Commander H. Gregory, R.N., General Service Medal and Clasp; 1911-15 Star; British War Medal; Victory Medal; *d.* 1917.

Middle R.—Capt. R. Gregory, R.N., Egyptian Medal, Khedive's Star, Medal and Clasp Benin Expedition; *d.* 1917.

Bottom L.—Vere Gregory, M.A., LL.D., County Inspector Royal Irish Constabulary; King Edward's Medal; four First Class Favourable Records.

Bottom M.—Major-General Charles Gregory, C.B., C.M.G., Despatches, Medal and Clasp, Zakkha Khel Expedition; European War, 1914-18, Despatches six times; Lieut.-Col., 19th Lancers; Commanding 3rd Indian Cavalry Brigade, 1920-3.

Bottom R.—Commander W. Gregory, R.N. Medals—Africa General Service; Naval General Service; 1914 Star; British War, 1914-18; Victory; Delhi, Durbar, and following foreign decorations: Order of Crown of Italy; Order of St. Stanislaus (with crossed swords); Order of St. Anne (with crossed swords); Italian Active Service, 1915-18.

(See page 156.)



OLD "WHISPERING ARCH" ENTRANCE GATE, AND NAVE OF CALLAN CHURCH
 These photos were specially taken for the author by Mr. Michael Hayden and
 Mr. Michael Bradley of Callan,

who married Sir Robert Newcomen of Mosstown, Co. Longford.

This Anne Boleyn had two sisters who are interred in the old burial ground at Clononey Castle, near Shinrone in King’s County (now Offaly). The tombstone over their grave bears the following inscription :—

Here under leys Elizabeth and Mary
Bullyn, daughters of Thomas
Bullyn, son of George Bullyn, the
son of George Bullyn Viscount
Rochford, son of Sir Thomas
Bullyn, Erle of Ormond and Wiltsheere.

The “Erle of Ormond and Wiltsheere,” I need hardly explain, was the father of Queen Anne Boleyn, the ill-fated second wife of Henry VIII, and mother of Queen Elizabeth.

There are two portraits of Elizabeth and Mary Bullyn still in existence and now in the possession of the Earl of Rosse, who also with the Gregorys and other Irish families can claim Queen Anne Boleyn as a great grand-aunt, and Queen Elizabeth as a first cousin, even though it be, as in my case, twelve times removed.

I used to wonder how these two sisters came to be buried in Ireland, and imagined that in all probability, they had come over from England with their sister Anne, when she married Sir Robert Newcomen.

It seems, however, that they had a brother Thomas, and that all the family had come to Ireland before Anne’s marriage, for I find from Sadleir’s *Alumni Dublinenses* that the brother, his son, and

grandson were all educated at Trinity College, Dublin. The entries concerning them are recorded in the College Registers as follows :—

“ Bullen, Thomas, Pen. (educated by Mr. Jackson Chester). June 16, 1684, aged 24, son of Thomas de Comitatu Cestriensi, b. Cheshire.

“ Bullen, Thomas, Pen. (Mr. Sheridan, Dublin) March 17th, 1719-20, aged 18, son of Thomas M.D. ; b. Nantwicht (sic) England. Sch. 1722. B.A. Vern. 1724. M.A.Æst 1727.

“ Bullen, Robert, Pen. (Mr. Wood) July 5th 1750

B.A. Vern. 1756.”

On a tombstone in the old churchyard at Finnoe, near Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary, the following inscription is carved :—

“ Here lieth the body of Lieut. John Gregory, who died the first day of May 1763, aged 60 years.”

This John Gregory, a Lieutenant in Lord Harrington's regiment, was a son of Captain George, who played such a conspicuous part in the Siege of Derry, and who subsequently settled at Killerida in Kerry. His elder brother the Revd. Robert Gregory, who as I have already related was incumbent of eight parishes, extending over three counties and two dioceses, is buried at Killermogh, near Ballacolla, Queen's County (now Leix), where I unearthed his tombstone, and with much difficulty deciphered the mossgrown inscription.

Here lies the body of
the Rev. Robert Gregory
he depd. this life
the 6th May 1753, aged 60 years,
and Robt. his son, depd.
the 7th April 1750, aged 12 years.

The Lady Anne, wife of William Gregory, the Under Secretary for Ireland, lies in the Gardiner vault beneath Saint Thomas’s Church in Dublin, along with many other dead and gone Gardiners, Mountjoys and Blessingtons. Her grandfather’s coffin plate bears the inscription :—

“The Right Hon. Charles Gardiner,
died 15th Nov. 1769.
Benefactor of the ground
that this Church is built on.”

Her first cousins, children of Luke, Viscount Mountjoy, and their brother the Earl of Blessington, sleep beside her. One of the sisters (Louisa) married Robert Fowler, Bishop of Ossory, and both of them, together with their daughter, are interred in the family vault.

The Earl of Blessington, who also rests there, was evidently partial to widows. His first wife, whom he espoused as Viscount Mountjoy, was Mary Campbell, widow of Major William Brown. She lies next to my great grandmother.

Lord Mountjoy subsequently was created Earl of Blessington, and married the widow of Mr. St. Leger Farmer. Her friendship with Count D’Orsay was perhaps the most widely discussed *cause célèbre* of the eighteenth century.

Now after a lapse of 100 years the calumny which

surrounded her has been dissipated and her character vindicated in the sympathetic account of her tragic and unhappy life, which Michael Sadleir has given us in his charming book, *Blessington-D'Orsay*, published in 1933.

Another of the Mountjoy sisters, Margaret, married John, 3rd Earl of Donoughmore. She is not interred in the Gardiner vault, but curiously enough her husband, who outlived her by many years, and died in the lifetime of his second wife, is buried there.

Why she did not take her lord and master down to the Donoughmore burial ground at Knocklofty, or to her own people's resting place at Castle Reynell, Westmeath, instead of interring him in the vault of his first wife's family, is not clear.

This John, 3rd Earl of Donoughmore, was a Captain in the army during the Peninsular War. He was tried in Paris in 1816, deprived of his commission, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for aiding in the escape from prison of the French General La Valette.

It was, however, realised that this escapade was prompted by a youthful spirit of adventure, and not by any desire to assist England's enemy, for on his release from prison, he was honourably reinstated in the army.

My grandfather, the Revd. William Gregory, who was Rector of Fiddown, and his wife are both buried in Piltown churchyard. There is a tablet to their memory on the wall above the pulpit in Piltown Church, recording their labours of over half a century in the parish.

Sacred
to the memory of
WILLIAM GREGORY
youngest son of the late
Right Honble. William, and Lady Anne Gregory
of Coole Park, Co. Galway.
for upward of 52 years Rector of the Parish of
Fiddown
He died the 22nd of December 1874 aged 82 years.
and of
His wife, [Anne], 3rd. daughter of
Sir Charles Levinge, 5th Baronet,
of Knockdrin Castle, Co. Westmeath.
She died the 19th of September 1875 aged 86 years.
“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

Their eldest son, William, my uncle, was, as
I have already recorded, drowned in Lough Ree.
He was buried in the churchyard attached to Saint
Mary’s Church, Athlone. There is a tablet to him
in the church which is somewhat quaintly worded:—

Sacred to the Memory of
William R. Gregory, Esq.,
whom the Lord suddenly summoned
from time to Eternity by the upsetting
of a sail boat in Lough Ree.
Sept. 30th 1845. Aged 23.
Eldest son of the Revd. William Gregory
(1 Cor. 15.22).

There is a very handsome monument let into the
south wall of the Parish Church at Finglas, Dublin,
which bears the following inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory of
William Gregory Esq. of Bellevue in this Parish,
who departed this life on the 14th day of October
1853

in the 63rd year of his age.

This tablet is placed here as a tribute of
filial love by his son, William Gregory.

At the foot of the tablet is the Gregory coat-of-arms.

I had never been able to discover into what particular niche in the family tree, this William Gregory fitted. I believed he was a descendant of Captain George Gregory of Killerida, Co. Kerry, whose daughter, Elizabeth, married her cousin, John Gregory of Dublin, in 1748, but while actually correcting the proofs of this book I made the acquaintance of Mr. Philip Crossle, Librarian to the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Ireland, and a life-long genealogist. He informs me that he is a great-grandson of this William Gregory of Bellevue, and that the latter was the eldest son of Dr. William Gregory of Old Leighlin, Co. Carlow. This branch of the Gregory family descended from George Gregory who was Mayor of Drogheda in the seventeenth century, and who had originally come over to Ireland as an Agent or Manager of the landed estates of Sir Garret, Viscount Moore of Drogheda.

This William Gregory of Bellevue was evidently a man of considerable means and sporting instincts for he kept his own private pack of hounds and entertained on a lavish scale at Bellevue.

In the churchyard of Kilbarron Church, Ballyshannon, in Co. Donegal, there is an interesting tombstone to the memory of a young army officer

who was quartered in the old barracks in the town.
It reads as follows :—

Returned to its Native Earth
Lieth

all that was mortal of
Lieut. Taaffe McGovern
late of Northumberland Regt.
of Fencible Infantry.

He fell in a duel on 2nd
of March 1802, in the 23rd
Year of his Age.

If the esteem and regret
of his Brother Officers
who have erected this
stone to his memory
could assist his Soul
to its flight to heaven
its ascent must have been
rapid, and its reception good.

Although Taaffe McGovern was in no way connected with my family, the tombstone is of great interest to me, for the duel was fought in the field adjoining the garden at Laputa, where my son-in-law and my daughter, Captain and Mrs. Ramage, reside. At that time theatricals were frequently held in Ballyshannon and on the night of 1st March, 1802, Robert Owenson, the Actor and Manager of the Theatre Royal, had appeared in a play with his daughter Sydney.

After the performance there was a supper party in the Military Barracks, at which a quarrel arose between Lieutenant McGovern and a local attorney named Henderson, who had made some disparaging

remark about Miss Owenson. A blow was struck and, of course, a duel was then inevitable.

The combatants met next morning in the field outside Laputa garden, which to this day is known as "McGovern's field."

For some unknown reason the combatants faced east and west, young McGovern with his back to the garden wall, and some ten yards from it, and his opponent fifteen paces further east.

McGovern was thus at a tremendous disadvantage, facing straight into the rising sun, and at the first shot fell dead with a bullet through his heart. His opponent was uninjured. I wonder if, as he took up his position he recalled the motto of his regiment, *Quo Fata Vocant*, for surely the fates had loaded the dice heavily against him that day.

Two plane trees were planted to mark the spots where the combatants stood. The one nearest the garden wall, where young McGovern fell, is a tall and well-shaped tree, dwarfing its stunted rival in height and girth.

Since "only God can make a tree," and no hand of man has ever sought to influence their growth, may not these two trees be symbolic of the spirit of the two men who faced each other "early on that wild March morning?"

Or, perhaps, it may be that the one tree has so out-stripped the other, because the soil in which its roots were planted was hallowed and enriched with the life-blood of poor young McGovern.

It is a thought which may commend itself, even after the lapse of 140 years to his brother officers in the gallant "Fighting Fifth."

Should it appear to some to be far-fetched, or to

savour of hyperbole, I can only remind them of what wise old Omar Khayyám wrote nearly 900 years ago.

“I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled.”

It is interesting to recall that the young lady over whom the duel was fought afterwards married Sir Charles Morgan, a leading Dublin physician, and as Lady Morgan, or “The Wild Irish Girl,” as she is more generally called, after the title of her best known novel, achieved a European reputation, and amassed over £25,000 by her books : a very large sum for a novelist in those early Victorian days. In her will, besides leaving £15,000 to her nieces, she left £100 for the erection in St. Patrick’s Cathedral of a tablet to the memory of Turlough O’Carolan, the blind Irish bard. The tablet, a large circular medallion, within an oblong frame, all in white marble, is on the north wall of the Cathedral, almost directly opposite the main southern entrance. It depicts the bard seated sideways playing his harp. It is beautifully executed, evidently by a master hand, but Mr. Harper, the Sexton in charge, and official guide to the Cathedral, informs me that there is no record to be found anywhere as to the identity of the artist. Perhaps the mystery might be solved by tracing the executors to Lady Morgan’s will, or the firm of solicitors who acted for them.

Laputa is believed to have derived its name from a vessel of the Spanish Armada which was wrecked off the coast and which bore the name of *La Puta*, or The Lady of Easy Virtue. Others assert that

Dean Swift was a frequent visitor to the house, and that the then owner called it Laputa, in compliment to the Dean.

I am inclined to believe that the Spanish Armada theory is the correct one, and that Dean Swift, intrigued by the name, borrowed it for one of the Islands in *Gulliver's Travels*, perhaps in ignorance of, or possibly because of, its real meaning.

It will be remembered that he makes Gulliver put forward the innocent—rather too innocent—suggestion that the word is derived from LAP signifying “sunbeams dancing on the sea waves,” and OUTED meaning “a wing.”

CHAPTER XIII

SPORT WITH A KICK TO IT

Nearly every army officer whom I came across while I was in the old Royal Irish Constabulary gave it as his opinion that in no other country could such a variety of sport be had so cheaply or of such good quality, as was to be found in Ireland, and so I think it will not be amiss if I close these pages by recalling some of the more exciting or unusual sporting events I have witnessed during the last half-century.

I have already referred to the Gaelic Match at Croke Park on Bloody Sunday, surely the most tragic game of football which has ever been played in any country, but I am happy to say that the sporting incidents I am about to relate contain no such note of tragedy, save in one unhappy instance.

In the days of my youth Victorian parents lost no opportunity of impressing on their offspring the evils of gambling, and of horse racing in particular, and so I was nineteen years of age before I was taken by my uncle the late Charles Gardiner, then Resident Magistrate in Cork, and incidentally one of the best shots and fishermen in Ireland, to witness my first race meeting over the Mardyke course in October, 1890.

Amongst the events figuring on the card was a Match between Captain Slade Gully's Viscount, and Mr. Treherne Holme's Grasshopper.

Slade Gully was a sporting Gunner who had been quartered in Kilkenny with his Battery, where he was a frequent visitor at Westcourt, being a keen and

proficient tennis player. In 1890 when quartered in Cork he acquired a very useful hunter called "Viscount." Treherne Holmes was a very well known Tipperary sportsman, who afterwards owned that good horse Tipperary Boy, winner of the Galway Plate in 1899, as a five-year old, and many other good steeplechases in Ireland.

Treherne thought a lot of his five-year old hunter Grasshopper, and matched him against Slade Gully's Viscount, also a five-year old, for £50 a side, owners up, the race to be run over the Cork Park course, twice round, a distance of two and a-half miles.

Viscount carried 12 stone, and Grasshopper 11 stone 10 lbs. and Slade Gully's mount started favourite at 6-4 on.

When the flag fell both horses took their jumps together until they came to the Regulation fence, where Viscount refused and all Slade Gully's efforts could not prevail on him to take it.

Meanwhile Treherne was steadily making his way round at a leisurely pace, being pretty certain that he had only to keep his mount on his legs to win. As he approached the Regulation fence for the second time Slade Gully cantered Viscount back to meet him, and both horses came to the jump together.

To the huge delight of the crowd Viscount took the fence in faultless style, while Grasshopper refused. Identically the same scene was then re-enacted, Viscount taking his jumps at hunting pace, while poor Treherne, the tables now completely turned, in vain put the Grasshopper time and again at the Regulation.

Eventually Viscount completed the circle, and as he again approached the Regulation fence, Treherne

adopted the same tactics which had proved so successful for Slade Gully, and the excitement was intense as both horses reached the jump.

This time, however, Treherne's mount still refused to take it, evidently thinking that once over a Regulation fence in an afternoon was quite enough for a Grasshopper. The noble Viscount, on the other hand, doubtless imbued with the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, took the fence in his stride, and making no further mistakes, finished alone, amidst the mingled cheers and jeers of the spectators.

The race must, I think, have been run in "record" time, for as Slade Gully returned to the enclosure, the horses were going out for the next race.

Treherne Holmes might well in happier circumstances have become another Jack Mytton, but apart from other unfortunate drawbacks, he lacked the broad acres and fine income of the celebrated Squire of Halston, and was generally broke to the wide world.

His exploits were many and varied and would make racy reading, but, I fear, that his biographer would find it difficult to do justice to some of Treherne's exploits, and at the same time avoid doing violence to his reader's sense of decorum, to say nothing of the initial difficulty of getting past the censor.

In what country but Ireland could you witness a steeplechase in which the competitors had to take the Regulation fence with flames several feet high shooting up from it ?

In May, 1896, I was present at the Kilkenny races run over the old Danesfort course. It was the second and concluding day of the meeting. The

various events on the card had been got through in normal manner till we arrived at the fifth race, a two-mile steeplechase, for which four runners turned out. Shortly after the start, smoke and then flames were seen issuing from the dry bushes on top of the Regulation fence, the work of some mischievous members of the crowd on the course. By the time the horses reached it, flames were shooting high above and along its whole length. Undismayed, all four jockeys put their mounts at the burning fiery bush. All fell except Killead, ridden by J. J. Doyle. The favourite, Ashstick, ridden by Mason, was remounted and went on in pursuit of Killead. At the next fence Killead, possibly unsettled and rendered nervous by his experience at the Regulation, swerved and jumped the wing. It took his jockey so long to pull him up, turn, and go back to take the fence again, that Ashstick was enabled to take the lead, and draw away to win in a canter.

The winner was owned by that good sportsman and amateur rider, the late Captain Dewhurst, who later took up training in England, where he quickly established himself in the front rank, and achieved many notable successes for his patrons.

If asked to name the oldest race meeting in the British Isles, I suppose most people would say Newmarket or Epsom, and I doubt whether one person in a hundred, even in Ireland, could give the correct answer.

The distinction belongs, or at any rate did until recent years, to a little out of the way country race-course in the Co. Clare near the borders of Galway. It is situated in the townland of Tirloughmore, in

the midst of barren rock and shale interspersed with scrub and hazel bushes. In the midst of this desolation there is an oval tract of beautiful sward about thirty yards wide, and one and a-half miles in circumference forming a natural racecourse, on which the going is always in perfect order at any season of the year.

Since the days of the ancient Earls of Thomond, ancestors of the Inchiquins and Lords of all that country, the tenants of the townland of Tirloughmore were bound by the terms of their tenure, to hold a fair on the 8th June in each year, the tolls of the fair to be devoted to a race to be run the following day three times round the Tirloughmore course (i.e., four and a-half miles). The race was open to any horse in Ireland and the prize was £10. If the tolls of the fair did not amount to that sum, any deficiency had to be made good by the tenants. The race usually resolved itself into a match between Clare and Galway horses, and fierce faction fights used to take place at every meeting. Indeed, at one time, a detachment of soldiers used to be sent to assist the large force of police which was drafted into the locality every June to maintain order at the fair and race meeting.

I was in charge of the police on one occasion, over forty years ago, but even then the event had been shorn of much of its glory, and the day passed off without any broken heads. The proceedings opened with a collection amongst the spectators to provide the necessary £10 prize for the principal event, and a smaller prize for the consolation race which always wound up the afternoon's sport.

I am sorry to learn from Mr. Neylan, who resides

near at hand at Tubber, that this interesting link with ancient Irish history has been broken, and that no race has been run since 1914.

I do not know how this breach of their agreement affects the few remaining Tirloughmore tenants. In all probability they have now all bought out their holdings under the Land Acts, but, in any event, I do not suppose that anybody is likely to apply for a Writ of *Quo Warranto*, or whatever the legal procedure may be, to have the matter tested, or to bring about a resumption of the race meeting.

Cricket matches are usually associated with orderly crowds, military bands and warm sunny afternoons, in a setting where fair ladies display the latest summer fashions, while taking a much deeper interest in their escorts than in the players or the game.

Such a scene was being enacted on the afternoon of the 3rd June, 1921, in the beautiful grounds of Trinity College, Dublin, where the match between the Military of Ireland and the Gentlemen of Ireland was drawing to a close on the second day of play.

The game had been resumed after the tea interval, the Military team were fielding, while their band was discoursing the latest operatic airs, when suddenly a volley of shots rang out from the railings separating the College Park from Nassau Street.

The Captain of the Military Eleven realising at once that it was an attack by the I.R.A. ordered his men to lie down. The bandsmen hastily discarded their band instruments, and threw themselves flat on the ground, an example followed by many of the spectators. A second volley rang out hard on the heels of the first, and then complete silence.

A party of I.R.A. cyclists had ridden along Nassau Street, which is raised some fifteen feet above the level of the College Park, dismounting they had fired two volleys through the railings at the military, and had then jumped on their bicycles and ridden off as quickly as they had appeared. The Military were soon on their feet again, followed by those members of the spectators who had also lain down, except one young lady, a Miss Wright, who had been sitting on a bench with her back to Nassau Street. It was at first thought she had merely fainted in the excitement of the moment, and she was carried into the pavilion, where medical attention was quickly available. To the horror of those attending her, it was then seen that she was suffering from a bullet wound in the back. She was quickly conveyed to hospital, where on arrival life was found to be extinct. As soon as the sad news was conveyed to the Provost, he informed the captains of both teams, and the game was abandoned.

Another woman who had been sitting near Miss Wright also received a bullet through the arm. Poor Miss Wright does not appear to have ever realised what happened to her. When the first volley rang out, she turned to a lady who was sitting beside her, and exclaimed, "Oh, I have such a pain in my chest." She then collapsed and fell forward to the ground, and never spoke again. Truly in Ireland in those dark days life and death went hand in hand.

The Association Football grounds around Belfast have from time to time provided many wild and exciting scenes, when rival teams of Orangemen and Hibernians met in some Cup round.

I remember one such occasion on a Saint Patrick's Day, about twenty-five years ago, when the replay of a drawn game between Belfast Celtic and Glentoran was down for decision.

The game was a fairly rough and strenuous one from the start, and feeling amongst the supporters of both teams was running high, when, in the last ten minutes, the referee ordered a Celtic player off the ground for fouling. At once the Celtic supporters invaded the field of play in a body waving a Sinn Féin flag. The referee then stopped the match, whereupon a member of the crowd produced a revolver and fired several shots into the densely packed throng of Glentoran supporters, who were making for the exit gates, wounding a police sergeant and three civilians, fortunately, not fatally. In the fight which then ensued many people were injured and over a dozen had to be taken to hospital.

I remember being present at a similar match a few years earlier, just after the Ulster gun running took place in the spring of 1914.

I do not recollect the names of the opposing teams but at the termination of their first meeting, which resulted in a draw, a free fight had ensued which was continued outside the playing ground, and many scores of people had to be treated in hospital for wounds of various sorts.

The replay was held about a month later, and anticipating a somewhat exciting game, I took a busman's holiday, and went up from Lisburn to see the fun.

The supporters of both teams were literally divided into two armed camps on either side of the ground. Long before the game started the ominous

sound of revolver shots could be heard from both sides of the field.

Poor Charlie Redmond, later destined to fall a victim to the gunmen's bullets as he entered his hotel in Dublin just after his appointment as Assistant Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, was in charge of the Constabulary present.

On my arrival he told me he had strict orders from the Commissioner of Belfast to prevent any revolver firing, and to arrest any persons found carrying arms, and as I was senior to him, he consulted me as to what action he should take. I advised him not to be so foolish as to attempt to search a crowd of eight to ten thousand people, practically everyone of whom was armed.

Somewhat dubiously, he took my advice, and the game started to the accompanying reports of revolver shots.

Whenever any player got possession of the ball, and started to run, shots from the opposing side rang out, and if the player looked like scoring, the volleys came in such rapid succession that he either thought it more discreet to shoot wide, or else his nerves were so affected that he was unable to shoot straight, and mercifully, perhaps, the game ended in another draw, and tragedy was averted.

Angling has always been styled "the gentle art," and the only excitement usually associated with this most peaceful pastime in this country is the thrill of hooking and playing a lusty trout or perchance a noble salmon, yet it was my lot to spend an afternoon fishing for salmon under circumstances decidedly novel and exciting.

During the most disturbed period in Ireland prior

to the setting up of the Irish Free State, when police and military were being systematically stalked and shot by emissaries of the Irish Republican Army all over the South and West of Ireland, I was sent from Antrim to Kerry to take charge of the northern half of the county, then in a very disturbed state, and was quartered at Listowel as I have already related in Chapter II.

At that time Captain Arthur Fitzgerald, brother to the Knight of Kerry, was living at Ballinruddery, their shooting and fishing lodge just outside the town. Although he was then carrying on a model farm at considerable loss, in order to give employment to his tenants and workmen, that did not protect him from the political and agrarian troubles which were then rife all over the country.

His gates were stolen or smashed, his cattle driven off his lands, and finally his horses were shot while on their way to the forge to be shod.

Disgusted at this treatment, Captain Fitzgerald called all his employées together, told them what he thought of things, and then dismissed them and left the country.

The stoppage of their wages was a serious loss to them, and one of them came to see me to ask if I would intercede with Captain Fitzgerald to get him taken back.

The run of salmon up the river Feale which flows through Ballinruddery had just commenced, but two men armed and disguised patrolled the banks daily, and forcibly turned off anyone who had a salmon licence or a permit to fish from any of the riparian owners.

Doubtless with the object of ingratiating himself

with me, my visitor asked me if I would like an afternoon's fishing in the demesne, promising me that he would keep me safe from any interference, and would guarantee my personal safety.

On the face of it, it looked rather like an obvious trap to get rid of another member of the British garrison, but I was unable to resist the temptation of killing a salmon under such novel conditions, and I agreed with him to fish the river on the following Sunday afternoon.

When in due course we reached the first salmon throw and I saw the thick woods extending right down to the bank on the opposite side, I confess I had some misgivings, and began to fear I had been somewhat foolhardy, for I was a perfect "sitting shot" for anyone hidden behind a tree, since the river was not more than fifteen yards wide.

However, my ghillie was as good as his word, and no one appeared either to challenge my right to fish or to take a pot shot at me.

It was surely an unique experience, and one which could hardly have occurred anywhere but in Ireland, for a police officer, in the midst of what really amounted to guerilla warfare, to fish a river without either a salmon licence or the permission of the owner, and under the personal protection of a member of the I.R.A.

I have always regretted that I did not land a fish that afternoon. No matter how small it might have been, it would certainly have gone to a taxidermist to be preserved as a memento of much the most interesting afternoon's sport I have ever had on a river.

Sometime after the setting up of the Free State

Constitution betting became legalised in Ireland, and turf accountants' offices sprang up in every town and village.

Nowadays these offices are practically all "multiple shops" owned by the principal Dublin bookmakers, and speculators can rest assured that in the event of their backing a winner, they will get paid.

This was not always so at first. Anyone who could find enough capital to pay the fee, and rent an office, seems to have been entitled to set up in business, with the inevitable result that men of straw carried on while the luck ran in their favour, and disappeared as soon as the tide turned and a run of ill-luck set in.

In a certain small town in the West of Ireland, which must remain nameless, one such budding financier appeared one summer. He was a nice civil young fellow of taking manners, a cheery companion, who could enliven an evening with a good song.

At a concert held soon after his arrival, he so delighted his audience by his rendering of a certain air, that soon all the townfolk were whistling the tune, or humming the words as they went about their work.

Everything in the garden was green for some time, until there came a day when tips for two "good things" came from England from a reliable source.

Everyone in the town had a bit on each of the horses, while the more optimistic punters coupled them also in a double. One came home at 8-1, while the other "obliged" at the very nice odds of 100-8.

With a total capital which had by then risen to possibly about £80, the young accountant found himself called on to pay out several hundred pounds.

I have always understood that to be a successful bookmaker you must be pretty smart at figures, but it did not require much mental effort for the young bookie to realise that the only figures he need worry about were the number of miles he could put between himself and his office, before it was due to open at 11 a.m. the next day.

Accordingly in the dead of night, he slipped out of his lodgings by a back window, and made his way to his office, where his motor cycle stood. There he hastily collected everything portable, but before leaving he took a sheet of paper from the counter, and wrote on it the first line of the chorus of the song he had so popularised during his all too brief sojourn in the town. This he stuck on the inside of the window with some gummed paper, then locking the door, he mounted his motor cycle and quickly disappeared into the night.

Next morning on the approach of 11 a.m. an unwonted air of cheerfulness seemed to pervade the town, as the lucky punters, either singly or in small groups, blithely wended their way to the office to draw their winnings. On every side could be heard snatches of the melody which their sporting benefactor, who, as they fondly imagined, was about to pour such unwonted wealth into their pockets, had rendered so popular.

On arriving at the door of the office one member of each group would turn the handle, and finding it locked would look at the window to see if the turf accountant was inside. Observing the sheet of

paper gummed on the glass, he would murmur "Oh, this will doubtless tell us when he will be back," then stepping up to it, he would read the brief, but all too clear message. "When the fields are white with daisies, I'll return." As a certain great statesman might well have observed had he been present. "Never in the field of equine conflict has so much been conveyed to so many, by so few words."

These sporting anecdotes cover a period of over half a century, and now as I once again visit the scenes in the South and West of Ireland, where some of them were enacted, I cannot help being struck by the marked change for the better, in the condition of the small farmers and peasants.

On every hand the traveller now sees neat and well kept farm-houses, where formerly the eye was offended, and the heart touched by the sight of miserable hovels and tumble-down cabins, but what struck me more than anything else, was the care bestowed on the stone pillars of the entrance gates to even the smallest farms. These seem to be regarded as something in the nature of a hallmark of respectability, and endless trouble is gone to in decorating the coping stones and top layers in varied but always harmonious designs and shades of colour, the main pillar being kept spotlessly white.

Nor is this improvement in their lot confined to the old tenants. Many thousands of labourers' cottages of modern and comfortable design have been erected in every county, while numerous estates have been purchased by the Government, and split up into small holdings, on each of which a comfortable cottage has been built to provide a little

farm on which the "landless men" can live and maintain their families.

How different to the old days of absentee landlordism, so vividly portrayed by Charles Kickham in *Knocknagow*, when the tenants lived in wretched mud cabins, and did not dare to even try and make their homes look tidy or comfortable for fear of having their rents immediately raised, or of being evicted as an alternative.

One of those old cabins, with its mud walls and thatched roof, has always remained fixed in my memory even after a lapse of nearly half a century. It was in Co. Sligo, in the centre of a locality where poteen making was rampant.

I had received information—we never lacked paid informers—that a small and very poor farmer was to "make a run" one night on a desolate bog, bordering on his holding.

When we got to the place shortly after midnight, the run was over, and we only found the burning embers of the fire on which the still had been placed.

We then went on to the farmer's house, a wretched mud cabin, with only one room, in which the entire family fed by day, and slept by night. In one corner stood the usual large "truckle" bed, in which slept, the farmer, his wife, and two children at the head, and five small children at the foot. A family of nine persons in the one bed.

On the foot-rail of the bed some seven or eight fowl were roosting, their droppings falling indifferently either amongst the heads of the five children, or on the back of a cow which lay on a wisp of hay at the foot of the bed, complacently

chewing the cud, and regarding our entrance with stolid indifference.

I knew the run had been made to the order of a well-to-do neighbouring farmer, and as I gazed on this scene of poverty and squalor, I fervently hoped that his unfortunate tool had not kept any of the poteen for his own consumption, but, alas, a small bottle of it, fresh run and still warm, stood on the chimney shelf, and the wretched man had to go to prison for three months, in default of paying the heavy fine which the law imposed on conviction under the Illicit Distillation Act.

In that particular locality, the technique of poteen making was carried to a high degree of skill and art, in which everyone concerned made money, John Bull, as usual, paying the piper.

The stills were all made by the local blacksmith, who was also a bit of a tinsmith. He kept a list of all his clients, with the date at which each had purchased a still.

When he considered a still had been long enough in use, he would send word to the owner that it was time he bought a new one.

Not daring to refuse, the owner would order another, which cost £2 for still, worm, and head, complete, and would be allowed 10s. discount for the old still.

The blacksmith would then conceal the old still on "unallotted" bog, and inform the police where it was to be found. For this he would get a reward of £1 from the Government. A party of police would then go out and seize the still, and every man on the duty would share in the substantial reward prescribed by law for successful detections and seizures.

All this is somewhat reminiscent of the old story of the attempt by the British authorities to get rid of snakes in India, by offering a reward to the natives for every snake brought to the local police station. Far from having the desired effect, it only aggravated the evil, for the wily native at once perceived what a nice little source of income the scheme could be made to afford him. He at once started to rear snakes, and then claimed the reward for each carcass of the young broods he handed in, until the number of snakes and the amount paid in rewards reached such an alarming figure that the scheme had to be abandoned.

I fear that the similar swindle in the poteen industry in Ireland was not an isolated one, but other irregularities were prevalent. One such case is alleged to have occurred in a barrack situated in a locality where poteen making was rampant, and where the police evidently thought it a pity to waste good liquor, even if it was only condemned and forfeited poteen.

Under the Constabulary Regulations the District Inspector, on his monthly inspection of the barracks under his command, had, in the presence of the whole party, to break up all stills, and pour down the yard drain all poteen seized during the preceding month.

At one particular station the officer noticed that the grating over the drain and the cement or tiles surrounding and sloping down to it were always spotlessly clean, even on a wet day, when the rest of the yard was in a puddle.

Suspecting there might be some good reason to account for this excess of zeal on the part of the

barrack servant, he, one day, emptied the jars or bottles of illicit spirits down the drain, as he always had done, but instead of moving away he proceeded to make some investigations. Lifting off the grating he found that the earthenware bottom containing the usual air seal had been removed, and a space hollowed out to contain a large enamelled bucket or pail, which contained all the poteen he had just emptied down the drain and which after his departure would have been carefully lifted out and carried back into the barracks for home consumption.

Happily, like the evils of the wretched mud cabins, this state of things no longer exists, and poteen making received a deadly blow with the setting up of the Irish Free State. It is true that for a short time during the anarchy which prevailed during the Civil War which broke out as soon as the new Constitution came into being, poteen making was unchecked and reached its zenith, but as soon as hostilities ceased and a stable government was set up, the new State, strongly supported by the Church, took such energetic and effective measures to grapple with the evil, that in a short time poteen making as a national industry ceased to exist, and is now only attempted on rare occasions in remote localities.

For this, as well as for the great improvement in the housing of the peasantry, all credit is due to both the chief rival political parties in the Free State, but I fear that eaten bread is soon forgotten, and now everyone has only time to blame the Government for the high prices and scarcity of all imported commodities, oblivious of the fact that

to a large extent the present privations might have been considerably diminished if the grumblers had themselves exhibited any of that foresight, the lack of which they find so reprehensible on the part of Ministers.

From the very day war broke out I strongly urged my friends for weeks to buy all the hay they needed for the winter and to lay in at once at least three years' supply of coal. I don't know if anyone took my advice, but some who did not, were glad enough a few months later to get hay at any price up to £5 a ton, which they could have purchased in the autumn for 30s. a ton. Later, during the summer of 1940, when the future of the coal supply was causing much concern and householders were being urged to lay in at once as much as they could store, I visited the south and west and everywhere I went I found the same apathy. Everybody said there was no scarcity, for all the coal merchants' yards were full of coal. It did not seem to occur to them that with the coming of winter all the yards would soon be empty, and that there might be no shipping available to carry coal to this country, even if England could supply it. The coal merchants were helpless in the matter, for until their yards were cleared they had no place to store further shipments, and so the opportunity of rushing in all possible supplies during the first six or nine months of the war was thrown away through the apathy of householders, who could have stored large quantities in their outhouses, or in their yards.

Recriminations are of no avail, and will not ease the situation in any way. We can only hope that the time may not be long, and that we may not be

called on to suffer further privation, before peace has been restored, and the world settles down to another spell of sanity in International affairs.

LAPUTA,

BALLYSHANNON,

Co. DONEGAL.

1942-1943.

APPENDIX

That voluminous genealogist, John O'Hart, and other biographers before him, have traced the descent of the English Royal Family from Milesius, King of Spain, who died in the year 1700 B.C. I had always understood that that descent had been originally compiled by the leading British and Continental biographers early in the reign of Queen Victoria, to prove that the antiquity of the English Royal Family rested on its Irish descent from Milesius through the ancient Monarchs of Ireland.

Recently, however, I learned quite accidentally that this pedigree was of a much older date. I was then staying with my old friend and neighbour, Mrs. Gabbett, at her beautiful place at Ballaghtobin, in Kilkenny, which her son, Major Robin Garrett, had inherited on the death of her brother, the late Colonel Chaloner Knox, for many years a well-known and popular figure in Irish racing and hunting circles.

Amongst the ancestral portraits in the dining-room there hangs over the fireplace a very fine oil painting of William Nicolson, Bishop of Carlisle from 1702 to 1718, when he was translated to the Diocese of Derry, where he remained until his death in 1727. He had actually been appointed Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, but before he could proceed to take up that office he died suddenly in his arm-chair in the library of the Palace in Londonderry. While discussing the portrait one evening, my hostess happened to mention that she had in her possession the original manuscript of the old gentleman's diaries from 1684 to 1725.

Needless to say, I lost no time in unearthing and perusing this totally unexpected literary treat. On examining the volumes I found that some years were missing, but happily it transpired that in 1888 while they were in the possession of Mrs. Gabbett's uncle, Colonel Lindesay of Tullyhogue, Co. Tyrone, they were lent to Harvey Goodwin, then Bishop of Carlisle.

The volumes, some forty-five in number, were carefully copied and indexed by his daughter, Mrs. Ware, wife of the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness, and these copies were deposited in Tullie House—the public library at Carlisle—where they still are.

They are of absorbing interest, embracing as they do one of the most important periods of English history, and being written in a style worthy of comparison with the diaries of his contemporary, Samuel Pepys.

Bishop Nicolson evidently believed in the “Church Militant here on earth,” and held very pronounced views not only on church matters, but also on the political controversies of his day. So much so, that on one occasion he was censured by the House of Commons for undue interference in a Parliamentary Election, while on another occasion he fell foul of Queen Anne for refusing to institute her favourite, Atterbury, as Dean of Carlisle. He had to give way over this, and it will be remembered that Atterbury subsequently became Bishop of Rochester, but in the following reign of George I he fell into disfavour at Court, and was impeached for treason and banished the Kingdom.

During a visit to London at the end of 1705 Bishop Nicolson records in his diary on 29th December :—

“There was left for me at my lodgings, by an unknown bookseller, Mr. Flaherty’s MS. *Ogygia Vindicated* against Sir Geo. Mackenzy’s 2nd Book of y^e Defence of y^e Royal Line of Scotland. To this is prefix’d King James’s Genealogy gradually drawn from Adam in 125 Generations. Then follows the Twenty Chapters of the Work itself; wch are :—

1. General Exceptions and Evasions answer’d; wherein y^e Irish Historians (particularly y^e two Friers, Wardœus¹ and Colganus² are avow’d to be more credible than any of the Modern Scotland.

¹ Hugh Ward, Irish writer, and Rector of the College of Louvain, died 1635.

² John Colgan, a voluminous writer of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Ireland. Both he and Hugh Ward were associated with Michael O’Clery, author of the world renowned *Annals of the Four Masters*.

2. The Foundation on which the Irish Antiquities rely ; w^{ch} he acknowledges to be mainly tradition, tho' (he saies) he had seen a manuscript of St. Columb's own handwriting, and does not think it improbable y^t there might be some Irish Books 1000 years before.
3. Of the Scottish Nation in Britain, their Original ; and this from their Ancient Language and Letters, appears to be Gaidelian or Irish.
4. Sr Geo. Mackenzy's Objections against Irish Authors answer^d ; where the old Genealogical poetry of that Island is strenuously defended.
5. An Accompt of the Modern Scottish Writers ; exposing the Follies of Fordon,¹ Major,² Boethius,³ Dempster,⁴ and Camerarius.⁵
6. A further Discovery of the Modern Scottish History ; shewing in what particulars Buchanan⁶ is asham'd to follow his Leaders.
7. The Real Royal Line of British Scots, and their Lawful Right of Succession ; derived from Locarn, son of Éire, succeeded by his brother Fergus.
8. Of Sr Geo's. Contrivance on the onely Authentick Record he could produce ; maiming the honest Genealogy of King Alexander the Third, admitted by both Nations.
9. Of St. Columb's⁷ Abbey of Hy, Saint Adamnan Abbot of Hy, and other Authors ; able alone to overturn Sr George and his Historians their Stories. Amongst these is reckon'd y^e Codex Lecanus ; an Irish MS. in Vellom, in y^e Library of the College at Dublin.

¹ John Fordon, author of *Chronicles of the Scottish Race*, died c. 1384.

² John Major, 1469–1560, author of a History of England and Scotland.

³ Boethius, 1465–1536, author of a History of Scotland, condemned by English and Irish historians as utterly unreliable.

⁴ Thomas Dempster, 1579–1625, Scottish historian. Earned the nickname of "the Saint-stealer" for his dishonest attempts to claim for Scotland many Saints of Irish birth, whose names he took out of John Colgan's *Calendar of Irish Saints*.

⁵ Camerarius, 1500–1574. Learned German writer. Professor at Leipsic.

⁶ George Buchanan, 1506–1582, author of a History of Scotland.

⁷ St. Columkille, 521–577. Great Irish Saint. Founded Derry, Durrow, and many other Irish Religious Communities, also the Monastery of Iona, where he died.

10. Malcolm y^e Third's Poem vindicated ; as the oldest Scroll, now extant, of the Scottish Kings in Britain.
11. Beda's¹ Reuda and Dalreudini explain'd ; wherein 'tis shewn that Dal (as well as Clann, Kinel, Mac, etc.) is a patronymic particle in y^e Irish Language.
12. That Scotland in Great Britain, nor any part thereof was ever called Ireland ; which is a fancy occasion'd by a misunderstanding of a certain passage in Beda.
13. That neither Ierna nor Juverna was ever any part of Scotland ; y^e former of these conceits being borrow'd from Camerarius, and y^e latter Sr Geo. Mackenzy's own.
14. That Scotland in y^e north of Great Britain is not an Island ; as Sr G. has surprizeingly endeavour'd to prove out of Tacitus.
15. Of Palladius² Archdeacon of the See of Rome, and Bishop, his mission to the Scots ; in whose dayes no Scots were ever heard of beside the Inhabitants of Ireland.
16. Of the Fabulous early conversion of the Scottish Nation in Britain, and their Grecian Easter ; whereas y^e Romans themselves kept Easter at y^e same time wth y^e first British Christians till y^e new Paschal Tables were finish'd by Dionysius³ Exiguus in y^e year 532.
17. What signifies the word Romani. Sometimes y^e old Ethric Inhabitants and Subjects of y^e Roman Empire as in Tertullian⁴ ; and sometimes Writers in y^e Latin Tongue, as in *Ogygia*.
18. Of Marianus Scotus⁵ and his Countrey ; prov'd out of Harpsfield to be an Irishman.

¹ Beda, 672-735. Called "The Venerable Bede." A world-famous English writer.

² Palladius, C. 370-440. Deacon of Rome. Sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine in 431 to convert it. His mission was, however, unsuccessful.

³ Dionysius, surnamed The Little, a monk of Rome. He is credited with having invented the "Victorian period," or chronological mode of computing the time of Easter.

⁴ Tertullian, C. 160-245. One of the Fathers of the Church. During the persecutions under Severus he wrote his famous Apology for the Christians.

⁵ Marianus Scotus, 1028-1086. Historian. Credited with having been the first to call Scotland "Scotia," which up to this time was applied only to Ireland.

19. Ubbo Emmius¹ vindicated.
20. Achaius, King of the Scots in Britain, his league with Charles the Great fabulous : for the British Scots were too remote, and too inconsiderable a people for Charles the Great to confer wth.

Roderic O'Flaherty, historian and antiquary, was born at Moycullen Castle, in the Co. Galway in 1629. His father, the last chief of his clan, died when Roderic was an infant.

After the Rebellion of 1651, in which he took no part, he was included in the Cromwellian proscription, and deprived of his lands.

After the Restoration—which restored nothing to him—he wrote :

“ I live a banished man within the bounds of my native soil ; a spectator of others enriched by my birthright ; an object of condoling to my relatives and friends, and a condoler of their miseries. King Charles was restored to his three Kingdoms, I was not restored to my cottage.”

How many thousands of Irishmen are there to-day, living either within the bounds of their native soil, or in some foreign land, who can re-echo O'Flaherty's bitter lament for the birthright of which their ancestors were dispossessed because of their loyalty to their old religion and to their lawful sovereign—*de jure*, if not *de facto*.

In 1685 O'Flaherty published in Latin his great work on Irish history and antiquities.

Plutarch, in the first century of the Christian era, called Ireland “ Ogy-gia,” or “ the most ancient land,” and Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, says “ it is rightly so called since the Irish can trace their history from the most remote antiquity.”

O'Flaherty therefore called his book *Ogygia*, and after its publication, Sir George Mackenzy, who was King's Advocate for Scotland, wrote two books in which he sought to refute O'Flaherty's arguments.

O'Flaherty then wrote his *Ogygia Vindicated*, but from

¹ Ubbo Emmius, C. 1619. Professor of History in the University of Gröningen in Friesland.

lack of funds was never able to publish it. The manuscript was shown to Bishop Nicolson in London, in December, 1705, as recorded in his diary quoted above, and after that all trace of it appears to have been lost until it was published in Dublin, in 1775, by Charles O'Coner, fifty-seven years after the death of its author, and seventy years after Bishop Nicolson perused the MS. in his lodgings in London.

The genealogy of the English Royal Family given by O'Flaherty is not, however, the earliest on record. As far back as 1574 Robert Cooke, Clarenceux King of Arms, compiled one in which he traced the lineal descent of the Kings of England from Shem through Woden, one of the ancient Saxon deities, after whom the word Wednesday or "Woden's day" is called.

A copy of Cooke's Genealogy (numbered E. 1. 2.) is to be found amongst the MS. volumes in Trinity College, Dublin, but I do not suppose that it finds a place amongst the authentic records of the Heralds' College in London, of which its author was so distinguished a member.

It is hardly necessary to say that I am not prepared to vouch for the accuracy of genealogies going back to Biblical times, but the arguments put forward by O'Hart in his *Irish Pedigrees* and by Burke in his *History of the Commoners*, on the subject of ancient Irish Pedigrees, are worthy of serious consideration.

The Israelites of old kept accurate records of the families of their Tribes in accordance with the Divine command imparted to them by Moses, as laid down in Numbers, chap. xxxiii. verse 54, "Ye shall divide the land by lot for an inheritance among your families : every man's inheritance shall be in the place where his lot falleth : according to the tribes of your fathers ye shall inherit." It will be readily understood that in order to carry out this system of land tenure, it was necessary that an accurate record should be kept of every man's family history, in order that there should be a means of checking and testing the validity of any claim to inherit land by virtue of being a member of any particular tribe or family.

One of the early Christian Bishops, St. Jerome, who died 420 A.D., visited the Holy Land and on his return recorded

that almost every youth with whom he conversed in the streets of Jerusalem could repeat by heart his pedigree from Moses.

The ancient Irish pursued the same system of land tenure to an even more highly developed degree. This, indeed, was rendered necessary by virtue of the old Brehon laws, under which every chief had to allot a portion of land to each member of his sept or clan for the maintenance of his family. Whilst therefore the chief on the one hand had no desire to provide land for a man unless he could make good his claim to membership of the clan, every member on the other hand was careful to preserve his proof of membership, so that if called in question his right to a portion of land could be substantiated.

O'Hart tells us that so careful on this account were the Milesian colonists of their genealogies, that they maintained a class of learned men or scribes to record and preserve them. These records were periodically revised at the Triennial Conventions of Tara, instituted by Ollamh Fodhla (pronounced Ollav Fola) the 27th Monarch of Ireland, who reigned for forty years (1317-1277 B.C.).

Probably not one person in a thousand in England has ever heard of this Monarch, nor was his name much better known in his native land by the generations preceding the setting up of the Irish Free State, and yet he was one of the greatest princes in authentic ancient history, famous alike as a sage, a legislator, a social reformer, and the founder of excellent institutions at a period in history when every other nation in Europe was still sunk in rude barbarism.

As O'Hart points out, Rome did not then even exist, and it was not till more than 500 years later that Romulus collected his savage hordes together, and erected a number of mud huts on the banks of the Tiber to house them.

The fame of ancient Greece may be said to commence with Solon, but Ollamh Fodhla was dead nearly 700 years before the Athenian Archon was earning for himself the title of Grecian Legislator, and even 600 years after Solon, when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain he found it inhabited by savage tribes wandering about with no covering for their woad-dyed bodies but rudely fashioned sheepskins. Perhaps

what may most clearly convey to the mind of the ordinary individual the vast difference between English and Irish antiquity, is the reflection that when Egbert the first Monarch of England ascended the throne in the year 827 A.D., the 165th Monarch was reigning in Ireland more than 2500 years after Heber, son of Milesius, had ruled as first Monarch of that country.

The Convention of Tara, instituted by Ollamh Fodhla, was a Senatorial assembly, analogous to modern parliaments. In pagan times it was composed of the Druids, Brehons, Bards, Provincial Kings and Princes, in which assembly, after the introduction of Christianity, the Bishops and higher Clergy replaced the Druids. In this assembly (says Keating) which met triennially about the festival of All-Saints (1st November) at Tara, the ancient chronicles and records of the Kingdom were perused and examined, and if any errors or falsehoods were detected, they were instantly erased, that posterity might not be imposed on by false history, and the author of any falsehood was degraded from the honour of sitting in the assembly, and dismissed with a mark of infamy, to which was added in flagrant cases a heavy fine.

In the third century of the Christian era by direction of the celebrated Monarch, King Cormac Mac Art, who reigned from 226–266 A.D. as 115th Monarch, there was compiled from these records revised at the Convention of Tara, that history of the Irish nation from the earliest times, which is known as “The Psalter of Tara.”

Similarly in the fifth century St. Patrick, St. Benignus, St. Carioch, along with Corc, King of Munster; Daire, Prince of Ulster, and the three chief antiquarians of the day, were appointed by Laeghaire, the 128th Monarch “to revise, examine, and reduce into order all the Monuments of Antiquity, Genealogies, Chronicles, and Records of the Kingdom.” Some of these Records so revised are still in existence in museums, libraries, and convents in different countries in Europe, though many were destroyed during the Danish invasions of Ireland, or were lost in fires or other “acts of God and the King’s enemies.”

Ollamh Fodhla also originated the plan of distinguishing

the different families of the Nobility and Chief Officers of State by means of armorial bearings, although the rest of Europe only adopted this device during the Crusades some 2400 years later.

Some idea of the high degree to which civilisation had attained in Ireland as far back as the third century may be gleaned from the account given by O'Hart of the court of Cormac Mac Art at Tara. He had constantly 1,150 attendants in his retinue in the Great Hall of Tara, which was 300 feet in length, 50 cubits wide, and entered by 14 doors. His daily table service embraced 150 pieces of gold and silver plate, besides many dishes, goblets, etc., studded with precious stones.

He ordained that ten persons should constantly be in attendance on him and his successors in the Monarchy, viz. :—

1. A Nobleman as his companion.
2. A Judge to deliver and explain the laws.
3. An Antiquary to preserve the genealogies of the nobility and gentry.
4. A Druid or Magician to offer sacrifices, and presage good or bad omens.
5. A Court Poet to praise or censure every one according to his good or bad actions.
6. A Physician.
7. A Musician to compose music and sing sonnets.
- 8—10. Three Stewards to administer the Royal Household.

This custom was observed by all the sixty succeeding Monarchs down to Brian Boru, the 175th and last Monarch, without any alteration, save that after Laeghaire the 128th Monarch embraced Christianity, a Prelate of the Church took the place of the Druid or Magician.

The learned men or scribes who were engaged both prior to and after the Christian era in compiling the history of the Israelites and of the ancient Irish were no doubt drawn from the same class, and may even in some cases have been the same persons ; and yet where the ancient chronicler has recorded some event in the history of the Jewish race,

such as the story of Jonah and the whale, it is received as "Gospel truth," and termed a Miracle, but when he records some story of the ancient Irish, not nearly so difficult to swallow as the whale must have found Jonah, such as the banishing of snakes from Ireland by St. Patrick, it is considered unworthy of credence and termed a myth.

It should be remembered when studying these ancient Irish pedigrees that the words "son of" do not of necessity bear the same strict meaning which we usually assign to them. They were sometimes used in a looser sense to signify "the descendant of, in the direct male line," just as in the Bible Our Lord is described as "the son of David, the son of Abraham."

Milesius, King of Spain, died shortly before the Invasion of Ireland. On his death-bed he commanded his eight sons to undertake the conquest of that Island.

In the first abortive attempt to carry out their father's wishes, five of his sons were killed, and then in the following year (1699 B.C.), his three remaining sons, Heber, Heremon, and Amergin, accompanied by his widow, Queen Scotá, landed in Kerry and defeated the Irish at the battle of Slieve Mish, where Scotá was slain.

That stupenduous work—*The Annals of the Four Masters*—thus records that event

"The Year of the World 3500—The fleet of the sons of Milidh came to Ireland at the end of the year, to take it from the Tuatha-De-Dananns, and they fought the battle of Sliabh Mis with them on the third day after landing. In this battle fell Scotá the daughter of Pharaoh, wife of Milidh, and the grave of Scotá is between Sliabh Mis and the sea."

The site of Queen Scotá's grave, a huge flat rock some 35 feet long, and varying in breadth from 6 to 11 feet, is still to be seen, and is in the valley of Gléann-Scoithin (Scotá's glen) on the west bank of the little Finglas stream, a few miles south of Tralee. Its location is clearly marked on the Ordnance Map of Kerry, Sheet No. 38.

There is no inscription on the rock, no tablet marks the spot, and yet for upwards of three thousand six hundred

made good, and is steadily carrying out its original object, the archæological survey of the Kingdom of Kerry. Its members travel about the country, and keep a record of their observations on the various sites visited. They meet once a month, and have their activities regularly reported in the columns of the *Kerryman*.

It is a pity that there are not more of such clubs in existence, since there is not a county in Ireland which is not rich in historical associations, and places of interest to the antiquarian. Good luck to the little band of Tralee pioneers ! May their enterprise be crowned with the success it deserves.

Most biographers are agreed that so far as the nations of Europe are concerned, the Irish stand pre-eminent in antiquity of descent.

Burke devotes several pages to this subject in his *History of the Commoners* when dealing with the family of M'Carthy of Cork, and points out that the direct male descent of the most illustrious families of England, Spain, France, and Italy cannot be substantiated by documentary evidence much beyond the commencement of the eleventh century, in spite of the extravagant claims sometimes put forward on their behalf.

It is strange that in the Middle Ages it was usually the Archbishops and high dignitaries of the Church who surpassed all their brother nobles in pride of birth and arrogance of rank.

Burke quotes one such example in the person of Francois de Clermont Tonnere, Bishop of Noyou under Louis XIV, who carried the vanity of birth and pride of rank to such an excess that he became the object of public ridicule and sarcasm. One lampoon published shortly after his death purports to describe how the haughty Prelate on entering heaven looked round with contempt on the people of humble birth whom he saw on every side, and then strode to the gates demanding to be shown the road to hell, where at least he might hope to find some inmates fit to associate with.

“ On dit qu’entrant en paradis
Il fut reçu vaille que vaille
Est qu’il en sortit par mêpris
N’y trouvant que de la canaille.”

According to Burke, the Portuguese Jews can produce evidence of an antiquity almost as remote as that of the Irish, but in some cases the evidence in support of this contention can hardly be deemed conclusive, for he mentions that the ancient family of Levi, from whom descended the noble French house of Mirapoux, put forward the somewhat startling claim to affinity with the Virgin Mary.

Of the Irish family of M’Carty, Burke states that few, if any, pedigrees in the British Empire can be traced to a more remote or exalted source, and, he adds, that “it cannot be contested that they, as comprising the very oldest deducible family records, command a prominent, perhaps the most prominent, place in European genealogy.”

So vast were the immense estates of the family when Donal M’Carty, third Earl of Clancarty and twentieth Lord of Muskerry, forfeited them for his adherence to King James II, that their rental produced a sum the equivalent to-day of nearly £300,000 per annum. His lineal descendants still survive in Ireland, and in America, but as far as I can trace not a penny piece or a blade of grass of their patrimony has ever been restored to them.

Donal M’Carty’s sole offence was that he refused to betray his rightful sovereign (*de Jure*), or to give up the religion of his ancestors, and for that his estates were confiscated and sold in violation of the Treaty of Limerick, while he himself was banished from the United Kingdom, and given the beggarly allowance of £300 a year on which to support himself and his family in exile.

Can it be wondered at, if the Irish people, who have proverbially long memories, and who are wont to “nurse their wrath to keep it warm,” express doubts as to England’s honesty, when she poses as the champion of the rights of small nations, and as their protector against the aggression of more powerful neighbours?

TABLE I.

LINEAL DESCENT FROM MILESUS.

[illegible]

O'Hart in his *Irish Pedigrees* further traces the M'Carty's through 66 generations of Kings of Munster (of whom 18 were also Monarchs of Ireland) to Heber, son of Milesius and 1st Monarch, and thence from Milesius, a further 36 generations, to Adam.

O'Hart traces the Royal Family of England back through a further
generations to Heremon, son of Milesius.

Of these 16 were Kings of Scotland, and 56 were Kings of Conacht, 38 of the latter being also Monarchs of Ireland.

TABLE III.

THE FAMILY ARMS AND QUARTERINGS.

A confirmation of the family arms was granted to John Gregory of Asfordby, Leicestershire, by Camden's Deputies in 1581 with five quarterings, and they so appear in the Heralds Visitations of Warwickshire (1611) and Leicester (1619).

A further confirmation to the Irish branch was granted to the author of this book by the Ulster King of Arms in 1918, in the following terms :—

ARMS.—Or, two bars azure, the upper one charged with a cross crosslet of the field, in chief a lion passant of the second, armed and langued gules.

CREST.—On a wreath of the colours a demi-boar rampant sable, crined or, gorged with a collar of the last, charged with a cross crosslet azure.

MANTLING.—Gules doubled argent.

MOTTO.—VIGILANTER.

The quarterings of the Westcourt branch now include

NO.	FAMILY	ARMS	DATE
1.	MOTON	Arg. a cinquefoil pierced az.	c. 1190
2.	ASFORDBY	Arg. a saltire engrailed sable	c. 1250
3.	SEGRAVE	Sable, a lion rampant arg. crowned or, debruised by a bend gules	c. 1315
4.	MALYN	Ermine, a fesse paly of six, or and gules	c. 1490
		bringing in	
5.	DYMMOCK	Sable, two lions passant in pale argent, crowned	
		bringing in or	c. 1455
6.	LUDLOW	Azure, three lions passant regardant argent	c. 1340
		bringing in	
7.	MARMION	Vair, a fesse gules, fretty or	c. 1295
		bringing in	
8.	KILPEC	Sable, a sword erect in pale argent, hilted or	c. 1245
9.	STEVENSON	Gules, on a bend argent, three leopards faces vert	1860
		bringing in	
10.	GRAHAM	Or, on a fesse sable, three escalops of the field	1825
		bringing in	
11.	SIMPSON	Party per bend nebuly, or and sable, a lion rampant counterchanged	1798

INDEX

A

Abbey Theatre, 89, 97, 134.
 Academy, Royal Irish, 83.
 Admiralty and Easter Rising, 114.
 Akbar, The Emperor, 57
 Alton, Dr.. Provost of Trinity, 151
 Anglesey, Marquess of, 58.
 Archer-Shee, Sir M., 153.
 Arms of Gregory, 4, 8.
 Asfordby, family seat, 1.
 — quartering, 2, 4.
 Attila's Derby, 73.
 Auchmuty, Arthur, 32.
 Aud, The, and Easter Rising, 107-13.

B

Bagot, Jack and Molly, 93-4.
 Bailey, Sergt., 109.
 Baldwin, Earl, 125.
 Ballinruddery, 16, 180.
 Ballyturin massacre, 93.
 Baronetcy refused by Wm. G., 58, 69.
 Barry, Kevin, 99, 103, 104.
 Bentinck, Lord G. 78.
 Betham, Sir Wm., 13.
 Betting, 72-7, 182.
 Bilton, Belle, 55.
 Birrell, Rt. Hon. A., 89, 126.
 Black and Tans, 91, 101.
 Blake, Sir Valentine, 62.
 — Capt. and Mrs., 93.
 Blenheim, The—Rubenses, 85.
 Blessington, Earl of, 163.
 Blome, Heraldic Engraver, 8.
 Blond, Family of, 158.
 Bloody Sunday, 99, 107.
 Bloomsbury's Derby, 72.
 Blunt, Sir Wm., 129.
 Bolingbroke, Lord, 75.
 Boleyn, or Bullen family, 161.
 Bowdoin, James, 71.
 Bowes, Owner of Cotherstone, 73.
 Boyne, Gustavus, Viscount, 29.
 — the battle of, 21.
 Brazier, Kilner, 30.
 Break of Clady, 27.
 Brown, Major Wm., 163.
 Brownlow, Lord, 129.
 Buckton, Capt., 15.
 Burke, Edmund, 32, 59.
 — Robert, 62.
 Butcher, Sir J., 152.
 Butler, Lady, artist, 45.
 Byrne, Sir J., 116-19.

C

Callan Church, 145, 156.
 Camden, 1, 4.

Campbell, Mrs. (Lady Mountjoy), 163.
 Candler, Archdeacon, 145.
 Canning, Lord, 81.
 Carey, A., 159.
 Carson, Lord, 123, 125.
 Casement, Sir Roger, 108-14.
 Cauley, Robert de, 2.
 Cavan, Charles, Earl of, 29.
 Ceylon, and Sir Wm. G., 81.
 Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. N., 133.
 Churchill, Rt. Hon. Winston, 152.
 Clancarty, 1st Earl, 45, 57.
 — 2nd Earl, 55, 147.
 Clanricarde, Marquess, 77.
 Clanwilliam, Earl, 72.
 Clare, Richard De, 156.
 Clay, Sir Wm., 71.
 Clifden, Viscount, 74.
 Cockfighting, 39, 67.
 Connery, Daniel, 131.
 Considine, Sir Heffernan, 89.
 Conversation Pieces, 41.
 Conyngham, Marquess, 63, 64.
 Coole, Irish seat of Gregory family, 32, 91, 140.
 Cornwallis, Capt., 93.
 Coronation's Derby, 72.
 Cotherstone's Derby, 73.
 Courtmartial on Capt. G., 53.
 Courtmartials in Dublin, 100.
 Coventry City, and Gregory family, 6, 7.
 Craig, Rt. Hon. Capt. Charles, 123, 152.
 Craigavon, Viscount, 123.
 Crampton, Sir, Philip, 62.
 Creery, Lieut., 93.
 Cricket under fire, 176.
 Crofton, Colonel, 19.
 Croke Park, 101.
 Crossle, Philip, 166.
 Crossley, Aaron, Genealogist, 12.
 Curzon, Lord, 122, 129.

D

Dalhousie, Marquess, 81.
 Damask, and Ascot Cup, 74.
 Dance, Sir N. Painter, 38.
 Danesfort, Lord, 152.
 Delafaye, Charles, 28.
 Derry Cathedral, 22.
 — Siege of, 19.
 Devlin, Joseph, 152.
 Dewhurst, Capt., 174.
 Dictionary of National Biography quoted, 9, 35, 57, 71, 87.
 Disraeli, and Sir Wm. G., 85.
 Dixon, Capt. Herbert, 152.
 Doneraile, Viscount, 12.

Donoughmore, John, 3rd Earl of, 164.
 D'Orsay, Count, 163.
 Doyle, J., the jockey, 174.
 Duels, 60, 75-8, 167-9.
 Dunne, J. W., 66.
 Duveen, Sir Joseph, 124-5.
 Dymmock quartering, 3, 4.

E

Earlom, R., engraver, 42.
 Easter Rising, 89, 107-13.
 Echlin, Bishop of Downe, 28.
 Edinburgh Botanical Gardens, 84.
 Edward (VII) Prince of Wales, 50, 72, 82.
 Elliot, Lieut. John, 149.
 Epstein's bust of Lady G., 135.
 Evesham, battle of, 2.

F

Family treasures lost in air-raid, 23, 42, 143, 146.
 ——— memorial tablets, 156.
 Famine, The Irish, 69.
 Faris, Doctor Desmond, 149.
 ——— Wm., 151.
 Farmer, Mrs. (Lady Blessington) 163.
 Fetherstonhaugh, Francis, 151.
 Finch, Colonel, 147.
 Fitzgerald, Capt. Arthur, 16, 180.
 Football, under fire, 178.
 Ford, Father, P.P., 69.
 Four Courts, Dublin, xiv., 21.
 Fowler, Bishop of Ossory, 163.
 Fox, Charles, 32, 59.
 Francis, Francis, 65.
 French, Earl, 116-18.
 Freseley, Gregory seat, 1.
 Friend, General, 114.
 Fullerton, Archdeacon, 28.

G

Galway, Gregory family in, 31.
 ——— Freedom of City, 38.
 Gambell, Arthur, 148.
 Gardiner, Rt. Hon. C., 163.
 ——— Charles R.M., 171.
 Gillespie, Joshua, 24.
 Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., 81.
 Glasnevin Gardens, 83.
 Gloucester, Sir Wm. G., Recorder of, 10.
 Golding, Lieut., 43.
 Gough, Mrs. Guy, 43, 46, 91, 93, 134.
 Graham, James and Richard, 43-49.
 ——— Major Reginald, 44.
 Greenfield, Colonel, 53.
 Gregory, Arms, 4, 8.
 ——— of Hereford, 9.
 ——— of Leicester, 1.

Gregory of Lincoln, 7.
 ——— of Warwick, 4.
 ——— Lady Anne, 57, 163.
 ——— Anne, 136.
 ——— Augusta, Lady, 88, 120.
 ——— Catherine, 136.
 ——— Major-General Charles, 149.
 ——— Dawson and Fitzmaurice, 29.
 ——— Edmund, 4, 158.
 ——— Sir Francis, Knt., 1.
 ——— Capt. G. of Derry, 18, 28.
 ——— Capt. G., of Kerry, 28.
 ——— George, of Drogheda, 166.
 ——— Giles, 6.
 ——— Henry of Galway, 30.
 ——— Henry Charles, 145.
 ——— John, Lord of Freseley, 1.
 ——— Lieut. John, 29, 162.
 ——— Sir John, Knt., 2.
 ——— Joshua, 27, 29.
 ——— Kilner, 29.
 ——— Margaret (See Mrs. Gough),.
 ——— Mary, (St. Leger), 11.
 ——— Capt. Richard, R.E., 136.
 ——— Capt. Richard, R.A., 143.
 ——— Capt. Richard, Coldstream Guards, 52.
 ——— Commander R., 23, 151, 153-5.
 ——— Richard, of Kerry, 28.
 ——— Robert, "The Nabob," 31, 35.
 ——— Robert, "The Cockfighter," 39, 50.
 ——— Capt. R., of Derry, 19, 27.
 ——— Robert, of Coole, 69.
 ——— Rev. Robert, 29, 163.
 ——— Selina (Mrs. Miller), 144.
 ——— Thomas, founder of the Irish family, 6, 12.
 ——— Vere, 150.
 ——— Sir Wm., Judge and Speaker of the House, 9.
 ——— Sir Wm., K.C.M.G., 36, 50, 71.
 ——— Rt. Hon. Wm., 57, 68.
 ——— Capt. Wm., 29.
 ——— Major Wm. Robert, 135.
 ——— Rev. Wm., 142, 164.
 ——— Wm. of Irish Revenue Police, 143, 165.
 ——— Commander Wm., 149.
 ——— Wm., of Finglas, 166.
 Guinness, Col. Walter, 127.

H

Halford, Frederick, 65.
 Hammond, Richard, 27.
 Harran, Major E., 149.
 Harrison, "Hairspring," 60.
 Harrow, Gregory association, 52, 56.
 Henderson, John, 63, 65, 66.
 Heralds' Visitations, 1, 7, 160.

Herbert, Sidney, 81.
 Hickey, Wm., *Memoirs* quoted, 32.
 Hickman, Anne, M.F.H., 136.
 — Mr., 62.
 Higgins, Rev. Paul, 29.
 Hogan, Michael, 101.
 Holmes, Treherne, 171.
 Hood-Gregory, of Styvechall, 6.
 Horse racing, 72-7, 172-5.
 How Capel, 9.

I

Inchiquin family, 175.
 Ingestre, seat of Lord Talbot, 58.
 Ingoldsby, Colonel, 131.
 Irish Rebellion, 89, 107.
 — Regiments, 19, 28, 29.
 — Republican Army, 14, 25, 92, 177.
 Iveagh, Earl of, 151.

J

"Jack the Sailor," 54, 68.
 Jersey, Lady, 76-7.
 Johannesburg Gallery, 121.
 Johnson-Walshe, Sir John and Colonel Ralph, 68.

K

Kelly, Gerald, R.H.A., 134.
 Kennedy, Robert and Catherine, 136.
 Kent, John, trainer, 78.
 Kentucky, in 1787, 46.
 Kerry, Gregory family in, 28.
 Kickham, Charles, 185.
 Kilkenny, Statute of, 130.
 Kilmorna, burnt by I.R.A., 13.
 Kilpec, arms quartered, 4.
 — Castle and Church, 4.
 Kiltartan, Baronry, 91.
 King, R., Dean of Derry, 22.

L

Lambart, Charles, 29.
 Lance, Colonel, 19.
 Lancers, 17th, in Ireland, 92.
 Lane, Sir Hugh, 120-9.
 Laputa, 167-9.
 La Valette, General, 164.
 Lawley, Hon. Francis, 79.
 Layard, Sir Henry, 83, 87.
 Leslie, Canon, 156-7.
 "Letterbox, Mr. Gregory's," 58, 62.
 Levinge, Sir Charles, 142, 165.
 Lilleshull Abbey, 1, 2.
 Liggett, E., 149.
 Lincoln, Earl of, 81.
 Locksley Hall, 7.
 Lodge's Peerage, 29.
 Londeriados, 24.
 Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, 71.
 Lloyd George, Rt. Hon. D., 133.
 Ludlow, quartering, 4.
 Lutyens, Sir E., architect, 120.

M

Macardle, Dorothy, writer, 26, 113.
 Macdonagh, Wm., his duel, 77.
 MacKenzie's Siege of Derry, 24.
 Macartan, Jas. and Margaret, 27.
 M'Cowan, Mary, 29.
 M'Govern, Lieut Taaffe, 167.
 Maidstone, R. Gregory, M.P. for, 32.
 Malyn, John, of Tuxford, 3.
 Manchester, Duke of, 31, 45.
 Mancini, painter, 134.
 Marlborough, Duke of, 85.
 Marmion, arms quartered, 4.
 Marryat, G., angler, 65.
 Medals, family, 23, 143, 146.
 Merry Monarch's Derby, 73.
 Michelburne, Colonel, xiv., 21.
 Miller, Major Charles, 144.
 Mogul, The Great, 57.
 Montford, Simon de, 1.
 Mordaunt's Cockmatch, 39.
 Morgan, Sir C. and Lady, 167-9.
 Morison, Irish writer, 131.
 Morpeth, Viscount, 79.
 Moton, Sir Roger, Knt., 1.
 Mountcharles, Earl of, 64.
 Mountjoy, Viscount, 163.
 Moyne, Lord, 127.
 Moyode, Castle, 89.
 Municipal Gallery, Dublin, 120, 134.
 Mytton, Jack, 73.

N

Napoleon, relics, 45.
 Nathan, Sir Matthew, 114.
 National Museum, Dublin, 82.
 — Gallery, Dublin, 121.
 — Gallery, London, 85, 86, 121.
 Newcomen, Sir Robert, 161.
 Neylan, Mr., 175.
 Nimmo, Isabella, 54.
 Nollekens, J., sculptor, 38.

O

O'Carolan, Turlough, 169.
 O'Connell, Dan, 80.
 O'Hara, Robert, 70.
 Orchardson, Wm., painter, 45.
 Oriental Club, 57.
 Ormonde, Marquess, 104, 145.
 Osterley Park, duel in, 76.
 Oude, Nabob of, 56.
 — Nabob Vizier, 39.
 Owenson, Owen, actor, 167.
 — Sydney (See Lady Morgan).

P

Parry, Graham, 136.
 Payette County, 46, 48.
 Pearce, General, 131.

Pearce, Sir E. Lovet, 131.
 Peel, Sir Robert, P.M., 58, 69, 81, 85.
 — Sir Robert, 2nd Bart., 76.
 Peerage offered to the "Nabob," 59
 Penal Laws, 130.
 Pembroke, Earl of, 156.
 Percy, William de, 2.
 Persse, Dudley, 71.
 Petrie Collection, 83.
 Phillips, Sir Thomas, 9.
 Plague in Ireland, 69.
 Plymouth, Lord, 129.
 Poë, Major, 146.
 Portsmouth, air raid, 23, 42, 143, 146.
 Poteen making, 185-8.
 "Prismatic" Hackles, 63.
 Pye, Sir Walter, Knt., 5.

Q

Queen Victoria, 57.
 Quinn, Mrs., shot by Black and Tans,
 104.

R

Radcliffe, Roger, 160.
 Ramage, Capt. and Mrs., 167.
 — Lieut. Alan, 149.
 Randolph, E., Governor of Virginia, 47.
 Redmond, Charles, shot, 179.
 Rees, Nathaniel, 32.
 Ribblesdale, Lord, 129.
 Richmond, Duke of, 58.
 Rimbault, clockmaker, 41.
 Rochester, R. Gregory, M.P. for, 32.
 Rockingham, Lord, 32, 59.
 Roosevelt, Col. Theodore, 98.
 Rothschild, Lord, 85.
Royal Oak, H.M.S., sunk, 153.
 Russell, George, 126.
 Ryan, Rev. T., hanged, 131.
 — Mrs., shot by Crown Forces, 105.

S

Sadleir, Thos. U., Deputy Ulster King of
 Arms, xiii., 21, 25.
 — Michael, 164.
 St. Leger, Warham, 11.
 Sassoon, Sir Philip, 41.
 Segrave of Cateby, 3.
 Servia, King of, 86.
 Shannon, Charles, R.A., 134.
 Shaw, Bernard, 97.
 Shawe, Robert, 31.
 Shelley, T., of Callan, 158.
 Sheringham, Hugh, 65.
 Shirley, E., genealogist, 1.
 Slade-Gully, Capt., 171.
 Spragge, Mrs., 95.

Stack, Austin, 110.
 Stafford, General, 114.
 Stephenson, Colonel, 147.
 Stevenson, Dean, 145.
 — Rev. Charles, 145.
 Stuart, Prince Charles, 43.
 — Lord James, 144.
 Styvechall, Gregory seat, 4, 6.
 Sutherland, Mr., 41.
 Swanzy, Dean, xiii.
 Swift, Dean, 170.
 Synge, John, 97.

T

Takovo, Order of, 86.
 Talbot, Lord, 58.
 Tara Brooch, 83.
 Tate, Sir R., 150.
 Taylor, Colonel, 85.
 Teddington's Derby, 74.
 Teignmouth, Lady, 145.
 Third Degree Methods in Ireland, 100,
 103.
 Tirloughmore races, 174.
 Trean, horse trainer, 74.
 Trench, Archbishop, 55.

U

Ulster, Post-war status, 129-33.

V

Vaughan, Capt., his duel, 74-6.
 Vicars, Sir Arthur, 12.
 Victoria, Queen, and the Mogul talisman,
 57.
 Villiers, Lord F., 76.
 Vincent, Windsor Herald, 1, 2.

W

Wales, Edward, Prince of, 50, 72, 82.
 Walker, Rev. George, xiv., 21.
 Waterford, 3rd Marquess, 142.
 Wellesley, Marquess, 58.
 West, Leonard, 63.
 Westcourt, Gregory seat, 145.
 White, family of, 158.
 Wilson, Field-Marshal, Sir H., 152.
 Wimborne, Earl, 114.
 Wright, Miss, shot by I.R.A., 177.

Y

Yeats, W. B., 136-41.
 York, Duke of, 52.
 Young, Arthur, 38.
 Young, Rt. Hon. J., 25.

Z

Zoffany, Dutch painter, 40.

NOTE.—The Index does not include names of persons appearing
 solely in the Appendix.

Limestone co

This tract of 27,000 acres is all unenclosed
with small surveys, calling for R. Graham's
lines - as are those of 132320, and 88,003 1/2
acres - those three surveys were the first
entries made in this part of Kentucky.

all this part of the Country
is divided into small
tracts.

Mason County contains all the land between the Shes-^{apeake} and
Potomac Rivers but it is expected that the next Kentucky
Assembly will divide it in a line from the mouth of Cabin
Creek to the mouth of Salt Creek, in a few years as the County
gets settled the remainder will be
divided into two or three Counties.

It has part of the Country. It is very
black, settled and we divided
into small tracts.

*Made and Printed in Ireland by Browne and Nolan Ltd.
The Richview Press Clonskeagh.*

3530

